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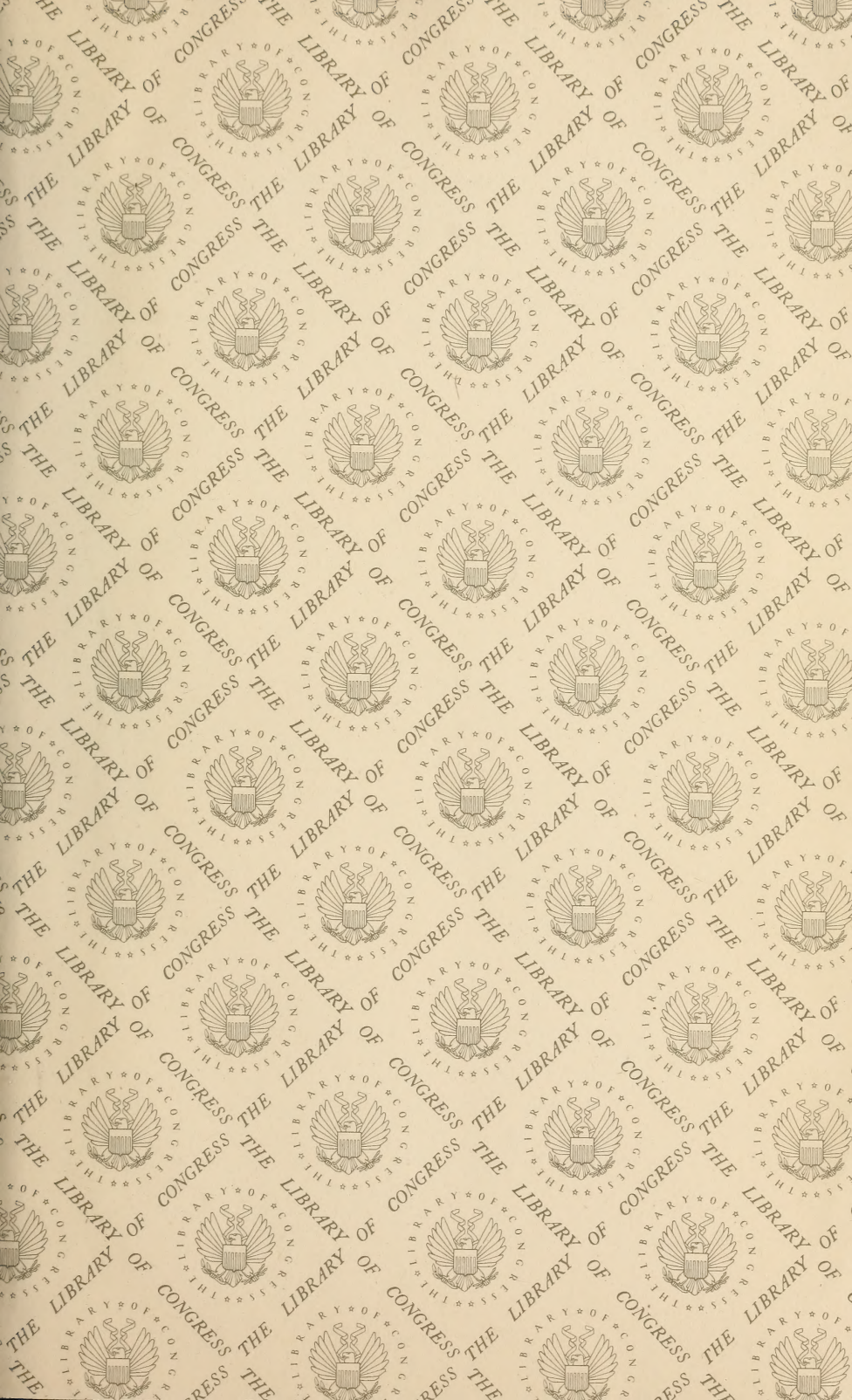
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

MORNING.

THE TREASURES OF TIME

FOR

OLD AND YOUNG

FORMING

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA

OF THE WISEST WORDS OF THE WISEST MEN OF ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES, ON HOME AND BUSINESS TRAINING, SELF-HELP, CHARACTER, DUTY, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS, ETC.—PRESENTING IN SUGGESTIVE FORM THEIR

IDEALS OF LIFE.

BY

O. E. FULLER, M. A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE YEAR OF CHRIST."

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For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
—*Shakespeare.*

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PREFACE.

"THE Situation," says Mr. Carlyle, "that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man." This fact implies at least two more:

I. *We succeed in any position just in proportion as we keep before us and seek to realize the Ideal of Excellence which that position requires.*

II. *The man or woman without an Ideal is nothing but a weary, hopeless plodder.*

Appreciating, therefore, the importance of proper conceptions of Life in its manifold aspects, the Author and Editor of this volume has aimed to construct a series of wholesome Ideals, or Patterns of Life; which, he trusts, will prove suggestive and helpful to all who are preparing to take their place in the great arena of action, as also to those already in the midst of the battle: always striving to illustrate, in some sort, the greatness of Truth, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

And since passages from Life's Drama are found, in the most eminent degree, along the trial-paths of the great Thinkers and Actors of the world, his chief reliance for material, after that afforded by the Divine Master, has been the outcome or record of their lives—

——— "Lives spent in serving God
Through labor for Humanity."

Life is to labor where'er Duty's voice
May call, with strength to spurn the baser choice;

And who so triumphs, angels write his name
As one deserving more than mortal fame.

The conflict is at hand! Take up thy shield,
My soul! and to whatever battle-field

Thou rangest, nerve thyself to courage there,
And, flinging scorn upon that word Despair,

Remember aye this verse of lofty cheer:
The Helper yonder helps the helper here.

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Part First.

Key-Notes.

Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God.—HEBREWS. X. 9.

Men must know that in this theatre of human life it remaineth only to God and the angels to be lookers-on.—LORD BACON.

It is an uncontroverted truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

—DEAN SWIFT.

I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a profession, *i. e.*, some regular employment, which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far mechanically, that an average quantum only of health, spirits and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge.

—COLERIDGE.

Time and patience change the mulberry leaf to satin.

—ORIENTAL PROVERB.

Do what thou dost as if the earth were heaven,
And that thy last day were the judgment day.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TREASURES OF TIME.

What to Live For.

THROUGH purity and strength of will
To work to some high mark,
Which in the heavens is shining still
When all below is dark.

The Ideals of Life, which Wisdom has hung out in the firmament of Humanity, are like the stars in multitude. Like the stars, too, they have a common centre, around which they revolve, and from which they derive their glory. And that centre is the life-giving Ideal suggested by the prophetic announcement, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God," rounded by these other words of the Divine Man, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work."

Work is the essence of all wholesome Ideals, heaven-appointed work, of the heart, of the brain, of the hands;

Something to be done,
Something to be won;

and under the Eye which is always a glory to the diligent and a terror to the idle.

Work, glorified as duty, is the perennial fountain of happiness, and the source of all that is excellent in the earth. "There is always hope in a man," says Mr. Carlyle, "that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair."— ——

Work is the law of our being—the living principle that carries men and nations onward. The greater number of men have to work with their hands, as a matter of necessity, in order to live; but all must work in one way or another, if they would enjoy life as it ought to be enjoyed.

Labor may be a burden and a chastisement, but it is also an honor and a glory. Without it nothing can be accomplished. All that is great in man comes through work, and civilization is its product. Were labor abolished, the race of Adam were at once stricken by moral death.

It is idleness that is the curse of man—not labor. Idleness eats the heart out of men as of nations, and consumes them as rust does iron. When Alexander conquered the Persians, and had an opportunity of observing their manners, he remarked that they did not seem conscious that there could be anything more servile than a life of pleasure, or more princely than a life of toil.

When the Emperor Severus lay on his deathbed at York, whither he had been borne on a litter from the foot of the Grampians, his final watchword

to his soldiers was, "*Laboremus*" (we must work); and nothing but constant toil maintained the power and extended the authority of the Roman generals.

In describing the earlier social condition of Italy, when the ordinary occupations of rural life were considered compatible with the highest civic dignity, Pliny speaks of the triumphant generals and their men returning contentedly to the plough. In those days the lands were tilled by the hands even of generals, the soil exulting beneath a ploughshare crowned with laurels, and guided by a husbandman graced with triumphs: "*Ipsorum tunc manibus imperatorum colebantur agri: ut fas est credere gaudente terra vomere laureato et triumphale aratore.*" It was only after slaves became extensively employed in all departments of industry that labor came to be regarded as dishonorable and servile. And so soon as indolence and luxury became the characteristics of the ruling classes of Rome, the downfall of the empire, sooner or later, was inevitable.—SAMUEL SMILES.

Happiness, prosperity and safety in any attained position depend upon work, which, of some sort or other, may be pursued by every member of the race. "We are not born," says Goethe, "to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what we have to do, and to confine ourselves within the limits of our power of comprehension." And we need not go far to make the discovery. Providence reveals to every man, who has eyes to see and ears to hear, his proper work. And then the mark of honor and glory is to do it faithfully.— ——

I have always remembered something I heard many years ago of the late Mr. Gray, of Boston, "Billy Gray," as he was commonly called, who from nothing made a vast estate. Standing one day on the deck of one of his numerous ships, he observed a carpenter busy at some matter of repairs. "Johnny Thompson," said he, "why do you not do it so instead of the way you are doing it?" "Billy Gray," replied the man, "why do you speak so to me? Don't I remember you when you were nothing but a poor drummer-boy?" "Ah," rejoined Mr. Gray, "ah, Johnny Thompson, but *didn't I drum well?*" I have thought of this a thousand times, for there is a great deal in it. To do well what we have to do, this sums up the whole practical end of living. The honest purpose and endeavor to do so puts everyone on an equal footing of worthiness. It is the secret of acceptable goodness, and the secret also of happiness. All true happiness, all that is worth the name, lies in a harmony between the spirit of our life and the duties of our place in life.

One of the pleasantest sights of serene happiness I ever saw was an old woman, whose life was narrowed down and restricted by infirmity to the sole activity of sitting in an arm-chair by the fireside of a humble dwelling and knitting and mending the stockings of the children and grandchildren that could play and work. Thankful for the arm-chair and the clean-swept hearth, she passed her contented and cheerful days in doing well what she could do. To me that old arm-chair was trans-

figured to a throne of glory more to be envied than an imperial throne filled by a selfish, ambitious monarch, and a divine radiance invested its occupant and all her homely implements and humble industry that outshone the glitter and the glare of golden sceptres and jewelled swords of state.

To do our duty well—whatever it be, whether to sweep the streets, to saw wood, or grind knives, whatever lowliest work it be—to do it well, to do it in a sense of duty, unites us to the Highest One by a bond that nothing can break, gains us a position in the infinite spiritual universe, from which nothing can cast us down. We may not have received ten talents, nor two, nor even one, but only a very small fraction of one. No matter, if faithful, we shall live to just as good a purpose, so far as our worthiness is concerned, as though we had a million talents and improved them all. The poorest cobbler who, in a dutiful spirit, out of love to God and man, does the work of his calling, is just as acceptable as the righteous ruler of the greatest kingdom on the earth, just as acceptable as the highest archangel that stands before the Throne of the universe, or flies on flaming wings to carry the orders of his Sovereign to the armies of Heaven that have their stations among the stars. —C. S. Henry.

To do our duty in that station of life into which it has pleased God to call us, is the infinite thing to live for: which is full of blessed realities in the present, and prophetic of an ever-brightening future.

"Forgetting those things which are behind," however pleasant they have been, the diligent doer of duty has but one aim, and that is to press forward.— ——

Every young man, as he stands on the threshold of life, preparing to step forward into the vague, uncertain future, may take to his heart the trumpet-like words of Saint Simon: "*L'age d'or, qu'une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu'ici dans la passé, est devant nous*"—(The golden age, which a blind tradition has hitherto placed in the past, is before us). What has been possible to our fellows is possible to us, and something, perhaps, which never was by them achieved. Hope is ours, and love, and truth, and honor; high aspiration and earnest prayer; the consciousness of a battle well fought and a victory well won. The race may be a long one, and the way rugged and thorny, but mayhap there are flowers in many a bosky nook, and we shall feel, though we may not discern, the presence of the angels like a soundless wind on a summer sea. We have only to take heart and work. We know the conditions of success—diligence and patience, and a firm purpose and a lofty aim, self-reliance, courage, self-denial, self-elevation. These are within our reach if we submit to the necessary discipline. And why should we not? Is not this life the vestibule of eternity, and shall we neglect or despise it as a thing worthless and wearisome? Do we not know it to be the training place of our spiritual nature? Do we not know that the faculties

cultivated here will grow into a glorious fruition hereafter? Ah, the nobleness of labor! How it develops the thought, how it braces up the soul, how it crushes back the evil impulse! When we bethink ourselves of the pleasure it yields, of the moral elevation which it involves, we are lost in wonder at the infatuation of the fools who idly turn from it to expend their lives in luxurious indulgence. But when we speak of labor we mean something more than the occupation of the business day, something more than the toil that properly belongs to our respective callings; we mean that general process of culture by which mind, soul and body alike are benefited; we mean all that assiduous preparation and finish which carefully occupies the hours not devoted to amusement or repose. Our complex humanity has many sides, all of which demand our assiduous vigilance; this vigilance we regard as part and parcel of our daily duty. — W. H. D. ADAMS.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as if the sceptre of this planet. . . . . Toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispen-

sable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low. Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavors are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us!—CARLYLE.

Pursuit of the Ideal.

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
Fair as the moon,
Clear as the sun,
And terrible as an army with banners?

—SONG OF SOLOMON, IV. 10.

ONE who holds my heart forever,
And I bless her night and day:
Night and day where'er I wander,
She is ever on my way.

Tender maiden, watchful maiden,
Friend to me she is alway,
And with countenance angelic
All my baser thoughts doth fray.

Now she chides me and she guides me,
If by chance I go astray:
Then she scorns me and she warns me,
If to rest my head I lay.

Purer than the virgin dew-drops,
And more beautiful than they,
Clothed she is in lily-meekness
And a youth forever May.

Who would not rejoice to woo her,
Who is clad in such array?
Who would not rejoice to win her,
Who may never know decay?

Fairer maiden, rarer maiden,
Poet never may portray;
Purer maiden, truer maiden,
Never dwelt in mortal clay.

And such charms she always weareth,
And so modest to display!
Oh my airy, fairy maiden
Over me hath perfect sway!

Should King Oberon, the Fairy,
Haply from his kingdom stray,
And be questioned if he love her,
He could never answer nay;

Such his eager heart to woo her,
And her to his realm convey,

Where her beauty would enthrone her
Queen of every elf and fay.

Oh, her smile to me is better
Than the sparkle of Tokay,
And the sweetness of her silence
Than all harems of Cathay.

But, ah me! she e'er so coy is—
And I always hate delay—
Oft my heart grows dark within me,
Void of hope's celestial ray.

For when I would fain embrace her,
Blushingly she flits away,
Darting, glancing like a sunbeam,
As if mocking my dismay;

Leaving me, and then returning,
Like the sunlight in the spray;
And my soul is half distracted
With such Tantalus-survey.

Why will not the cruel maiden
Once my beauty-thirst allay?
Doth she stoop at last to vengeance,
Dooming me a castaway?

Airy maiden, fairy maiden,
Do not keep me thus at bay;
Linger yet a little, maiden;
Maiden, yet a little stay.

Ah, she will not deign to listen,
  Though I sue and I inveigh;
Ah, she will not deign to listen
  Doth she, then, my love repay?

If I ask her if she love me,
  Blushing, she will nothing say,
Nothing answer to convince me,
  Nothing, neither nay or yea.

But retreating, softly fleeting,
  Like a rainbow, heavenly gay,
She doth call me, she doth call me,
  And I cannot but obey.

And as bold and eager-hearted
  As a school-boy, who at play
Bright-hued butterflies in chasing
  O'er the fragrant, new-mown hay,

Vexed, successless, yet determined
  On the capture of his prey,
Which allures him and eludes him,
  Follow softly as he may;

I pursue my airy maiden
  From the morning twilight grey,
Till the mists of evening gather,
  And no conquest doth defray

All my yearnings and my heart-beats,
  For she every art doth slay.

Yet with new and light endeavor,
To allure her I essay,

Purposing no base inaction
And no sluggard's welaway,
Till I touch the happy altar,
Crowned on with the fadeless bay.

And I think my heart grows better,
And I count not what I pay
For the airy chase and earthly,
Where she seemeth to betray;

For I feel if here I never
Win my maiden, as I pray,
I shall in yon sphere eternal
Prosper in her love for aye;

Where the splendor of the virgin
Satisfies the heart straightway,
And all work is but the rhythm
Of a blessed holiday,

But the worship and the freedom
Of a blessed holy-day;
And the rhyme that never changes,
Fringes the Celestial Lay. ——.

Too late did I love Thee, O Fairness, so ancient and yet so new! Too late did I love Thee! For behold, Thou wert within, and I without, and there did I seek Thee; I, unlovely, rushed heedlessly

among the things of beauty Thou madest. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee. Those things kept me from Thee, which, unless they were in Thee, were not. Thou calledst, and criedest aloud, and forcedst open my deafness. Thou didst gleam and shine, and chase away my blindness. Thou didst exhale odors, and I drew in my breath, and do pant after Thee. I tasted, and do hunger and thirst. Thou didst teach me, and I burn for Thy peace.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment, too, is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O, thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!—CARLYLE.

We cannot understand the Actual of a character or system without in some degree entering into its Ideal.—MISS GREENWELL.

All visible greatness grows in looking at an invisible that is greater.—JAMES MARTINEAU.

Duty.

"THE petty Done, the Undone vast!"
So once a Poet sung,
By both the Present and the Past
Upraided, goaded, stung.

And it were well if all had eyes
To see the Infinite,
Humbled, exalted, and grown wise
In all-enfolding light.

And it were well if all had pain
Which passes human speech,
In view of all there is to gain,
Not yet within their reach.

But eyes and pain with valiant heart,
Abashed by no "Too late,"
To choose Eternal Duty's part
Where no accusers wait. ——.

Duty! wondrous thought, that workest neither by fond insinuation, flattery, nor by any threat, but merely by holding up thy naked law in the soul, and so extorting for thyself always reverence, if not always obedience; before whom all appetites are dumb, however secretly they rebel.—KANT.

Duty is far more than love. It is the upholding law through which the weakest become strong, with-

out which all strength is unstable as water. No character, however harmoniously framed and gloriously gifted, can be complete without this abiding principle: it is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together, without which all power, goodness, intellect, truth, happiness, love itself, can have no permanence; but all the fabric of existence crumbles away from under us, and leaves us at last sitting in the midst of a ruin,—astonished at our own desolation.—Mrs. Jameson.

Duty is based upon a sense of justice—justice inspired by love, which is the most perfect form of goodness. Duty is not a sentiment, but a principle pervading the life: and it exhibits itself in conduct and in acts, which are mainly determined by man's conscience and freewill.—Smiles.

Everybody ought to have a flag—something sacred, something to live by and die by, convictions that one is not only not ashamed of, but counts it an honor and a glory to avow. *Everybody should carry his flag aloft and unfurled*, ready to maintain and defend it, to suffer and to die for it if need be. The man who has no flag, or does not carry it unfurled where duty, honor and manliness bid him do so, is a thoroughly base and mean man. He is fit neither to live nor to die. So far from having anything heroic in him, he lacks the essential ingredients of tolerable respectability of character. What is the worth of a man who does not prefer duty to life? Just nothing at all, or at best he is good for nothing but to eat, drink, make money perhaps, and

then moulder to dust. Thousands of men and women — soldiers, sailors, medical men, fathers, mothers, nurses—do their duty every day in peril of their lives. They are not canonized for it, but they would be thought meanly of if they did it not. How universally the cowardice that shrinks from dangerous duty is despised.—C. S. HENRY.

Remember your honor, which raises you above fortune and above kings; by that alone, and not by the splendor of titles, is glory acquired—that glory which it will be your happiness and pride to transmit unspotted to your posterity.—VITTORIA COLONNA.

My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. Give it, I advise thee;—thou dost not expect to *sell* thy Life in an adequate manner? What price, for example, would content thee? The just price of thy Life to thee,—why, God's entire Creation to thyself, the whole Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold: that is the price which would content thee; that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that! It is thy all; and for it thou wouldst have all. Thou art an unreasonable mortal;—or, rather, thou art a poor, *infinite* mortal, who, in thy narrow clay-prison here, *seemest* so unreasonable! Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart: let the price be nothing: thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got All for it!—CARLYLE.

I become more and more alive to the happiness

which consists in the fulfillment of Duty. I believe there is no other so deep and so real. There is only one great object in the world which deserves our efforts, and that is, the good of mankind.—De Tocqueville.

"The word Duty," said George Wilson, a distinguished professor in the University of Edinburgh, when almost worn out in faithful work, "The word Duty seems to me the biggest word in the world, and is uppermost in all my serious doings."— ——.

Work.

O LITTLE birds of grace,
How in my work ye sing!
Ye make my heart your nesting-place,
And all your gladness bring.

When ye are in my heart,
How swiftly pass the days!
The fears and doubts of life depart
And leave the room to praise.

My work I find like play,
And all day long rejoice;

But if I linger on my way,
I hear this warning voice:

With fervor work and pray,
And let not coldness come;
Or birds of grace will fly away
To seek a warmer home. ——.

We enjoy ourselves only in our work, in our doings; and our best doing is our best enjoyment. —JACOBI.

I have fire-proof, perennial enjoyments, called employments.—RICHTER.

Wouldst thou discover Nature's true path to happiness? Listen to her first command: Labor! The hours fly swiftly to him who has daily occupation; a lifetime creeps slowly away with the idle. —LEOPOLD.

All the virtues and joys of life grow up in labor; only through labor does a human being become truly a man. . . . Work and love,—these are the body and soul of human being; happy is he with whom they are one.—AUERBACH.

The very exercise of industry immediately in itself is delightful, and hath an innate satisfaction which tempereth all annoyance, and even ingratiateth the pains going with it.—BARROW.

It sweeteneth our enjoyments, and seasoneth our attainments with a delightful relish.—BARROW.

Is the world a great harmonious organ, where all parts are played, and where all play parts: and must thou alone sit and hear it?—DR. DONNE.

There is no spirituality at all without use. Spirituality begins, continues, and culminates in use. To be genuinely useful, in any way, is to be so far spiritual. To be nobly, comprehensively, humanly useful, is to be spiritual in a grand way. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Work in every hour, paid or unpaid. See only that thou work, and thou canst not escape the reward. Whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thoughts. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—EMERSON.

A man should inure himself to voluntary labor, and should not give up to indulgence and pleasure; as they beget no good constitution of body, nor knowledge of the mind.—SOCRATES.

Employment, which Galen calls "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery.—ROBERT BURTON.

The wise prove, and the foolish confess, by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth leading.—PALEY.

Work and Worship.

TO labor is to pray,
As some dear saint has said;
And with this truth for many a day
Have I been comforted.

The Lord has made me bold
When I have labored most,
And with His gifts so manifold
Has given the Holy Ghost.

When I have idle been
Until the sun went down,
Mine eyes so dim have never seen
His bright, prophetic crown.

O praise the Lord for work
Which maketh time so fleet,
In which accusers never lurk,
Whose end is very sweet. ——.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself

"When I have idle been
Until the sun went down,
Mine eyes so dim have never seen
His bright, prophetic crown."

lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself:' long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in Work;' a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul, unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame!—CARLYLE.

All true Work is Religion: and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or

where it will; with me it shall have no harbor. Admirable was that of the old Monks, '*Laborare est Orare*,' (Work is Worship).—CARLYLE.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart, which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to that 'Agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have called divine! O, brother, if this is not 'worship,' then, I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind.—CARLYLE.

Life-Work.

YES, I have found the work at last
Which Providence alone forecast;

And nevermore for me is rest,
Save when I labor at my best.

Dear younger brother, wouldst thou know
The way the Master loves to show
His will and wish? The search is vain,
Unless it be through toil and pain.

There is no easy lesson here
Where wisdom lingers many a year.
Most their vocation never know,
Since wisdom comes so slow, so slow!

Discerning not the will of God,
They walk the way the fathers trod,
And He who marks the sparrow's fall,
Observes His lowly children all.

But thou of hunger hast the smart
Pent up within a conscious heart.
God's providence is speaking there,
Telling what thou shouldst do and dare.

Be bold to heed the silent voice
And crucify each meaner choice;
Or else forever lose the place
Assigned thee in the realm of Grace.

God speaks not many times to those
To whom His will He would disclose.
Have they, alas, no ears to hear,
No more, no more He draweth near.

He needs thee not against thy will,
Thy little place His hand can fill.
From stones can He, of old I AM,
Raise children unto Abraham.

So thou, thy work to know and do,
Must unto Providence be true,
And heed the signals and the signs,
Although the light but dimly shines.

What though the signs are not so plain
As to shut out all doubt and pain?
The doubt and pain will not grow less
While thou remain'st in idleness.

What if the signals be but faint,
And in thy heart there is complaint?
Ah, they will all the fainter be
During thine inactivity.

When once the signal voice is heard,
And the unfathomed heart is stirred
To action, we have found the way
Where life is greater than to-day,

(However vast its treasures be)
And boldly claims eternity.
Henceforth we no more reckon worth
By the arithmetic of earth.

The great is small, the small is great,
Often in after estimate,

And nobler aims and visions rise
What time we see with other eyes.

Hast thou despised the little things?
Know thou the smallest duty brings
A prophecy of coming time,
For thee ignoble or sublime.

The gifts of God thou dost not use,
Little or great, thou dost abuse.
What if—the forfeit comes at last—
From thee be taken what thou hast?

Thy sacred trusts each day increase:
Evening shall bring a psalm of peace,
And in a broader circle shine
The lantern of the Word Divine.

The blessed things of God no more
Shall be as shadow, as before,
But real, precious, and sublime,
To grow more fair by use and time.

Stand still, the darkness on thy track
Pushes no more its column back.
Halt not, the light gleams wide and far,
And thine is an unsetting star.

There always will be clouds. Thy mark
May sometimes vanish in the dark.
What then? Wilt thou at this despair?
It is thy trial—oh beware!

Renew thy faltering zeal and trust
The Lord, O creature of the dust.
Young faith will perish in the night,
If thou dost only walk by sight.

Without the sun, the air, the earth,
The seed comes not unto its birth;
Its hidden power of life will die,
Or dormant in its prison lie.

Without the word and deed, the thought
Is to no blessed uses brought,
But quickly withers from the soul,
Evanishing beyond control.

Act to the purpose of thy heart,
And Providence, with wondrous art,
Shall fashion it to beauty there,
Transmuting all thy work and prayer,

Till it shall come to be thy life,
Grown strong in every manly strife,
And, when the time is ripe, approve
Thee for the Master's work of love. ——.

If you desire to represent the various parts in life by holes in a table of different shapes,—some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong —and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, while the

square person has squeezed himself into the round hole.—SYDNEY SMITH.

The errors committed in the choice of a vocation are sometimes amusing, or would be so if we could forget how serious might have been their consequences. The parents of Claude Lorraine, who divides with our own Turner the supremacy in landscape-painting, would have made him a pastry-cook! His brother was a little keener of insight, for he took him from the pastry-cook's into his own shop, a wood-carver's; and in this kind of work there was at least more room for the development of his artistic faculty. Turner was intended by his father for the respectable but inglorious trade of a barber. One day, however, a design of a coat-of-arms which the boy had scratched on a silver salver attracted the attention of a customer whom his father was shaving, and he was so struck by its promise that he strongly recommended the latter not to interfere with his son's evident bias. The lover of art almost shudders at the thought of what the world would have lost had Claude continued a pastry-cook, and Turner shaved the bristling chins of his father's patrons.—W. H. D. ADAMS.

No doubt parents and guardians have often made mistakes; but far more numerous have been the mistakes of young men whom an imprudent ambition or a greed of gain has led into paths they were incompetent to tread successfully. As a rule, it is always best to accept and

act upon the advice of our elders. The avocation may be uncongenial, and after a while it may appear plainly unsuitable. It will then be open to us to seize the first opportunity of choosing another career, if this can be done without injury. Intances there will always be, similar to those we have already set before the reader, of a strong and masterful talent asserting itself in the face of every discouragement, and seeking and finding its natural and legitimate outlet. But let us remember with humility that such talent is given to very few, and with gratitude that Heaven estimates our life-work not by its brilliancy but by its honesty. If we do our duty, it matters not whether we be the leaders in the fore front of the battle, or only the rank and file. In fixing upon a pursuit, let us, therefore, be guided by nobler thoughts than those of ambition, emulation or envy. Let us bethink ourselves of the old saying that the greatest man is he who chooses right with the most unconquerable resolution; who withstands the sorest temptations within and without; who patiently bears the weightiest burdens; who is calmest in the storm, and most fearless under frown and menace; whose faith in truth, in virtue, in God, is most unfaltering. We cannot all be great sculptors, painters, musicians, men of letters or successful merchants or wealthy manufacturers. The dishonor and the failure do not lie in the choice of a lowly trade, or even in the unfortunate selection of the wrong vocation;

they lie in our not doing the work before us with all our might. It is no disgrace to be a shoemaker; but it is a shame for a shoemaker to make bad shoes.—W. H. D. ADAMS.

"Blessed is he," says Carlyle, "who found his work," and, it should be added, who resists all temptations and persuasions to abandon it. For a man's true work is as sacred as his life; and should never be relinquished but with his life. The following parable is a good illustration:—

THERE were, once upon a time, two men who were friends, but whose characters and pursuits in life were different. The one was a lover of Beauty, the other a lover, as he said, of Use. The latter had given up his life to "practical purposes;" he had built houses for the poor, he had arranged the sanitary measures of a city, he had visited the prisons and hospitals, and had toiled to save disease and crime. And his character and strength were suited to this work, so that he did it well.

The other had spent his life in examining the Beautiful; he had studied its laws in nature and art, and he devoted himself in retirement to expressing what he had discovered in the most beautiful manner possible: his enthusiasm pushed him to think that men would be interested in his work, and his aim was to awaken in the world the love of Beauty by giving a high and noble pleasure. He did not care to teach morality as the first thing, but to make beautiful things fa-

miliar; and by bringing these beautiful things before men, to refine imaginations not as yet refined, till they could see the more ideal beauty. This being his work, and his character and physical temper being suited to it, he did it well, and he did nothing else. He did not visit the poor, nor was he seen in hospitals. His money was spent on beautiful things such as he wanted for his work, not on sanitary improvements and model cottages.

With this life and with this expenditure his friend became angry. 'What!' he said, 'will you make poems while famine is making death? The poor are perishing; God's children are being done to death; disease and crime are devouring the nation, and you sit still in your poetic and artistic leisure, producing only words. Throw away all this useless work, attack evil, expose oppression, cleanse the foul dwelling, see and realize what poverty and pain mean. To what purpose is this waste? Those things which you call beautiful might be sold for much money and given to the poor.' So he spake in his dark anger; and the spirit of his friend was moved, and he went forth to the rude work of the world. It sickened and dismayed him; his poetical power went from him; his faculty for revealing the Beautiful passed away; his delicacy and sympathy caused him to break down in contact with crime and disease. He tried hard, but it was a failure; his life was ruined and no good

was done. He could not do his friends work, and trying to do it, he ceased to be able to do his own.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

IT may be proved, with much certainty, that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems to me no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work. It is written "in the sweat of thy brow," but it was never written "in the breaking of thy heart," thou shalt eat bread: and I find that, as on the one hand infinite misery is caused by idle people, who both fail in doing what was appointed for them to do, and set in motion certain springs of mischief in matters in which they should have had no concern, so on the other hand, no small misery is caused by over-worked and unhappy people, in the dark views which they necessarily take up themselves, and force upon others, of work itself. Were it not so, I believe the fact of their being unhappy is in itself a violation of divine law, and a sign of some kind of folly or sin in their way of life. Now in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: they must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or rather knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and faithfully done, whatever the world may think or say about it. So that in order that a man

may be happy, it is necessary that he should not only be capable of his work, but a good judge of his work.—RUSKIN.

Concentration.

TO eyes that see what is divine,
A heaven-appointed work is mine:
Naught else have I the power to do,
And keep the sense of being true.

For when I sometimes turn aside,
The still small voice is sure to chide
And resolutely call me back:
Peace will not leave her chosen track.

My lowly work I need not name,
Which has for thee, perhaps, no claim;
Some other work belongs to thee,
In which thou canst be true and free.

That work alone pursue—pursue
Until the earth shall fade from view;
And thy devotion will insure
The daily triumphs that endure.

Wise concentration of purpose on a single

object made Faraday a great chemist. When an apprentice in a book-binder's shop, he devoted his scanty leisure to the acquisition of the knowledge for which his soul thirsted. In the hours after work he learned the beginnings of his philosophy from the books given him to bind. There were two that helped him materially, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," from which he gained his first notions of electricity, and Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations in Chemistry," which afforded an introduction to that science of wonders. In time he obtained his master's permission to attend a series of scientific lectures at a Mr. Tatum's, and afterwards, through the kindness of a gentleman who had noticed and admired his remarkable industry and intelligence, he was present at the last four public lectures of Sir Humphry Davy. "The eager student sat in the gallery, just over the clock, and took copious notes of the Professor's explanation of radiant matter, chlorine, simple inflammables and metals, while he watched the experiments that were performed. Afterwards he wrote the lectures fairly out in a quarto volume that is still preserved; first, the theoretical portions, then the experiments with drawings, and finally an index." Sending these notes to Sir Humphry Davy, with a letter explaining his intense attachment to scientific research, he was offered the post of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution of London. Gladly he accepted it, with its weekly wage of twenty-five

shillings and the advantage of a room in the house. Thenceforward his career was assured; but it must be remembered that the renown which gilded it was won by Faraday's unwavering pursuit of a single end.—ADAMS.

A concentration of energy and talent upon the object which it is most important for us to secure, implies no absolute disregard of every other. Because a traveller presses forward resolutely to the desired haven, and refuses to wander from the direct road, it by no means follows that he shall have no eyes for the blossoms that shine by the wayside, no ears for the music of the brook that ripples through the bracken. An indifference to everything that brightens or ennobles life is very apt to militate against success —success, that is, of the highest and purest kind. Because Faraday made chemistry his great pursuit, he did not neglect every other branch of science. Because John Stuart Mill gave himself up chiefly to political economy and metaphysical inquiry, he did not deny himself the sweet pleasures of botany and music. — ADAMS.

Just as the general who scatters his soldiers all about the country ensures defeat, so does he whose attention is forever diffused through such innumerable channels that it can never gather in force on any one point. The human mind, in short, resembles a burning-glass, whose rays are intense only as they are concentrated. As the glass burns only when its light is conveyed to

the focal point, so the former illumines the world of science, literature, or business, only when it is directed to a solitary object. Or, to take another illustration, what is more powerless than the scattered clouds of steam as they rise in the sky! They are as impotent as the dewdrops that fall nightly upon the earth; but concentrated and condensed in a steam-boiler, they are able to cut through solid rock, to move mountains into the sea, and to bring the Antipodes to our doors.—ANONYMOUS.

Prudence.

BE prudent, yet be not afraid;
No ghost by fear was ever laid,
Nor any mountain made a plain.
With bold and prudent step advance
Without one thought of luck or chance,
Success will follow in thy train.

If Prudence but impart her skill,
The legions of the mighty Will
Can storm the gates of Paradise:
Who has them fighting on his side
Will from the field in triumph ride,
Though all the world against him rise.

Prudence is the combination of wisdom, reason, discretion, and common sense; the offspring of a clear head, a correct judgment, and a good heart. It regards the past, the present, and the future; time and eternity; never shrinks from known duty; acts with coolness and decision; investigates impartiality, reasons correctly, and condemns reluctantly. The prudent man meets the dispensations of Providence calmly; views mankind in the clear sunshine of charity; is guided by the golden rule in his dealings; cherishes universal philanthropy; and soars, in peerless majesty, above the trifling vanities and corrupting vices of the world, and lives in constant readiness to enter the mansions of bliss beyond this vale of tears. It is not the consequent result of shining talents, brilliant genius or great learning. It has been truly said by Dr. Young, and demonstrated by thousands, *With the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool.* A profound scholar may astonish the world with his scientific researches and discoveries; pour upon mankind a flood of light; illuminate and enrapture the immortal mind with the beauties of expounded revelation; point erring man to the path of rectitude; direct the anxious mind to the Saviour's love; and render himself powerless in the cause of truth by imprudent and inconsistent practices.

"How empty learning, and how vain is art;
Save when it guides the life, and mends the heart."

One grain of prudence is of more value than

a cranium crowded with unbridled genius, or a flowing stream of vain wit. It is the real ballast of human life. Without it, dangers gather quick and fast around the frail bark of man, and hurry him on to destruction. The shores of time are lined with wrecks, driven before the gales of Imprudence.—L. C. JUDSON.

Is he a prudent man as to his temporal estate, who lays designs only for a day, without any prospect to, or provision for, the remaining part of life?—TILLOTSON.

Perseverance.

THINE enemy of greatness sings,
Yet pours contempt on little things.
O brand him with his shame,
And purge the chambers of thy heart,
And bid him with his lie depart,
And all who bear his name.

Be right, be firm; be strong of will,
Which in defeat continues still
Where daily duties are;
Admiring angels soon will bless
Thee with the sweetness of success,
And hide thine evil star.

———.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance: it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-axe, or of one impression of a spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

It is, therefore of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason and their spirit, the power of persisting in their purpose; acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter; and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.—Dr. Johnson.

People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupation in life; but heed them not. Whatever employ you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you: it will be your support in youth and your comfort in age. In learning the useful part of any profession, very moderate abilities will suffice—great abilities are generally injurious to the pos-

sessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.—GOLDSMITH.

That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by that perseverance which, like Cromwell's, can make the *iron hot by striking;* and he that can only rule the storm must yield to him who can both *raise* and *rule* it.—COLTON.

Perseverance, working in the right direction, grows with time, and when steadily practiced, even by the most humble, will rarely fail of its reward. Trusting in the help of others is of comparatively little use. When one of Michael Angelo's principal patrons died he said, "I begin to understand that the promises of the world are for the most part vain phantoms, and that to confide in one's self, and become something of worth and value, is the best and safest counsel." —SMILES.

Acting—wrote one of the great ornaments of the English stage — does not, like Dogberry's reading and writing, "come by nature;" with all the high qualities which go to the formation of a great exponent of the book of life (for so the stage may justly be called), it is impossible, totally impossible, to leap at once to fame. "What wound did ever heal but by slow degrees?" says our immortal author; and what man, say I, ever became an actor without a long

and sedulous apprenticeship? I know that many men think to step from behind a counter or jump from the high stool of an office to the boards, and take the town by storm in "Richard" or "Othello," is "as easy as lying." O, the born idiots! They remind me of the halfpenny candles stuck in the windows on illumination nights; they flicker and flutter their brief minute, and go out unheeded.—KEAN.

While yet a youth, says a successful business man, in giving his early experience, I entered a store one day, and asked if a clerk was not wanted. "No!" in a rough tone, was the answer, all being too busy to bother with me; when I reflected that if they did not want a clerk they might want a laborer, but I was dressed too fine for that. I went to my lodgings, put on a rough garb, and the next day went into the same store and demanded if they did not want a porter, and again "No, sir," was the response; when I exclaimed, in despair almost, "A laborer? Sir, I will work at any wages. Wages is not my object. I must have employ, and I want to be useful in business."

These last remarks attracted their attention; and in the end I was hired as a laborer in the basement and sub-cellar at a very low pay, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together.

In the basement and sub-cellar I soon attracted the attention of the counting-house and chief clerk. I saved enough for my employers,

in little things usually wasted, to pay my wages ten times over, and they soon found it out. I did not let anybody about commit petty larcenies without remonstrance and threats of exposure, and real exposure if remonstrance would not do. I did not ask for any two hours' leave. If I was wanted at three in the morning I never growled, and told everybody to go home, "and I will see everything right." I loaded off at daybreak packages for the morning boats, or carried them myself. In short, I soon became—as I meant to be—indispensable to my employers, and I rose, and rose, until I became head of the house, with money enough for any luxury or any position a mercantile man may desire for himself and family in a great city.—ANONYMOUS.

Economy.

HOW quietly yon maple lifts
Its branches to the skies,
Because it uses all the gifts
Which Providence supplies!

Economy of every gift
Which God on us bestows
Produces grace and strength and thrift
And all that from them grows.

It makes each day a stepping-stone
To mark the sure increase,
The silent climbing which alone
Imparts the sense of peace.

It gives a task to every power,
Proportioned to its range;
And Recreation has her hour,
And Friendship sweet exchange.

It does not suffer any waste
Of substance, time or health,
Nor ever plunge in headlong haste
To gain ensnaring wealth;

But gathers wholesome property
For uses manifold,
Becoming that high alchemy
Whose wonders are untold.

———.

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health; and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with irons that enter into their souls.—Dr. Johnson.

It is, indeed, important that the standard of living in all classes should be high; that is, it should include the comforts of life, the means of neatness and order in our dwellings, and such

supplies of our wants as are fitted to secure vigorous health. But how many waste their earnings on indulgences which may be spared, and thus have no resource for a dark day, and are always trembling on the brink of pauperism! Needless expenses keep many too poor for self-improvement. And here let me say, that expensive habits among the more prosperous laborers often interfere with the mental culture of themselves and their families. How many among them sacrifice improvement to appetite! How many sacrifice it to the love of show, to the desire of outstripping others, and to habits of expense which grow out of this insatiable passion! In a country so thriving and luxurious as ours, the laborer is in danger of contracting artificial wants and diseased tastes; and to gratify these he gives himself wholly to accumulation, and sells his mind for gain. Our unparalleled prosperity has not been an unmixed good. It has inflamed cupidity, has diseased the imagination with dreams of boundless success, and plunged a vast multitude into excessive toils, feverish competitions, and exhausting cares. A laborer having secured a neat home and a wholesome table, should ask nothing more for the senses; but should consecrate his leisure, and what may be spared of his earnings to the culture of himself and his family, to the best books, to the best teaching, to pleasant and profitable intercourse, to sympathy and the offices of humanity, and to the enjoyment of the beau-

tiful in nature and art. Unhappily, the laborer, if prosperous, is anxious to ape the rich man, instead of trying to rise above him, as he often may, by noble acquisitions. The young in particular, the apprentice and the female domestic, catch a taste for fashion, and on this altar sacrifice too often their uprightness, and almost always the spirit of improvement, dooming themselves to ignorance, if not to vice, for a vain show. Is this evil without remedy? Is human nature always to be sacrificed to outward decoration? Is the outward always to triumph over the inward man? Is nobleness of sentiment never to spring up among us? May not a reform in this particular begin in the laboring class, since it seems so desperate among the more prosperous? Cannot the laborer, whose condition calls him so loudly to simplicity of taste and habits, take his stand against that love of dress which dissipates and corrupts so many minds among the opulent? Cannot the laboring class refuse to measure men by outward success, and pour utter scorn on all pretensions founded on outward show or condition? Sure I am that, were they to study plainness of dress and simplicity of living, for the purpose of their own true elevation, they would surpass in intellect, in taste, in honorable qualities, and in present enjoyment, that great proportion of the prosperous who are softened into indulgences or enslaved to empty show. By such self-denial, how might the burden of labor be

lightened, and time and strength redeemed for improvement.—CHANNING.

Parsimony is not economy. It is separate in theory from it; and in fact it may or may not be a *part* of economy, according to circumstances. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. If parsimony were to be considered as one of the attributes of that virtue, there is, however, another and a higher economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists, not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection. The other economy has larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment, and a firm, sagacious mind. It shuts one door to impudent importunity, only to open another, and a wider, to unpresuming merit. If none but meritorious service, or real talent were to be rewarded, this nation has not wanted, and this nation will not want, the means of rewarding all the service it ever will receive, and encouraging all the merit it ever will produce. No state, since the foundation of society, has been impoverished by that species of profusion. — BURKE.

As not less important than that economy of money which is insisted upon so strongly by all our moralists, we would recommend an *economy*

of mental power. Many of us waste our resources in the early stages of our career, forgetful that the race is won by the *staying power* of the runners. Napoleon gained his victories by his judicious employment of his reserves. The general who risks all his forces in a single charge must expect and will deserve defeat. It is not the first blow that strikes home the nail, and what is to be done if we leave ourselves no strength with which to strike a second, and a third, or it may be a hundredth? . . .

Read aright, the fable of the tortoise and the hare points a moral in this direction. The hare was beaten by the tortoise because the latter possessed the staying faculty. At school and at college we frequently see the prizes carried off by the men whom an ignorant impatience had criticised as dull, slow, and incapable plodders, while the dashing, brilliant fellows, apparently sure of victory without an effort, were left hopelessly behind in the race. They had no reserve to fall back upon, while the former had a latent accumulation of strength on which they drew at need, enabling them to meet every demand.

It is hardly necessary to say that we can hold no such reserve as that of which we are speaking unless we submit to the severest self-discipline. We must be content to wait and watch, to husband our powers, to accumulate materials, to cultivate habits of rigorous thought and exact

judgment, to conquer hasty impulses, and enforce a strict restraint upon our passions. The vigor and certainty with which a great painter wields his brush and manipulates his colors, until the thought in his brain becomes visible to all men on the enchanted canvas, have been acquired by long and assiduous practice, by the discipline and self-command of patient years. And this discipline and self-command have given him so thorough a knowledge of his resources that he undertakes nothing which he cannot execute. — ADAMS.

Labor and Greatness.

ONLY through toil and pain and tribulation
The blessed things of heaven and earth are won,
What time the man grows less in his probation,
And God is more with each successive sun.

And shall the dream of life, the quenchless yearning
For something which is yet beyond control,
The flame within the breast forever burning,
Not leap to action and exalt the soul?—

Surmount all barriers to brave endeavor,
  Make for itself a way where it would go,
And flash the crown of ecstacy forever,
  Which only laborers with God may know?

In action there is joy which is no fiction,
  The hope of something as in faith begun,
God's sweet and everlasting benediction,
  The flush of victory and labor done!

Labor puts on the livery of greatness
  While genius, idle, withers from the sight,
And in its triumph takes no note of lateness,
  For time exists not in eternal light.

———.

Generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility,—overlooked, mistaken, contemned, by weaker men,—thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world; and then when their time was come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind. Then do the multitude cry out, "A miracle of genius;" yes, he *is*

a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.—SYDNEY SMITH.

There needs all the force that enthusiasm can give to enable a man to succeed in any great enterprise of life. Without it, the obstruction and difficulty he has to encounter on every side might compel him to succumb; but with courage and perseverance, inspired by enthusiasm, a man feels strong enough to face any danger, or to grapple with any difficulty. What an enthusiasm was that of Columbus, who, believing in the existence of a new world, braved the dangers of unknown seas; and, when those about him despaired and rose up against him, threatening to cast him into the sea, still stood firm upon his hope and courage until the great new world at length rose upon the horizon!

The brave man will not be baffled, but tries and tries again until he succeeds. The tree does not fall at the first stroke, but only by repeated strokes and after great labor. We may see the

invisible success at which a man has arrived, but forget the toil and suffering and peril through which it has been achieved. When a friend of Marshal Lefevre was complimenting him on his possessions and good fortune, the Marshal said: "You envy me, do you? Well, you shall have these things at a better bargain than I had. Come into the court: I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times at thirty paces, and if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. What! you wont? Very well; recollect, then, that I have been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived at the state in which you now find me!"

The apprenticeship of difficulty is one which the greatest of men had to serve. It is usually the best stimulus and discipline of character. It often evokes power of action that, but for it, would have remained dormant. As comets are sometimes revealed by eclipses, so heroes are brought to light by sudden calamity. It seems as if, in certain cases, genius, like iron struck by the flint, needed the sharp and sudden blow of adversity to bring out the divine spark. There are natures which blossom and ripen amidst trials, which would only wither and decay in an atmosphere of ease and comfort.

Thus it is good for men to be roused into action and stiffened into self-reliance by difficulty, rather than to slumber away their lives in useless apathy and indolence. If there were no

difficulties, there would be no need of efforts; if there were no temptations, there would be no training in self-control, and but little merit in virtue; if there were no trial and suffering, there would be no education in patience and resignation. Thus difficulty, adversity and suffering are not all evil, but often the best source of strength, discipline, and virtue.

For the same reason, it is often of advantage for a man to be under the necessity of having to struggle with poverty and conquer it. "He who has battled," says Carlyle, "were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision wagons, or even rest unwatchfully 'abiding by the stuff.'"

Scholars have found poverty tolerable compared with the privation of intellectual food. Riches weigh much more heavily upon the mind. "I cannot but choose say to Poverty," said Richter, "Be welcome! so that thou come not too late in life." Poverty, Horace tells us, drove him to poetry, and poetry introduced him to Varus and Virgil and Mæcenas. "Obstacles," says Michelet, "are great incentives. I lived for whole years upon a Virgil, and found myself well off. An odd volume of Racine, purchased by chance at a stall on the quay, created the poet of Toulon."

The Spaniards are even said to have meanly rejoiced in the poverty of Cervantes, but for

which they supposed the production of his great works might have been prevented. When the Archbishop of Toledo visited the French Ambassador at Madrid, the gentlemen in the suite of the latter expressed their high admiration of the writings of the author of "Don Quixote," and intimated their desire of becoming acquainted with one who had given them so much pleasure. The answer they received was, that Cervantes had borne arms in the service of his country, and was now old and poor. "What!" exclaimed one of the Frenchmen, "is not Señor Cervantes in good circumstances? Why is he not maintained, then, out of the public treasury?" "Heaven forbid!" was the reply, "that his necessities should be ever relieved, if it is those which make him write; since it is his poverty that makes the world rich!"

It is not prosperity so much as adversity, not wealth so much as poverty, that stimulates the perseverance of strong and healthy natures, rouses their energy and develops their character. Burke said of himself: "I was not rocked and swaddled and dandled into a legislator. '*Nitor in adversum*' is the motto for a man like me." Some men only require a great difficulty set in their way to exhibit the force of their character and genius; and that difficulty, once conquered, becomes one of the greatest incentives to their further progress.—SMILES.

Failures and Successes.

What though the triumph of thy fond forecasting
Lingers till earth is fading from thy sight?
Thy part with Him whose arms are everlasting,
Is not forsaken in a hopeless night.

Paul was begotten in the death of Stephen;
Fruitful through time shall be that precious blood:
No morning yet has ever worn to even
And missed the glory of its crimson Flood.

There is a need of all the blood of martyrs,
Forevermore the eloquence of God;
And there is need of him who never barters
His patience in that desert way the Master trod.

What mean the strange, hard words, "through tribulation,"
O Man of Sorrows, only Thou canst tell,
And such as in Thy life's humiliation,
Have oft been with Thee, ay, have known Thee well.

The failures of the world are God's successes,
Although their coming be akin to pain;

And frowns of Providence are but caresses,
Prophetic of the rest sought long in vain.

———.

It is a mistake to suppose that men succeed through success; they much oftener succeed through failure. By far the best experience of men is made up of their remembered failures in dealing with others in the affairs of life. Such failures, in sensible men, incite to better self-management, and greater tact and self-control, as a means of avoiding them in the future. Ask the diplomatist, and he will tell you that he has learned his art through being baffled, defeated, thwarted, and circumvented, far more than from having succeeded. Precept, study, advice, and example could never have taught them so well as failure has done. It has disciplined them experimentally, and taught them what to do as well as what *not* to do—which is often still more important in diplomacy.

Many have to make up their minds to encounter failure again and again before they succeed; but if they have pluck, the failure will only serve to rouse their courage, and stimulate them to renewed efforts. Talma, the greatest of actors, was himself hissed off the stage when he appeared on it. Lacordaire, one of the greatest preachers of modern times, only acquired celebrity after repeated failures. Montalembart said of his first public appearance in the Church of St.

Roch: "He failed completely, and, on coming out, everyone said, 'Though he may be a man of talent, he will never be a preacher.'" Again and again he tried, until he succeeded; and only two years after his *dèbut*, Lacordaire was preaching in Nôtre Dame to audiences such as few French orators have addressed since the time of Bossuet and Massillon.

When Mr. Cobden first appeared as a speaker, at a public meeting in Manchester, he completely broke down, and the chairman appologized for his failure. Sir James Graham and Mr. Disraeli failed and were derided at first, and only succeed by dint of great labor and application. At one time Sir James Graham had almost given up public speaking in despair. He said to his friend Sir Francis Baring: "I have tried it in every way —extempore, from notes, and committing all to memory—and I can't do it. I don't know why it is, but I am afraid I shall never succeed." Yet, by dint of perseverance, Graham, like Disraeli, lived to become one of the most effective and impressive of parliamentary speakers.

Failures in one direction have sometimes had the effect of forcing the far-seeing student to apply himself in another. Thus Prideaux's failure as a candidate for the post of parish-clerk of Ugboro, in Devon, led to his applying himself to learning, and to his eventual elevation to the bishopric of Worcester. When Boileau, educated for the bar, pleaded his first cause, he broke

down amidst shouts of laughter. He next tried the pulpit, and failed there too. And then he tried poetry, and succeeded. Fontenelle and Voltaire both failed at the bar. So Cowper, though his diffidence and shyness, broke down when pleading his first cause, though he lived to revive the poetic art in England. Montesquieu and Bentham both failed as lawyers, and forsook the bar for more congenial pursuits—the latter leaving behind him a treasury of legislative proceedure for all time. Goldsmith failed in passing as a surgeon; but he wrote the "Deserted Village" and the "Vicar of Wakefield;" while Addison failed as a speaker, but succeeded in writing "Sir Roger de Coverley," and his many famous papers in the "Spectator."

Even the privation of some important bodily sense, such as sight or hearing, has not been sufficient to deter corageous men from zealously pursuing the struggle of life. Milton, when struck by blindness, "still bore up and steered right onward." His greatest works were produced during that period of his life in which he suffered most—when he was poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, and persecuted.

The lives of some of the greatest men have been a continuous struggle with difficulty and apparent defeat. Dante produced his greatest work in penury and exile. Banished from his native city by the local faction to which he was opposed, his house was given up to plunder, and he was

sentenced, in his absence, to be burned alive. When informed by a friend that he might return to Florence, if he would ask for pardon and absolution, he replied: "No! This is not the way that shall lead me back to my country. I will return with hasty steps if you, or any other, can open to me a way that shall not derogate from the fame or honor of Dante; but if by no such way Florence can be entered, then to Florence I shall never return." His enemies remaining implacable, Dante, after a banishment of twenty years, died in exile. They even pursued him after death, when his book, "De Monarchia," was publicly burned at Bologna, by order of the Papal Legate.

Camoens also wrote his great poems mostly in banishment. Tired of solitude at Santarem, he joined an expedition against the Moors, in which he distinguished himself by his bravery. He lost an eye when boarding an enemy's ship in a sea-fight. At Goa, in the East Indies, he witnessed with indignation the cruelty practised by the Portugese on the natives, and expostulated with the governor against it. He was in consequence banished from the settlement, and sent to China. In the course of his subsequent adventures and misfortunes Camoens suffered shipwreck, escaping only with his life and the manuscript of his "Lusiad." Persecution and hardship seemed everywhere to pursue him. At Macao he was thrown into prison. Escaping from it, he set sail

for Lisbon, where he arrived, after sixteen years' absence, poor and friendless. His "Lusiad," which was shortly after published, brought him much fame, but no money. But for his old Indian slave Antonio, who begged for his master in the streets, Camoens must have perished. As it was, he died in a public alms-house, worn out by disease and hardship. An inscription was placed over his grave: "Here lies Luis de Camoens: he excelled all the poets of his time: he lived poor and miserable; and he died so, MDLXXIX." This record, disgraceful but truthful, has since been removed; and a lying and pompous epitaph, in honor of the great national poet of Portugal, substituted in its stead.

Even Michael Angelo was exposed, during the greater part of his life, to the persecutions of the envious—vulgar nobles, vulgar priests, and sordid men of every degree, who could neither sympathize with him nor comprehend his genius. When Paul IV. condemned some of his work in "The Last Judgment," the artist observed that "The Pope would do better to occupy himself with correcting the disorders and indecencies which disgrace the world than with any such hypercriticisms upon his art."

Tasso, also, was the victim of almost continual persecutions and calumny. After lying in a mad-house for seven years, he became a wanderer over Italy; and when on his death-bed he wrote: "I will not complain of the malignity of

fortune, because I do not choose to speak of the ingratitude of men who have succeeded in dragging me to the tomb of a mendicant."

But time brings about strange revenges. The persecutors and the persecuted often change places; it is the latter who are great—the former who are infamous. Even the name of the persecutors would probably long ago have been forgotten, but for their connection with the history of the men whom they have persecuted.—SMILES.

Prayer.

PRAYER is the better sacrifice than whole
Burnt offerings, to stay the lifted rod,
Up-flaming from the altar of a soul
Returning to the royalty of God.

Prayer is the manly cry for sympathy
To One who made the Father's will His own,
That something of His wondrous alchemy
May in our weak, disordered lives be shown.

Prayer is the herald of outgoing love,
Which in the wilderness prepares the way,

Till on the wings of the swift-flying dove
Come back the tidings of the better day.

Prayer is the mighty spirit of our work,
Which wins the smile of God, and fills the heart
Until there is no room for self to lurk,
And all the doubts and fears of life depart.

———.

Prayer is an acknowledgment of our dependence upon God; which dependence could have no firm foundation without unchangeableness. Prayer doth not desire any change in God, but is offered to God that He would confer those things which He has immutably willed to communicate; but He willed them not without prayer as the means of bestowing them. The light of the sun is ordered for our comfort, for the discovery of visible things, for the ripening of the fruits of the earth; but, withal, it is required that we use our faculty of seeing, that we employ our industry in sowing and planting, and expose our fruits to the view of the sun, that they may receive the influence of it. If a man shuts his eyes, and complains that the sun is changed into darkness, it would be ridiculous; the sun is not changed, but we alter ourselves; nor is God changed in not giving us the blessings He hath promised, because He hath promised in the way of a due address to Him, and opening our souls to receive His influence, and to this His immu-

tability is the greatest encouragement.—CHARNOCK.

Perhaps nothing on the subject of prayer has ever been uttered wiser than the following speech in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. The speaker was in his 82d year:—

In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten this powerful Friend? or do we imagine we no longer need His assistance? I have lived for a long time; and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of man. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall proceed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel: we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests; our prospects

will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, or conquest. I therefore beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service. — Dr. Franklin.

We are not to pray that all things may go on as we would have them, but as most conducing to the good of the world; and we are not in our prayers to obey our wills, but prudence—Montaigne.

Many times that which we ask would if it should be granted be worse for us, and perhaps tend to our destruction; and then God by denying the particular matter of our prayers doth grant the general matter of them.—Hammond.

Pray for others in such forms, with such length, importunity, and earnestness, as you use for yourself; and you will find all little, ill-natured passions die away, your heart grow great and generous, delighting in the common happiness of others, as you used only to delight in your own.—Law.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness

of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness. —JEREMY TAYLOR.

Prayer opens the understanding to the brightness of Divine light, and the will to the warmth of heavenly love; nothing can so effectually purify the mind from its many ignorances, or the will from its perverse affections. It is as a healing water which causes the roots of our good desires to send forth fresh shoots, which washes away the soul's imperfections, and allays the thirst of passion—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

No one will refuse to identify holiness with prayer. To say a man is religious is to say the same thing as to say he prays. For what is prayer? To connect every thought with the thought of God; to look on everything as His will and His appointment; to submit every thought, wish, and resolve to Him; to feel His presence so that it shall restrain us even in our wildest joy. That is prayer. And what we are now, surely we are by prayer. If we have attained any measure of goodness, if we have resisted temptation, if we have any self-command, or if we live with aspirations and desires beyond the common, we shall not hesitate to ascribe them to prayer.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Faith.

The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—
HEBREWS XI. 1.

FAITH is repose in Providence,
Whose ways we cannot tell,
Divine, resistless evidence
Of things invisible.

Faith is consent that God is God
In living unto Him,
With strong assurance girt and shod,
Although our eyes are dim.

Faith is the voice of hungerings
That to the soul belong,
Unerring sense of living things
To breathe in prayer and song.

Faith is the light of daily toil
To make it glow and shine,
God's animating wine and oil
Our hearts pronounce divine.

Faith addresses itself to man's whole being,—it sounds every depth; it touches every spring; it calls back the soul from its weary search within itself, full of doubt and contradiction; it presents it with an object, implicit, absolute, greater than

itself,—"One that knoweth all things." It provides for every affection, every want and aspiration. Faith stretches itself over Humanity as the prophet stretched himself above the child,—eye to eye, mouth to mouth, heart to heart; and to work a kindred miracle, to bring back life to the dead, by restoring the One to the One,—*the whole nature of Man to the whole nature of God.* — Miss Greenwell.

Faith says many things concerning which the senses are silent; but nothing which the senses deny: it is always above them, but never *contrary* to them.—Pascal.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word (by whom *light* as well as immortality was brought into the world) which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart,—which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.—Coleridge.

"We live by faith," says the philosophic apostle; but faith without principles (on which to ground our faith and our hope) is but a flattering phrase for wilful positiveness or fanatical bodily sensations. Well, and with good right, therefore, do we maintain (and with more zeal than we should defend body or estate) a deep and inward conviction, which is as a *moon* to us; and like the moon, with all its massy and deceptive gleams, it yet lights us on our way (poor travellers as we are, and benighted pilgrims). With all its spots and changes and temporary eclipses—with

all its vain haloes and bedimming vapors—it yet reflects the light that *is* to rise upon us, which even now is *rising*, though intercepted from our immediate view by the mountains that enclose and frown over the whole of our mortal life.—COLERIDGE.

Faith is Light transforming Chaos into Order—Conviction passing into Conduct. The author of "Sartor Resartus" presents this idea in his own inimitable way, in the following passage:—

It is with man's Soul as it was with Nature: the beginning of creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken: Let there be Light! Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, it is not miraculous and God-announcing; even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least. The mad primeval Discord is hushed; the rudely-jumbled, conflicting elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments: deep, silent, rock-foundations are built beneath; and the skyey vault, with its everlasting Luminaries above: instead of a dark, wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed World.

I, too, could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called To-

day; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.—CARLYLE.

Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works.—ST. JAMES II. 17–18.

Hope.

A PRESENCE on the mountain
Which beckons up the mighty slope
To her perennial fountain.

A mighty power above us,
Which gives us strength with foes to cope,
And win new friends to love us.

An ever brave forerunner,
Far swifter than the antelope,—
Nay, light cannot outrun her.

A star the night adorning,
That doth the midnight portals ope
And bid the soul Good-morning.

A bright, immortal glory,
Whose pilgrims past the sunset grope
To verify her story.

———.

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient that man would be a very miserable being were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. "We should hope for everything that is good," says the old poet Linus, "because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us." Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humor. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labor pleasant.—ADDISON.

Hope is the principle of activity; without holding out hope, to desire one to advance is absurd and senseless. Suppose, without a sou in my hand, one were to say, "Exert yourself: for there is no hope," —it would be to turn me into ridicule, and not to advise me. To hold out to me the hopelessness of my condition never was a reason for exertion; for when, ultimately, equal evils attend upon exertion and rest, rest has clearly the preference.—BURKE.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, or captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence

can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.—DR. JOHNSON.

Hope throws a generous contempt upon ill-usage, and looks like a handsome defiance of a misfortune; as who should say, You are somewhat troublesome now, but I shall conquer you.—JEREMY COLLIER.

Used with due abstinence, hope acts as a healthful tonic; intemperately indulged, as an enervating opiate. The visions of future triumph which at first animate exertion, if dwelt upon too intensely, will usurp the place of the stern reality; and noble objects will be contemplated, not for their own inherent worth, but on account of the day-dreams they engender. Thus hope, aided by imagination, makes one man a hero, another a somnambulist, and a third a lunatic; while it renders them all enthusiasts.—SIR J. STEPHEN.

A religious life is which most abounds in well-grounded hope, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy.

This hope in a religious man is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason, but by faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and most complete happiness. . . . Religious hope has likewise this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being reunited to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection. —ADDISON.

Charity.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—1 COR. XIII. 13.

DIVINE Elixer flows from Heaven
To make our manhood pure and strong:
To all who love this wine is given
Transmuting life to prayer and song.

And in the sweet transfiguration
The joy, the joy alone abides:
The shining stairs of Tribulation
Go winding up where God resides.

O, Christ, divinest fairest Lover,
Since Thou hast smitten me with love,
I must tell out what I discover,—
This dear Elixer from above.

It is the honey of Existence,
The sweetness of a virgin bride,
The nectar of divine subsistence,
The beauty that must needs abide.

And when, like rain or sunshine vernal,
It comes with virtue in its train,
The pure, sweet breath of the Eternal,
Which maketh all things live again,—

A blessed sense of liberation
Goes prancing all my being through;
And the invisible creation
Majestically comes to view.

I gaze upon the world around me,
Beholding that which is divine;
All beauteous things which here surround me,
They speak to me, and they are mine.

I see in every man a brother,
Whose life, like mine, is infinite,

All interlocked with one another,
Companions struggling to the light.

I look beyond the shining portals,
And strength comes back for life on earth:
I feel the glory of immortals
Transfigure me with kindred worth.

Henceforth all joys are antedated
Along my pathway here below:
I know I am to God related,
And that is joy of joys to know.

And Charity has surely founded
Her peaceful dwelling in my breast,
And I shall never be confounded,
Partaking her eternal rest. ——.

The earth does not gladden more when the morning sun flashes his light on her bosom, than does the soul rejoice when the light of the heavenly Sun first touches it, and it passes out of darkness into warm, bright day. Circumstances are nothing. "I have found Him whom my soul loveth" is the cry; and nothing can kill, nothing can even dash, the joy which that consciousness quickens within. —J. Baldwin Brown.

The raptures of love are of little value, if they end with the bosom in which they begin. Genuine love is active benevolence or charity.— ——.

Charity, taken in its largest extent, is nothing

else but the sincere love of God and our neighbor. —WAKE.

Charity is more extensive than either of the two other graces, which centre ultimately in ourselves: for we believe and we hope for our own sakes; but love, which is a more disinterested principle, carries us out of ourselves into desires, and endeavors of promoting the interests of other beings.—ATTERBURY.

Charity is made the constant companion and perfection of all virtues; and well it is for that virtue where it most enters and longest stays—SPRAT.

Charity is universal duty, which it is in every man's power sometimes to practice; since every degree of assistance given to another, upon proper motives, is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility as that he may not, on some occasions, benefit his neighbor. He that cannot relieve the poor may instruct the ignorant; and he that cannot attend the sick may reclaim the vicious. He that can give little assistance himself may yet perform the duty of charity by influencing the ardor of others, and recommending the petitions which he cannot grant to those who have more to bestow. The widow that shall give her mite to the treasury, the poor man who shall bring to the thirsty a cup of cold water, shall not lose their reward.—DR. JOHNSON.

That charity alone endures which flows from a sense of duty and a hope in God. This is the char-

ity that treads in secret those paths of misery from which all but the lowest of human wretches have fled: this is that charity which no labor can weary, no ingratitude detach, no horror disgust; that toils, that pardons, that suffers; that is seen by no man, and honored by no man, but, like the great laws of nature, does the work of God in silence, and looks to a future and better world for its reward.—SYDNEY SMITH.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity; removing stones and thorns from the road is charity; smiling in your brother's face is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, mortals will ask what property he left behind him; but angels will ask him, What good deeds hast thou sent before thee? —MOHAMMED.

A poor man, with a single handful of flowers, heaped the alms-bowl of Buddha, which the rich could not fill with ten thousand bushels.—FROM THE CHINESE.

The liberal man who eats and bestows is better than the pious man who fasts and hoards.—FROM THE PERSIAN.

Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford instead of that a sweet and gentle word.—ROBERT HERRICK.

Love or charity is life—the life lived and taught by One "Who left us an example that we should follow His steps."— - ——.

The Day of Judgment.

ARE ye with the preparation
Of the Gospel shod,
Fear ye not the tribulation
Of the day of God!
He will come in all the glory
Of a smiling face,
And rehearse the happy story
Of the day of grace.

Are ye with no preparation
Of the Gospel shod,
Then, alas! the tribulation
Of the day of God!
He will come, but in the glory
Of a clouded face,
And recall the mournful story
Of His wasted grace. ——.

"THERE is a Spirit in man," faithful to its instincts, even when astray as to their true object; it wanders often, yet feels through very sadness and weariness how far it has got from home. And hence come those utterances (of which you tell me), strange, prophetic voices, a groaning and travail-pain of Humanity, which, even in the hearts of those who reject revelation, testify its waiting for some great Redemption. If man refused the bread which

came down from Heaven, never was it so hard for him to live "by bread alone" as now. His very wealth and increase has brought with it a sense of poverty,—*because* he has become rich, and increased in goods, he knows, as he did not before, that he is wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked. The energy of his wrestling with the things of time and sense has awakened instincts of which, but for the ardor of that struggle, he might have known little. He conquers kingdoms, and weeps like the ancient conqueror. The world which he has vanquished cannot satisfy him. He feels himself to be greater than the universe, yet feebler than the meanest thing within it which can follow the appointed law of its being. The splendor of his material acquisitions is but a robe, too short and thin to wrap him from cold and shame. He can *do* great things, but what *is* he? To have all, and to die saying, "*Is this all?*" is the epitaph of many a rich and wasted life.—Miss Greenwell.

Methinks neither the voice of the archangel, nor the trump of God, nor the dissolution of the elements, nor the face of the Judge itself, from which the heavens will flee away, will be so dismaying and terrible to these men as the sight of the poor members of Christ; whom, having spurned and rejected in the days of their humiliation, they will then behold with amazement united to their Lord, covered with His glory, and seated on His throne. How will they be astonished to see them surrounded with so much majesty! How will they cast down their eyes

in their presence! How will they curse that gold which will then eat their flesh as with fire, and that avarice, that indolence, that voluptuousness which will entitle them to so much misery! You will then learn that the imitation of Christ is the only wisdom: you will then be convinced it is better to be endeared to the cottage than admired in the palace; when to have wiped the tears of the afflicted, and inherited the prayers of the widow and the fatherless, shall be found a richer patrimony than the favor of princes.—ROBERT HALL.

How can we think of appearing at that tribunal without being able to give a ready answer to the questions which He shall then put to us about the poor and the afflicted, the hungry and the naked, the sick and the imprisoned?—ATTERBURY.

All the precepts, promises, and threatenings of the gospel will rise up in judgment against us; and the articles of our faith will be so many articles of accusation: and the great weight of our charge will be this, that we did not obey the gospel, which we professed to believe; that we made confession of the Christian faith, but lived like heathens.—TILLOTSON.

As the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, so He is the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form the notion of a being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the

least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man, therefore, turn all his desire of fame this way; and, that he may propose to himself a fame worthy of his ambition, let him consider, that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the Great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and possesses all possible perfection in Himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him, in the presence of the whole creation, that best and most significant of applauses, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master's joy.—ADDISON.

Part Second.

Key-Notes.

Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world.—I. JOHN. v. 4.

O keep me innocent! make others great.—QUEEN CAROLINE MATILDA, of DENMARK.

A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning.
—GEORGE HERBERT.

The voice of God himself speaks in the hearts of men, whether they understand it or not.—SOUTH.

Whatever people think of you, do that which you believe to be right.
—PYTHAGORAS.

A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form.—EMERSON.

He lives long that lives well; and time mis-spent is not lived, but lost.—THOMAS FULLER.

A man must not so much prepare himself for eternity as plant eternity in himself —RICHTER.

God.

ETERNAL Providence:
Throughout His Infinite Abode
The Whither and the Whence.

The Virtue of the world:
Life, Life above, below the sod,
In mystery impearled.

Eternity and Time
Rolled up together at His nod
Within the soul sublime.

The Strength that is so still,
The Glory on the heavenly road
Which doth all creatures fill.

One always sacrificed:
Forever Love with Justice shod,
Forevermore the Christ.

While earthly objects are exhausted by familiarity, the thought of God becomes to the devout man continually brighter, richer, vaster; derives

fresh lustre from all that he observes of nature and Providence, and attracts to itself all the glories of the universe. The devout man, especially in moments of strong religious sensibility, feels distinctly that he has found the true happiness of man. He has found a Being for his veneration and love, whose character is inexhaustible, who after ages shall have passed will still be uncomprehended in the extent of His perfections, and will still communicate to the pure mind stronger proofs of His excellence and more intimate signs of His approval.—CHANNING.

His eye is upon every hour of my existence. His spirit is intimately present with every thought of my heart. His inspiration gives birth to every purpose within me. His hand impresses a direction on every footstep of my goings. Every breath I inhale is drawn by an energy which God deals out to me.—DR. CHALMERS.

God is a perpetual refuge and security to His people. His providence is not confined to one generation; it is not only one age that tastes of His bounty and compassion. His eye never yet slept, nor hath He suffered the little ship of His church to be swallowed up, though it hath been tossed upon the waves; He hath always been a haven to preserve us, a house to secure us; He hath always had compassion to pity us, and power to protect us; He hath had a face to shine, when the world hath had an angry countenance to frown. He brought Enoch home by

an extraordinary translation from a brutish world; and when He was resolved to reckon with men for their brutish lives, He lodged Noah, the phœnix of the world, in an ark, and kept him alive as a spark in the midst of many waters, whereby to rekindle a church in the world; in all generations He is a dwelling-place to secure His people here or entertain them above.—CHARNOCK.

It is a singular piece of wisdom to apprehend truly, and without passion, the works of God, and so well to distinguish His justice from His mercy as not to miscall those noble attributes; yet it is likewise an honest piece of logic, so to dispute and argue the proceedings of God as to distinguish even His judgments into mercies. For God is merciful unto all, because better to the worst than the best deserve; and to say He punisheth none in this world, though it be a paradox, is no absurdity.— SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Unto them that love Him, God causeth all things to work for the best. So that with Him, by the heavenly light of steadfast faith, they see life even in death; with Him, even in heaviness and sorrow, they fail not of joy and comfort; with Him, even in poverty, affliction, and trouble, they neither perish nor are forsaken. — BISHOP COVERDALE.

May I be one of the weakest, provided only in my weakness, that immortal and better vigor be put forth with greater effect; provided only, in my darkness, the light of the Divine counte-

nance does but the more brightly shine: for then I shall at once be the weakest and the most mighty,—shall be at once blind and of the most piercing sight.—MILTON.

The Second Man.

The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. —I Cor. XV. 47.

GOD is God all worlds before,
Fulness of Eternal Love:
God is Man forevermore,
All created things above.

Incarnation known at last
Earth's divinest dream fulfils:
Into Man forever passed,
God achieves there what He wills;

Builds again at wondrous cost,
Cost which Earth cannot compute,
And restores the Image lost
Through the death-concealing fruit;

Fashions in our earthy shrine
All His beauty, all His grace,

Which eternally will shine
In this lowly, narrow place;

And uplifts for evermore
What was prostrate in the dust,
Breathing to the very core
Sweet divinity of Trust.

O my Soul, in wonder bow!
Heart of mine, in awe retreat!
God abideth with thee now,
Strength divine and weakness meet.

Truth and Immortality
Are the gifts He bringeth thee;
Take them with humility,
Keep them beautiful and free;

Wondrous germs of wondrous life
In this earthly house of thine,
Mighty seed of mighty strife
Till the victory divine.

Hast thou pain and travail now
Though thy face is to the van?
With His sign upon thy brow,
Prophesy the Second Man:

Who, in thee the hope of glory,
Crowned with sorrow, strong and brave,
Chants the One Heroic Story,
Epic of both sides the grave.

Hast though tribulation yet?
  Fear, which thou canst not recount,
Lest to Love thou be in debt
  In the day of thine account?

God is greater than thy heart,
  And thy measure is not His:
Thou in Him forever art,
  Infinite His goodness is.

Hast thou eyes too dim to see
  In this tragedy below
All that must forever be,
  All that will to-morrow go?

In the marvellous To-day
  Walk in thine Eternal Light;
Heaven and Earth shall pass away,
  Thou remainest in thy right,—

Heir of God and Liberty,
  And possessor even here,
In thy life Eternity
  Making Christ forever clear:

Who, for thy deliverance
  From the power of Death and Hell,
Bids thee trust Him and advance,
  Hailing Him Immanuel:

Liberator of the race
  And Ideal of the soul,

Building into living grace
Image of the One and Whole.

Lord and God all worlds before,
All created things above,
Man Divine forevermore,
Fulness of Eternal Love.

———.

And thus Christianity is the poetry of life; the singing of songs to heavy hearts. "True poetry," says M. Jouffroy, "has but one theme—that of the yearning of the human Soul in the presence of the question of its destiny." And such a theme pervades the Epic of Redemption; to such yearnings it addresses itself; by such yearnings alone can it be understood, embraced, and applied; for such yearnings it supplies the consolation of the Heavenly Father. The whole scheme of the Gospel is a drama of Redemption from darkness to light, from death to life. It is the poem of Paradise regained. And Jesus is the maker of this poem; the Hero of this drama, through all its action, its vicissitudes, its catastrophe, to its final consumation. So various is the work of this Redeemer that the Scripture writers exhaust the most copious imagery to illustrate all its bearings and results. His *coming* into the world for this end, they liken to the self-sacrifice of a self-denying benefactor beggaring himself to enrich the destitute; of a prince descending from his father's splendor to

do service for the meanest of his subjects, even to humiliation and death. His *presence* in the world, they compare to the sun in heaven, shedding over all men light and life. His *office* in the world is likened to a sower sowing seed; to a fisherman casting his net into the sea; to a physician going where there is disease. His *teachings* are compared to the indispensable bread of life; to the manna which fell from heaven; to the streams which flowed from the stricken rock. His *death* is likened to the self-sacrifice of a faithful shepherd who rescues his flock at the price of his own life; to the lifting up of the serpent in the wilderness for the healing of poisoned sinners; to the ransom or redemption price by which slaves are bought out of bondage; to the Paschal lamb which warded off the Angel of death; to the triumph of a conqueror of mighty foes; to the work of a surety cancelling the demands of an antiquated covenant, and of a mediator ratifying a new and better one; to the atoning sacrifice which lifted up the penalty from the transgressors of the Mosaic law; and to the substituted victim which, clearing off all charges against us, makes us feel at one with God. His *functions* are likened to that of a peace-maker, doing away with all differences between God and men, and therewith between the several divisions of God's family; of the prophets, who proclaimed God's words; of the kings, who maintained God's truth; the priests, who made intercession for

God's people; the high priest, who penetrated to God's presence-chamber with propitiations and came back thence with benedictions. And the total *result* of His interposition is compared to that of an intervening friend who brings together a disorganized and scattered family, and reunites them with perfect amity with their father's rule. For this was "the good pleasure which God purposed in Himself, to gather back into one body under one head the whole family in heaven and earth."—GRIFFETH.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate, were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable: for the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosom of mine own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look on my outside, perusing only my condition and fortune, do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas his shoulders. The Earth is a point not only in respect to the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us: that mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind: that surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me that I have any; I take my circle to above three hundred and sixty; though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind: whilst I

study to find how I am a microcosm, or a little world, I find myself more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun. Nature tells me that I am the image of God, as well as Scripture: he that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man. —Sir Thomas Browne.

Immanuel.

MY God,
Since I have trod
The way of love and duty,
Thy miracle
Immanuel
Has blossomed into beauty.

Before,
I conned it o'er
And found no revelation:
To me it seemed
As if men dreamed,
Who called it consolation.

But now
I know that Thou,
O God, art in us dwelling,
Interpreter
And Comforter,
All power of man excelling.

My life
Is not a strife
In darkness any longer;
For Thou therein
Dost frown on sin,
Then smile to make me stronger.

Thy strength
Becomes at length
A very fortress in me,
From which no foe
To overthrow
Hath any power to win me.

Through Thee
Eternity
Is ever growing clearer,
And day by day
Upon my way
I know that Heaven is nearer.

And some of you say sometimes, often I dare say, "I am tired, I am sick and weary of it all; I would to God I were at rest!" Why? When

has this heart-sickness overtaken you? When has life seemed so poor and worthless? When has your soul thus preyed upon itself, filled your face with restless sadness, and sapped your health in its very springs? Was it in the seasons when faith was strong, when the vision of the unseen realities was keen, when the light of God was on your tabernacle of life? Was it when your soul was armed and paraded for duty in God's service, and your noblest powers were drawn forth and strained in the work for Christ and mankind? Nay! I see your form then, it is erect and eager; I see your eye, it flashes with ardor; I hear your voice, it rings with exultation; I catch the heart-beats, they are full and musical, and they throb with the energy of victorious life. No; no faintness then, no heart-sickness, no life-weariness then; but abounding strength, abounding joy, abounding hope. There is but one thing which makes life worth having, worth living, and that makes it simply of priceless worth; it was expressed in one brief phrase by the lips of the dying Wesley: "The best of all is, God is with us."—J. Baldwin Brown.

" Thou art the true and undefiled."

Simplicity.

COME hither, little child,
And bring thy heart to me:
Thou art the true and undefiled,
So full of melody.

The presence of a child
Has taught me more of Heaven,
And more my heart has reconciled,
Than Greece' immortal Seven.

For when I sometimes think
That vain are prayer and song,
Before a little child I sink
And own that I am wrong.

And, lo, my heart grows bright,
That was before so dark,
Till in the tender morning light
I find the vanished mark.

Purity and simplicity are the two wings with which man soars above the earth and all temporary nature. Simplicity is in the intention, purity in the affection: simplicity turns to God; purity unites with and enjoys Him. If thou hadst simplicity and purity thou wouldst be able

to comprehend all things without error, and behold them without danger. The pure heart safely pervades not only heaven but hell. — THOMAS À KEMPIS.

The truly great man is he who does not lose his child-heart. He does not think beforehand that his words shall be sincere, nor that his action shall be resolute: he simply always abides in the right.—MENCIUS.

Innocence, in its highest degree, is wisdom; for every one is wise so far as he is led by the Lord. The wiser the angels are, the more innocent they are; and the more innocent they are, the more they seem to themselves like little children.—SWEDENBORG.

Even the child who is transiently with us in this world may paint on the darkness of our sorrow so fair a vision of loving wonder, of reverent trust, and of patience, that a Divine Presence abides with us forever, as the mild and constant light of hope and faith.—JAMES MARTINEAU.

Simplicity is the character of the spring of life: costliness becomes its autumn; but a neatness and purity, like that of the snowdrop or lily of the valley, is the peculiar fascination of beauty, to which it lends enchantment, and gives a charm even to a plain person, being to the body what amiability is to the mind. . . . In character, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—LONGFELLOW.

Simplicity is that grace which frees the soul

"The beauty of a wayside flower."

from all unnecessary reflections upon itself.—FÉNELON.

Are not the signs of the heavenly kingdom distinctly visible in the nature of a little child? Love, simplicity, and faith are the characteristics of little children. How simple and touching is their faith! Imitate little children, and trust.—N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Virtue.

THE spirit of a little child,
The beauty of a wayside flower,
And to the passions growing wild
A silent and subduing power;—
The secret of the Second Man,
The order of a perfect world—
Our narrow words may never span
All that in Virtue lies impearled:
But human lives may compass it,
And somewhat of its marvels show,
With the bright beams celestial lit
As once the Son of Man below;
And pour the sunshine of His love
In calm effulgence all around,
Till they to mute Amazement prove
Divinity in man is found.

Virtue—says a writer of the last century, in a passage that was a great favorite with the poet Rogers,—Virtue is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting Truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honor and esteem, the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but Virtue will remain forever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the

approbation of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to His, and engages His almighty power in our defense. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence. To say no more, it is the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is His nature; and it is the very object that makes Him lovely.

Such is the importance of Virtue. Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it! There is no argument or motive which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and contemn everything that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honor, glory, wealth and happiness. Secure this, and you secure everything; lose this, and all is lost.—Dr. Price.

There is but one pursuit in life which it is in

the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her, and zealously to labor after her wages is to receive them. Those that seek her early will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, every subjugated passion "like the wind and storm fulfilling His word."—COLTON.

Goodness.

GOODNESS needs no lure:
All compensations are in her enshrined,
Whatever things are right and fair and pure,
Wealth of the heart and mind.

Failure and success,
The Day and Night of every life below,
Are but the servants of her blessedness,
That come and spend and go.

Life is her reward,
A life brim-full, in every day's employ,
Of sunshine, inspiration, every word
And syllable of joy.

Heaven to thee is known,
If Goodness in the robes of common earth
Becomes a presence thou canst call thine own,
To warm thy heart and hearth.

Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This, of all virtues and dignities of mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity,—and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing,—no better than a kind of vermin. Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it.—Lord Bacon.

A holy hermit had passed a long life in a cave of the Thebaid, remote from all intercourse with mankind. He fasted and prayed, and performed many severe penances; and his whole thought was how he should make himself of account with God, so that he might be sure of a seat in Paradise.

Having lived in this way for threescore and ten years, he became much puffed up with ideas

of his own sanctity. He besought the Lord to show him some saint greater than himself, that he might imitate him; thinking, perhaps, that the Lord would reply that there was no saint greater and holier than he was.

That same night an angel appeared to him and said: "If thou wouldst excel all others in virtue and sanctity, strive to imitate a certain minstrel who goes singing and begging from door to door."

The hermit, in great astonishment, took his staff and went forth in search of the minstrel. And when he found him, he questioned him earnestly, saying, "Tell me, I pray thee, brother, what prayers and penance and good works thou hast performed, by which thou hast made thyself acceptable to God?"

The man was greatly surprised to be accosted in that manner. He hung down his head, and replied: "I beseech thee, holy father, not to mock me. I have performed no good works; and as for praying, alas! sinner that I am, I am not worthy to pray. I only go from door to door, to amuse people with my viol and my flute."

The hermit insisted, and said; "But peradventure even in the midst of this thy evil life thou hast done some good works."

The man replied: "Nay, I know of nothing good that I have done."

The hermit, wondering more and more, said: "How hast thou become a beggar? Hast thou

spent thy substance in riotous living, like most others of thy calling?"

The man answered: "Nay, not so. But I met a poor woman running hither and thither distracted, because her husband and children had been sold into slavery, to pay a debt. The woman was very beautiful, and certain sons of Belial pursued after her. I took her home and protected her from them. I gave her all I possessed to redeem her family; then I conducted her safely to the city, where she was reunited to her husband and children. But what of that, my father? Is there any man who would not have done the same?"

The hermit, hearing these words, shed tears. "Alas,', said he, "I have not done so much good in all my long life; yet they call me a man of God: and thou art only a poor minstrel."—ST. JEROME.

Conscience.

THE Spirit that so calmly strives with man,
Of old was conscience to Elijah's breast;
Through which a tremor of contrition ran,
And vanished but with self and sin confessed.

The still small voice was vocal in a look,
When three times Peter had denied his Lord;
And tears went flowing like a mountain brook,
Made burning through a false, ungrateful word.

The silent whisper which his bosom stirred
Amid the trappings of the Judgment Hall,
In vain, in vain the troubled Pilate heard,
And who shall paint the darkness of his fall?

Full many a time all hear the Voice Divine,
For every one is born a child of God:
Full many a time does light from Heaven shine
To show the pilgrim the Celestial road.

Ah, what of them who will not see or heed,
All self-directed in the course they run?
God summons to account for every deed
In light above the brightness of the sun.

———.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censure of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applause of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.—ADDISON.

A tender conscience, of all things, ought to be tenderly handled: for if you do not, you injure not only the conscience, but the whole moral frame and constitution is injured, recurring at times to remorse, and seeking refuge only in making the conscience callous.—BURKE.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore, be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it, and be thankful for it.—IZAAK WALTON.

The testimony of a good conscience will make the comforts of Heaven descend upon man's weary head like a refreshing dew or shower upon a parched land. It will give him lively earnests and secret anticipations of approaching joy; it will bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels. The comfort which it conveys is greater than the capacities of mortality can appreciate, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it is felt.—SOUTH.

What comfort does overflow the devout soul from a consciousness of its own innocence and integrity.—TILLOTSON.

Truth and Obedience.

If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.—St. John. VII. 17.

TRUTH and Obedience
Are wonder-working powers,
Whose foot-prints are their evidence
Through all this world of ours:
The trainers in the race
To an eternal goal:
Revealers of undying grace,
The beauty of the soul.

Truth and Obedience
Can wash out many a taint,
Tame the wild hands of Violence,
Turn sinner into saint;
And bring the Age of Gold
God's singers see afar,
Until the blessed things foretold
Become the things that are.

Truth is the light of the Infinite Mind, and the image of God in his creatures. Nothing endures but truth. The dreams, fictions, theories, which men would substitute for it, soon die. Without its guidance effort is vain, and hope baseless. Accordingly, the love of truth, a deep thirst for it, a deliberate purpose to seek it and hold it fast,

may be considered as the very foundation of human culture and dignity. Precious as thought is, the love of truth is still more precious; for without it—thought wanders and wastes itself, and precipitates men into guilt and misery. There is no greater defect in education and the pulpit than that they inculcate so little an impartial, earnest, reverential love of truth, a readiness to toil, to live and die for it. Let the laboring man be imbued in a measure with this spirit; let him learn to regard himself as endowed with the power of thought, for the very end of acquiring truth; let him learn to regard truth as more precious than his daily bread; and the spring of true and perpetual elevation is touched within him. He has begun to be a man; he becomes one of the elect of his race. Nor do I despair of this elevation of the laborer. Unhappily little, almost nothing, has been done as yet to inspire either rich or poor with the love of truth for its own sake, or for the life and inspiration, and dignity it gives to the soul. The prosperous have as little of this principle as the laboring mass. I think, instead, that the spirit of the luxurious, fashionable life, is more hostile to it than the hardships of the poor. Under a wise culture, this principle may be awakened in all classes, and wherever awakened, it will form philosophers, successful and noble thinkers. These remarks seem to me particularly important, as showing how intimate a union subsists between the moral and intellectual nature,

and how both must work together from the beginning. All human culture rests on a moral foundation, on an impartial, disinterested spirit, on a willingness to make sacrifices to the truth. Without this moral power, mere force of thought avails nothing towards our elevation.—CHANNING.

Uprightness.

UPRIGHTNESS is the talisman of life,
With charity and every virtue rife,
To render one invincible:
Who bears it with him through the sun and storm,
At every moment has his ranks in form
To stand against the gates of hell.

In ancient times, a man in the East received from venerated hands a ring of inestimable value. In it was set a precious opal, from which different colors glanced as the light varied; and there was a virtue within this ring, which made him who wore it, and believed in its efficacy, beloved by God and man. Naturally, therefore, the owner of this ring never removed it from his finger,

and was desirous to transmit it to his posterity. When he felt death approaching, he gave it to his favorite son, and ordained that when this son died, he also should bequeath it to whichever of his sons he loved the best, without regard to priority of birth; and that whoever came into possession of it should, by virtue thereof, become lord of the house.

In this way the ring descended from son to son, till at last it was owned by a father who had three sons equally dear to him. They were all so obedient and good, that, in the weakness of his affection for them, he sometimes promised the ring to one and sometimes to another. So, when death approached, he was much embarrassed; for it pained him to disappoint two of his sons for the benefit of the third one. In this dilemma, he sent for a jeweller and ordered him to make two rings after the model of the original ring, and to spare no pains or cost to make them so much alike that one could not be distinguished from the other. The jeweller obeyed his orders so well that the father himself could not tell the rings apart. On each of his sons he separately bestowed one of the rings, blessed him and died.

When he was gone, each one of the sons claimed to be the sole lord of the house, by virtue of his ring. Hence contention arose, and they appealed to the judge to settle their contending claims. Each one of them showed his ring, and swore that he received it from his

father's hand. How was the true ring to be distinguished from the others? The judge said: "Unless I could summon your father himself as a witness, it is impossible for me to decide which of these rings is the real one. But, hold! I do perceive one means of proving which of them is genuine. You say the real ring had an inward power which made all who wore it, and who believed in its efficacy, beloved of God and man. Now tell me, which one of you do the two other brothers love the best? You are silent. Is it because each one of you loves himself alone? Then, you are all deceived and deceivers. None of your rings is the true one. Perhaps the real ring is gone, and your father, to hide the loss, may have ordered three for one. But if, instead of a decision, you will take my advice, I counsel each one of you to believe his own ring to be the genuine one. Your father loved you all alike. Perhaps he did not want to justify either one of you in claiming superiority over the other two; but desired that each of you should feel honored by a token of his free affection. Therefore, let each one of you try who best can manifest the inward virtue of the real ring. Let each one assist the power of his ring by gentleness, benevolence, forbearance, and resignation to the will of God. If the virtues of your rings are manifested in this way by yourselves, by your children, and your children's children, a Greater Judge than I am will decide the question of genuineness."—LESSING.

Courtesy.

THE savor of our household talk
Which earneth silent thanks:
The glory of our daily walk
Among the busy ranks.

Life's cleanly, lubricating oil
In which a help is found
To make the wheels of common toil
Go lightly, swiftly round.

Politeness in a thousand forms
One cannot stop to name,
Correcting while it cheers and warms,
Like Paul imparting blame.

Benevolence and grace of heart
That gives no needless pain,
And pours a balm on every smart
Till smiles appear again.

A man's manner, to a certain extent, indicates his character. It is the external exponent of his inner nature. It indicates his taste, his feelings, and his temper, as well as the society to which he has been accustomed. There is a conventional manner, which is of comparatively little import-

ance; but the natural manner, the outcome of natural gifts, improved by careful self-culture, signifies a great deal.

Grace of manner is inspired by sentiment, which is a source of no slight enjoyment to a cultivated mind. Viewed in this light, sentiment is of almost as much importance as talents and acquirements, while it is even more influential in giving the direction to a man's tastes and character. Sympathy is the golden key that unlocks the hearts of others. It not only teaches politeness and courage, but gives insight and unfolds wisdom, and may almost be regarded as the crowning grace of humanity.

Artificial rules of politeness are of very little use. What passes by the name of "Etiquette" is often of the essence of impoliteness and untruthfulness. It consists in a great measure of posture-making, and is easily seen through. Even at best, etiquette is but a substitute for good manners, though it is often but their mere counterfeit.

Good manners consist, for the most part, in courteousness and kindness. Politeness has been described as the art of showing, by external signs, the internal regard we have for others. But one may be perfectly polite to another without necessarily having a special regard for him. Good manners are neither more nor less than beautiful behavior. It has been well said that "a beautiful form is better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form;

it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures—it is the finest of the fine arts."

The truest politeness comes of sincerity. It must be the outcome of the heart, or it will make no lasting impression; for no amount of polish can dispense with truthfulness. The natural character must be allowed to appear, freed of its singularities and asperities. Though politeness, in its best form, should (as St. Francis de Sales says) resemble water—"best when clearest, most simple, and without taste"—yet genius in a man will always cover many defects of manner, and much will be excused to the strong and original. Without genuineness and individuality, human life would lose much of its interest and variety, as well as its manliness and robustness of character.

True courtesy is kind. It exhibits itself in the disposition to contribute to the happiness of others, and in refraining from all that may annoy them. It is grateful as well as kind and readily acknowledges kind actions. Curiously enough, Captain Speke found this quality of character recognized even among the natives of Uganda, on the shores of Lake Nyanza, in the heart of Africa, where, he says, "Ingratitude, or neglecting to thank a person for a benefit conferred, is punishable."

True politeness especially exhibits itself in regard for the personality of others. A man will respect the individuality of another, if he wishes to be respected himself. He will have due regard for his views and opinions, even though they

differ from his own. The well-mannered man pays a compliment to another, and sometimes even secures his respect, by patiently listening to him. He is simply tolerant and forbearant, and refrains from judging harshly; and harsh judgments of others will almost invariably provoke harsh judgment of ourselves.

The impolite, impulsive man will, however, sometimes rather loose his friend than his joke. He may surely be pronounced a very foolish person who secures another's hatred at the price of a moment's gratification. It was a saying of Brunel the engineer—himself one of the kindest-natured of men—that "spite and ill-nature are among the most expensive luxuries of life."—SMILES.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—DR. JOHNSON.

Incivility is the extreme of pride; it is built on the contempt of mankind.—ZIMMERMANN.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behavior, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.—SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Men are like wine; not good before the lees of clownishness be settled.—FELLTHAM.

I know men—I am sure they are tyrants at home, bully their servants, pester their wives, and

beat their childern—who seem to take a delight in harrassing, badgering, objurgating the waiter; setting pit-falls in the reckoning that he may stumble, and giving him confused orders that he may trip himself up. These are the men who call in the landlord and demand the waiter's instant dismissal because their mutton-chops has a curly tail; these are the pleasant fellows who threaten to write to the *Times* because the cayenne pepper won't come out of the caster. These are the jocund fellows who quarrel with the cabmen and menace them with ruin and the tread-mill.—HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become then what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—SYDNEY SMITH.

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then, Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.—BURKE.

I soon found the advantage of this change in my manners: the conversations I engaged in

went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured them a readier reception and less contradiction. I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right. And this mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length easy, and so habitual to me that perhaps for the last fifty years no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me.—Dr. Franklin.

The manner of saying or of doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly and with an ill-will, a stony piece of bread: it is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down.—Seneca.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.—Lord Chesterfield.

All the possible charities of life ought to be cultivated, and where we can be neither brethren nor friends, let us be kind neighbors and pleasant acquaintances.—Burke.

Compliments of congratulation are always kindly taken, and cost one nothing but pen, ink, and paper.—Lord Chesterfield.

It is all very well to say, "There is no use in bidding Good-morrow, or Good-night, to those

who know I wish it; of sending one's love, in a letter, to those who do not doubt it," etc. All this sounds very well in theory, but it will not do for practice. Scarce any friendship, or any politeness, is so strong as to be able to subsist without any external supports of this kind; and it is even better to have too much form than too little.—WHATELY.

Air and manner are more expressive than words.—RICHARDSON.

We are to carry it from the hand to the heart; to improve a ceremonial nicety into a substantial duty, and the modes of civility into the realities of religion.—SOUTH.

Courage.

THE resolution of the heart
At which bewildering fears depart,
Is courage which befits the man
Who seeks a place within the van.

Equipment of a quiet mind
With eyes before and eyes behind,
Which daily duties always fill,
Is courage of a manly will.

The temper of old Latimer,
From whose great heart the bugle-stir
Of prophecy, amid the flame,
Is heard at mention of his name,—

Is courage of celestial mould
Beyond all earthly boldness bold;
Which sees the hard-fought battle gained
And God's minority sustained.

———.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see his success afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first

cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice.—SYDNEY SMITH.

It is the strong and courageous men who lead and guide and rule the world. The weak and timid leave no trace behind them; while the life of a single upright and energetic man is like a track of light. His example is remembered and appealed to; and his thoughts, his spirit, and his courage continue to be the inspiration of succeeding generations.

It is energy—the central element of which is will—that produces the miracles of enthusiasm in all ages. Everywhere it is the mainspring of what is called force of character, and the sustaining power of all great action. In a righteous cause the determined man stands upon his courage as upon a granite block; and, like David, he will go forth to meet Goliath, strong in heart though a host be encamped against him.

Men often conquer difficulties because they feel they can. Their confidence in themselves inspires the confidence of others. When Cæsar was at sea, and a storm began to rage, the captain of the ship which carried him became unmanned by fear. "What art thou afraid of?" cried the great captain; "thy vessel carries Cæsar!" The courage of the brave man is contagious, and carries others along with it. His stronger nature awes weaker natures into silence, or inspires them with his own will and purpose.

The persistent man will not be baffled or re-

pulsed by opposition. Diogenes, desirous of becoming the disciple of Antisthenes, went and offered himself to the cynic. He was refused. Diogenes, still persisting, the cynic raised his knotty staff, and threatened to strike him if he did not depart. "Strike!" said Diogenes; "you will not find a stick hard enough to conquer my perseverance." Antisthenes, overcome, had not another word to say, but forthwith accepted him as his pupil.

Energy of temperament, with a moderate degree of wisdom, will carry a man farther than any amount of intellect without it. Energy makes the man of practical ability. It gives him *vis*, force, *momentum*. It is the active motive power of character; and, if combined with sagacity and self-possession, will enable a man to employ his powers to the best advantage in all the affairs of life.—SMILES.

Dear daughter—wrote a great artist—strive to be of good courage, to be gentle-hearted; these are the true qualities for a woman. Troubles everybody must expect. There is but one way of looking at fate—whatever that be, whether blessings or afflictions—to behave with dignity under both. We must not lose heart, or it will be the worse both for ourselves and for those whom we love. To struggle, and again and again renew the conflict—*this* is life's inheritance.—ARY SCHEFFER.

As to moral courage, I have rarely met with

the two o'clock in the morning courage. I mean, unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and decision.—NAPOLEON I.

Johnson, with that native fortitude which, amidst all his bodily distress and mental sufferings, never forsook him, asked Dr. Brocklesby, as a man in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly whether he could recover. "Give me," said he, "a direct answer." The doctor, having first asked him if he could bear the whole truth, which way soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that, in his opinion, he could not recover without a miracle. "Then," said Johnson, "I will take no more physic, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render my soul up to God unclouded."—BOSWELL.

"Be of good comfort," said the brave old Latimer to his companion at the stake; "be of good comfort, Master Ridley, for we shall this day light such a candle through all England as, by God's grace, shall never be put out." When, after the restoration of Charles II., Sir John Elliot was riding to the place of execution, he stood up in the cart, on seeing his wife looking down upon him from a window in the Tower, and waved his hat and said, "To heaven, my love; to heaven, my love, and leave you in the storm!"— ——.

Decision.

DECISION is the soul of luck,
Which, flashing through it, makes it pluck,
The genius and the power to do
That which the lightning brings to view.

Decision walks on solid ground,
A factor in the world around:
It treads wherever Truth commands,
And firm become the shrinking sands.

Decision lingers not with fate,
On which is writ the word "Too late,"
But through the gate of Penitence
Pursues the way of Providence.

Without Decision life is lost,
A ship upon the ocean tost,
Without a rudder or a hand
To guide it to the wished-for land.

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since, if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful you would have supposed as a spider, may make a seizure of the unhappy boaster the very next moment, and contemptuously exhibit the futility of the determinations by which

he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and will. He belongs to whatever can make captive of him; and one thing after another vindicates its right to him, by arresting him while he is trying to go on; as twigs and chips floating near the edge of a river are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it, if the hundred diversities of feeling which may come within the work will let him. His character precluding all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his views and actions are destined to take to-morrow; as a farmer has often to acknowledge that next day's proceedings are often at the disposal of its winds and clouds. —John Foster.

And of all wretched characters, the man "who can never make up his mind" is the most wretched. A torment to himself, he is the reproach and laughter of others, who frequently suffer in no small degree from his hesitation, delay and fickleness. There can scarcely be any more fatal censure passed upon a man than that implied in the Patriarch's apostrophe to his son: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." The very promise of well-doing must be denied to the waverer. History has recorded the evils inflicted on two nations by the instability of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland; and many of us have read with appreciation the anecdote of

the criticism so aptly passed upon him by his chaplain, who, when ordered to preach before the king, read as his text, with emphatic significance, "*James i. and 6th*—"He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed," provoking from the self-conscious monarch the exclamation, "Saul o' my body, he is at me already!"—ADAMS.

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greater and most universal causes of all our disquiet and unhappiness. When ambition pulls one way, interest another, and inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass his time but ill when he has so many different parties to please. When the mind hovers among such a variety of alurements, one had better settle on a way of life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our choice, and go out of the world, as the greater part of mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one method of setting ourselves at rest in this particular, and that is by adhering steadfastly to one great end as the chief and ultimate aim of all our pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the dictates of reason, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal design, we may go through life with steadiness and pleasure; but if we act

by several broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and everything that has a value set upon it by the world, we shall live and die in misery and repentance.—ADDISON.

I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation which I have enlarged upon; *Optimum vitae genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*: "Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful." Men whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since, by the rule above mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.—ADDISON.

Character.

THE fortress of the man,
Built on a base divine,

Through which no tremor ever ran
To break its perfect line.

The wondrous citadel,
Which reaches unto Heaven,
Wherein courageous angels dwell,
To whom its keys are given.

The noblest thing which God
Has honored with His mark,
And made a beacon on the road,
Far-shining through the dark.

The property which all
Who build upon the truth
Are girded with—the jasper wall
Around eternal youth.

———.

Character is one of the greatest motive powers in the world. In its noblest embodiments, it exemplifies human nature in its highest forms, for it exhibits man at his best.

Men of genuine excellence, in every station of life—men of industry, of integrity, of high principle, of sterling honesty of purpose—command the spontaneous homage of mankind. It is natural to believe in such men, to have confidence in them, and to imitate them. All that is good in the world is upheld by them, and without their presence in it the world would not be worth living in.

Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect. The former is more the product of brain-power, the latter of heart-power; and in the long run it is the heart that rules in life. Men of genius stand to society in the relation of its intellect, as men of character of its conscience; and while the former are admired, the latter are followed.—SMILES.

You insist,—wrote the author of this paragraph to a friend,—on respect for learned men. I say, Amen! But, at the same time, don't forget that eagerness of mind, depth of thought, appreciation of the lofty, experience of the world, delicacy of manner, tact and energy in action, love of truth, honesty, and amiability—that all these may be wanting in a man who may yet be very learned.—PERTHES.

I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly-cultured minds, too, in my time; but, I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor, *uneducated* men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met without of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Character is property. It is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general good-will of men; and they who invest in it—though they may not become rich in this world's goods—will find their reward in esteem and reputation fairly and honorably won. And it is right that in life good qualities should tell—that industry, virtue, and goodness should rank the highest—and that the really best men should be foremost.

Simple honesty of purpose in a man goes a long way in life, if founded on a just estimate of himself and a steady obedience to the rule he knows and feels to be right. It holds a man straight, gives him strength and sustenance, and forms a main spring of vigorous action. "No man," once said Sir Benjamin Rudyard, "is bound to be rich or great—no, nor to be wise; but every man is bound to be honest."—SMILES.

A good character, when established, should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still farther good.—ATTERBURY.

There is no man at once either excellently good or extremely evil, but grows either as he holds himself up in virtue or lets himself slide to viciousness.—SIR PHILIP SIDNÉY.

As a man thinks or desires in his heart, such, indeed, he is; for then most truly, because most incontrollably, he acts himself.—SOUTH.

Health and sickness, enjoyment and suffering, riches and poverty, knowledge and ignorance, power and subjection, liberty and bondage, civil-

ization and barbarity, have all their offices and duties; all serve for the formation of character.—PALEY.

It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of. —SWIFT.

Common Sense.

THE lightning of the common mind,
Which pierces to the heart of things,
While logic lingers far behind,
Possessed of no celestial wings;
The native faculty of man,
Which separates the false and true,
As only eyes of wisdom can,
And sees the thing to say or do.

To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness which has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.—HORACE WALPOLE.

The longer we live, the more we are convinced of the justice of the old saying, that *an ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy;* that discretion, gentle manners, common sense, and good nature, are, in men of high ecclesiastical station, of far more importance than the greatest skill in distinguishing between sublapsarian and supralapsarian doctrines. — SYDNEY SMITH.

Common sense should lie at the bottom of all enterprises, the literary and poetical as well as the practical and scientific. Good sense is the ballast of genius; nay, we might say, it is the cargo itself out of which genius works its successes.—CALVERT.

When asked how he felt on the ill-success of his tragedy, he (Dr. Johnson) replied, "Like the monument;" meaning that he continued firm and unmoved as that column. And, let it be remembered, as an admonition to the *genus irritabile* of dramatic writers, that this great man, instead of peevishly complaining of the bad taste of the town, submitted to its decision without a murmur. He had, indeed, upon all occasions a great deference for the general opinion. "A man," said he, "who writes a book, thinks himself wiser or wittier than the rest of mankind; he supposes that he can instruct or amuse them; and the public to whom he appeals must, after all, be the judges of his pretensions."—BOSWELL.

Gov. Hubbard, of Connecticut, once called at

the White House in reference to a newly-invented gun, concerning which a committee had been appointed to make a report. The report was sent for, and when it came in was found to be of the most voluminous description. Mr. Lincoln glanced at it, and said: "I should want a new lease of life to read this through!" Throwing it down upon the table, he added: "Why can't a committee of this kind occasionally exhibit a grain of common sense? If I send a man to buy a horse for me, I expect him to tell me his *points*—not how many *hairs* there are in his tail."—STORIES OF LINCOLN.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense: there are forty men of wit for one of good sense; and he that will carry nothing about with him but gold will be every day at a loss for readier change.—ADDISON.

What we call good sense in the conduct of life consists chiefly in that temper of mind which enables its possessor to view at all times, with perfect coolness and accuracy, all the various circumstances of his situation: so that each of them may produce its due impression on him, without any exaggeration arising from his own peculiar habits. But to a man of an ill-regulated imagination, external circumstances only serve as limits to excite his own thoughts, and the conduct he pursues has in general far less reference to his real situation than to some imaginary one in which he conceives himself to be placed; and in

consequence of which, while he appears to himself to be acting with the most perfect wisdom and consistency, he may frequently exhibit to others all the appearances of folly. — DUGALD STEWART.

Time.

A BALLAD FOR NEW-YEAR DAY.

OH did you not see him that over the snow
Came on with a pace so cautious and slow?—

That measured his step to a pendulum-tick,
Arriving in town when the darkness was thick?

I saw him last night, with locks so gray,
A little way off, as the light died away.

And I knew him at once, so often before
Had he silently, mournfully passed at my door.

He must be cold and weary, I said,
Coming so far, with that measured tread.

I will urge him to linger awhile with me
Till his withering chill and weariness flee.

A story—who knows?—he may deign to rehearse,
And when he is gone I will put it in verse.

"The hours swept on in their rapid flight,
And came the middle watch of the night."

I turned to prepare for the coming guest,
With curious, troublous thoughts oppressed.

The window I cheered with the taper's glow
Which glimmered afar o'er the spectral snow.

My anxious care the hearth-stone knew,
And the red flames leaped and beckoned anew.

But chiefly myself, with singular care,
Did I for the hoary presence prepare.

Yet with little success, as I paced the room,
Did I labor to banish a sense of gloom.

My thoughts were going and coming like bees,
With store from the year's wide-stretching leas,

Some laden with honey, some laden with gall,
And into my heart they dropped it all!

O miserable heart, at once over-run
With the honey and gall thou canst not shun.

O wretched heart! in sadness I cried,
Where is thy trust in the Crucified?

And in wrestling prayer did I labor long
That the Mighty One would make me strong.

That prayer was more than a useless breath:
It brought to my soul God's saving health.

The hours swept on in their rapid flight,
And came the middle watch of the night;

In part unmanned, in spite of my care,
I beheld my guest in the taper's glare;

A wall of darkness around him thick,
As onward he came to a pendulum-tick.

Then quickly I opened wide the door,
And bade him pass my threshold o'er,

And linger awhile away from the cold,
And repeat some story or ballad old—

His weary limbs to strengthen with rest,
For his course to the ever receding west.

Through the vacant door in wonder I glanced,
And stood—was it long?—as one entranced.

Silence so awful did fill the room,
That the tick of the clock was a cannon's boom.

And my heart it sank to its lowest retreat,
And in whelming awe did muffle its beat.

For now I beheld, as never before,
And heard to forget, ah, nevermore!

For with outstretched hand, with scythe and glass,
With naught of a pause did the traveller pass.

And with upturned face he the silence broke,
And thus, as he went, he measuredly spoke;

My journey is long, but my limbs are strong;
And I stay not for rest, for story, or song.

It is only a dirge, that ever I sing;
It is only of death, the tale that I bring:

Of death that is life, as it cometh to pass;
Of death that is death, alas! alas!

And these I chant, as I go on my way,
As I go on my way forever and aye.

Call not thyself wretched, though bitter and sweet,
In thy cup at this hour intermingle and meet.

Some cloud with the sunshine must ever appear,
And darkness prevails till morning is near.

But who doth remember the gloom of the night,
When the sky is aglow with the beautiful light?

Oh alas! if thou drinkest the bitter alone,
Nor heaven nor earth may stifle thy moan!

Thy moan!—and the echo died away—
Thy moan! thy moan forever and aye!

His measured voice I heard no more,
But not till I stand on eternity's shore,

And the things of time be forgotten all,
Shall I cease that traveller's words to recall.

As onward he moved to a pendulum-tick,
The gloom and darkness around him thick,

I fell on my knees and breathed a prayer;
And it rose, I ween, through the midnight air

To a God who knoweth the wants and all
The evil and good of this earthly thrall:

To One who suffered as on this day,
And began our sins to purge away:

To Him who hath promised to heed our cry,
And a troubled heart to purify.

And I feel that the gall will ever grow less,
Till I see His face in righteousness.

And now my soul is filled with cheer
For the march of a bright and Happy New Year.

As years roll on, whether sun doth shine
Or clouds overcast, I will never repine;

For I know, when the race of Time is run,
I shall enter a realm of Eternal Sun.

———.

Time is exactly what we make it; in the hands of the foolish, a curse; in the hands of the wise, a preparation for life eternal; in the hands of the foolish, a preparation for the condemnation that is everlasting. To you it is much; to your neighbor it is naught. He is as anxious to throw it away as you (we hope) are anxious to cultivate it to the greatest advantage. Ah, if all of us did but know what it is, what it might be, how we should watch over every grain in the hour-glass! How great would be our activity, how solicitous our labor, how profound our

consciousness of duty! How we should aspire to avail ourselves of each passing moment! How keen would be our regret if conscience could speak to us of days wasted and opportunities neglected!

In commenting on the importance of thrift in regard to time, it would be easy to lay down a few practical and familiar rules for the benefit of the young adventurer in life's chequered career. As for instance:—

One thing at a time.

Do at once what ought to be done at once.

Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.

Never leave to another that which you can do yourself.

More haste, worse speed.

Stay a little that we may make an end the sooner.

But more is to be learned from example than precept; and the lives of great men; or of men good and great, will prove of higher and more lasting value to the student than the most precious fragments of proverbial philosophy. Show me a man who has attained to eminence, or excellence, and you show me a man who has economized his time. Show me a man who has benefited the world by his wisdom, or his country by his patriotism, or his neighborhood by his philanthropy, and you show me a man who has made the best of every minute. In business, the men

who have attained success are the men who have known the importance of method, the men who have appreciated the potentiality of time.—ADAMS.

Thrift of time will repay you in after-life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams; while the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings.—GLADSTONE.

Time is the most indefinable yet paradoxical of things: the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of lightning, at once exists and expires.—Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs Beauty of her charms, to bestow them on the picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house: it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is per-

mitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conquerer, of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it: he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that hath made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.—COLTON.

Dost thou love life? Then waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of. — DR. FRANKLIN.

Time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind, signifying thereby that we must take time by the forelock; for, when it is once past, there is no recalling it.—SWIFT.

Eternity

The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—I Cor. iv. 18.

ETERNITY! Eternity!
How wonderful Thou art,
Wide as the Sea of Deity,
And narrow as a heart!

The pulses of Eternity
Are throbbing everywhere:
Time holds Eternity in fee,
And thus becomes so fair.

Each moment is Eternity,
Mother of mighty years,
Whose chariot is Infinity,
Whose steeds are smiles and tears.

Eternity! Eternity!
The Present, Future, Past,
Forever are but one to Thee,—
Thou art the First, the Last.

All life contains Eternity,
Where sight through truth abounds:
Clothed, clothed with Christ's humility,
I see His pleading wounds.

Illumined by Eternity,
How very new they are,
Those wounds as of Humanity,
No more, no more afar!

The mansion of Eternity
Is built in every breath;
And into it despairingly
Look the great eyes of Death.

Eternity! Eternity!
How prodigal Thou art,
Calm, uncreated Mystery,
The WHOLE in every part!

It is not by our feet or change of place that we leave Thee, or return to Thee. Nor did that younger son of Thine look out for horses or chariots, or ships, and fly with visible wings, or journey by the motion of his limbs, that he might in a far country waste in riotous living all Thou gavest at his departure. A loving Father Thou wert when Thou gavest; but more loving unto him wert Thou when he returned empty. . . .

We forget that Thou art everywhere, whom no place encompasseth! that Thou alone art near even to those that remove far from Thee. O Lord, help us to turn and seek Thee; for not as we have forsaken our Creator hast Thou forsaken Thy creation. . . .

Our good only lives with Thee; when we

turn away from Thee we are perverted. Let us, then, O Lord, return, that we may not be overturned; because with Thee good lives without any decay, for Thou art good; nor need we fear lest there be no place whither to return, because we fell from it; for our mansion—Thy Eternity—fell not when we left Thee.—St. Augustine.

In my solitary and retired imagination, I remember that I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate Him and His attributes who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, His wisdom and eternity: with the one I recreate, with the other I confound my understanding; for who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstacy? . . .

St. Peter speaks modestly, when he saith, a thousand years to God are but as one day; for to speak like a philosopher, those continued instances of time which flow into a thousand years, make not to Him one moment: what to us is to come, to His eternity is present, His whole duration being but one permanent point, without succession, parts, flux or division. — Sir Thomas Browne.

Part Third.

Key-Notes.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—St. Matthew v. 16.

Every man has two educations,—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.—Gibbon.

Be what nature intended you for and you will succeed; be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.

—Sidney Smith.

The mill-streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in solitary places.—Sir Arthur Helps.

I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail.

—Hood (to his wife).

The paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections.

—Washington Irving.

The body has its rights and it will have them. They cannot be trampled upon or slighted without peril. The body ought to be the soul's best friend, and cordial, dutiful helpmate.—Hare Brothers.

Education.

TO bring the man to light,
And make his beauty shine:
To form him by the rule of right,
The Decalogue divine.

To sow the fertile mind
While spring is in its prime,
That peaceful autumn days may find
A harvest-home sublime.

To build the mighty fort
When youth is in its glow,
Whose faithful sentinels report
And challenge every foe.

To marshal all the powers
Whose roots are in the soul,
To conquer in this world of ours,
In armor bright and whole.

———.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its in-

herent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble, and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul. The philosopher, the saint, the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light.—Addison.

The fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labor and cultivation to prepare them for our use and subsistence, than our faculties demand instruction and regulation in order to qualify us to become upright and valuable members of society, useful to others, or happy in ourselves.—Barrow.

Education may be compared to the grafting of

a tree. Every gardner knows that the *younger* the wilding-stock is that is to be grafted, the easier and the more effectual is the operation, because, then, one scion put on just above the root will become the main stem of the tree, and all the branches it puts forth will be of the right sort. When, on the other hand, a tree is to be grafted at a considerable age (which may be very successfully done), you have to put on twenty or thirty grafts on the several branches; and afterwards you will have to be watching from time to time for the wilding-shoots which the stock will be putting forth, and pruning them off. And even so, one whose character is to be *reformed* at mature age will find it necessary not merely to implant a right principle once for all, but also to bestow a distinct attention on the correction of this, that, and the other bad habit. . . . But it must not be forgotten that education resembles the grafting of a tree in this point also, that there must be some affinity between the stock and the graft, though a very important practical difference may exist; for example, between a worthless crab and a fine apple. Even so, the new nature, as it may be called, superinduced by education, must always retain some relation to the original one, though differing in most important points. You cannot, by any kind of artificial training, make *any* thing of *any* one, and obliterate all trace of the natural character. Those who hold that this *is* possible, and attempt to effect it, resemble Virgil, who

(whether in ignorance or, as some think, by way of "poetical license") talks of grafting an oak on an elm.—WHATELY.

Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds." "Oh," I replied, "*that* is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."—COLERIDGE.

In one of the notes to a former publication I have quoted an old writer, who observes that "we fatten a sheep with grass, not in order to obtain a crop of hay from his back, but in the hope that he will feed us with mutton and clothe us with wool." We may apply this to the sciences: we teach a young man algebra, the mathematics, and logic, not that he should take his equations and his parallelograms into Westminster Hall, and bring his ten predicaments to the House of Commons, but that he should bring a mind to both these places so well stored with the sound principles of truth and reason as not to be deceived by the chicanery of the bar nor the sophistry of the senate. The acquirements of science may be termed the armor of the mind; but that armor would be worse than useless,

that cost all we had, and left us nothing to defend.—COLTON.

Interesting conversation with Mr. S. on education. Astonishment and grief at the folly, especially in times like the present, of those parents who totally forget, in the formation of their children's habits, to inspire that vigorous independence which acknowledges the smallest possible number of wants, and so avoids or triumphs over the negation of a thousand indulgences, by always having been taught and accustomed to do without them. "How many things," said Socrates, "I do not want!"—JOHN FOSTER.

There have been periods when the country heard with dismay that "The soldier was abroad." That is not the case now. Let the soldier be abroad: in the present age he can do nothing. There is another person abroad,—a less important person in the eyes of some, an insignificant person, whose labors have tended to produce this state of things. The schoolmaster is abroad! And I trust more to him, armed with his primer, than I do the soldier in full military array, for upholding and extending the liberties of his country.—LORD BROUGHAM.

I say, therefore, that the education of the people is not only a means, but the best means, of obtaining that which all allow to be a chief end of government; and, if this be so, it passes my faculties to understand how any man can gravely contend that government has nothing to do with the education of the people.

My confidence in my judgment is strengthened when I recollect that I hold that opinion in common with all the greatest lawgivers, statesmen and political philosophers of all nations and ages, with all the most illustrious champions of civil and spiritual freedom, and especially with those men whose names were once held in the highest veneration by the Protestant Dissenters of England. I might cite many of the most venerable names of the Old World; but I would rather cite the example of that country which the supporters of the Voluntary System here are always recommending to us as a pattern. Go back to the days when the little society which has expanded into the opulent and enlightened commonwealth of Massachusetts began to exist. Our modern Dissenters will scarcely, I think, venture to speak contumeliously of those Puritans whose spirit Land and his High Commission Court could not subdue, of those Puritans who were willing to leave home and kindred, and all the comforts and refinements of civilized life, to cross the ocean, to fix their abode in forests among wild beasts and wild men, rather than commit the sin of performing in the house of God one gesture which they believed to be displeasing to Him. Did those brave exiles think it inconsistent with civil or religious freedom that the State should take charge of the education of the people? No, sir; one of the earliest laws enacted by the Puritan colonists was that every township, as soon as the

Lord had increased it to fifty houses, should appoint one to teach all children to read and write, and that every township of a hundred houses should set up a grammar school. Nor have the descendants of those who made this law ever ceased to hold that the public authorities were bound to provide the means of public instruction. Nor is this doctrine confined to New England. "Educate the people" was the first admonition addressed by Penn to the colony which he founded. "Educate the people" was the legacy of Washington to the nation which he had saved. "Educate the people" was the unceasing exhortation of Jefferson: and I quote Jefferson with peculiar pleasure, because of all the eminent men that have ever lived, Adam Smith himself not excepted, Jefferson was the one who most abhorred everything like meddling on the part of governments. Yet the chief business of his later years was to establish a good system of State education in Virginia.—LORD MACAULAY.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. As a man is in all circumstances, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can only grow by its own action: it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must therefore educate himself. His books and teacher are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to sum-

mon, in an emergency, his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect its proposed object. It is not the man who has seen the most, or read the most, who can do this; such an one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all warriors who went to the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength and he carried the largest bow; but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Teachers.

THOU canst not live in isolation,
A hermit to the world unknown,
And have no part in procreation;
For something, surely, thou hast sown.

Dost know a cowardly withdrawal
Becomes a factor of the age,
A most unsoldierly bestowal
On those who have life's war to wage?

Without thy choice, thou art a teacher
  Appointed in this earthly school:
Seek thou for wisdom and beseech her
  Thy lessons may abide her rule.

For weal or woe, thy life forever
  Goes flowing down the thirsty years,
A portion of the mighty river
  Which in the world's new life appears.

It knows no pause or interruption,
  Thy drop of sweetness or of gall,
Until the Day of Incorruption
  When God becometh all in all!

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt,—everywhere he will have companions who will be the better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? our own or others? Both; and in that

momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations, and in their successive strata of thought and life.—ELIHU BURRITT.

Every man is a missionary now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society; or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world: but a blank he cannot be. There are no moral blanks; there are no neutral characters. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates, and the salt that silently operates; but being dead or alive, every man speaks.—DR. CHALMERS.

His very presence—says the biographer of Dr. Arnold of Rugby—seemed to create a new spring of health and vigor within his pupils, and to give to life an interest and elevation which remained with them long after they had left him; and dwelt so habitually in their thoughts as a living image, that, when death had taken him away, the bond appeared to be unbroken, and the sense of separation almost lost in the still deeper sense of life and a union undestructable.—DEAN STANLEY.

Washington—wrote one who saw him only

once—sank into his tomb before any little celebrity had attached to my name. I passed before him as the most unknown of beings. He was in all his glory—I in the depth of my obscurity. My name dwelt probably not a whole day in his memory. Happy, however, was I that his looks were cast upon me. I have felt warmed for it all the rest of my life. There is a virtue even in the looks of a great man.—CHATEAUBRIAND.

That which is born of evil begets evil; that which is born of valor and honor teaches valor and honor.—RUSKIN.

It is a pity that, commonly, more care is had, yea, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. For to the one they will gladly give a stipend of two hundred crowns by year, and loth to offer to the other two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should, for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horses, but wild and unfortunate children; and, therefore, in the end, they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.—ASCHAM.

There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in the community should be en-

couraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves to induce such to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good, all their show and luxury should be sacrificed. Here they should be lavish, whilst they straiten themselves in everything else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influence which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful, and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect, impoverishes his heart. There should be no economy in education. Money should never be weighed against the soul of a child. It should be poured out like water for the child's intellectual and moral life.

Parents should seek an educator for the young of their families who will become to them a hearty and efficient friend, counsellor, coadjutor, in their work. If their circumstances will allow it, they should so limit the school that the instructor may know intimately every child, may become the friend of each, and may converse frequently with them in regard to each. He should be worthy of their confidence, should find their doors always open, should be among their most welcome guests,

and should study with them the discipline which the peculiarities of each pupil may require. He should give the parents warning of the least obliquity of mind which he discovers at school, should receive in return their suggestions as to the injudiciousness of his own methods in regard to one or another child, and should concert with them the means of arresting every evil at its first manifestation. Such is the teacher we need, and his value cannot be paid in gold.—CHANNING.

Books.

TO cheer me with their blessed looks,
Friend after friend appears,
Those dear companions in my books,
The children of all years.

I think the thoughts which once they thought,
And others gather fast;
Until around me, all unsought,
There is a host so vast.

And all are come as ministers
Of strength and life and joy;
With whom, the fair young comforters,
I am again a boy.

And Heaven once more is very near,
Almost within my reach;
And silence—silence is so dear,
Surpassing silver speech!

———.

I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me: they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them; for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires and depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all these services they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace: for these friends are more delighted by the tran-

quility of retirement than with the tumults of society.—PETRARCH.

For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature,—God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself,—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—MILTON.

Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—a message to us from the dead,—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away; and yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers. . . . I say we ought to reverence books, to look at them as useful and mighty things. If they are good and true, whether they are about religion or politics, farming, trade, or medicine,

they are the message of Christ, the maker of all things, the teacher of truth.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of Books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history,—with the wisest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.—SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

Books are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad; companions by night, in travelling, in the country.—CICERO.

To divert, at any time, a troublesome fancy, run to thy Books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.—THOMAS FULLER.

Without books, God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters

dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.—BARTHOLIN.

The book of Life is the tabernacle wherein the treasure of wisdom is to be found. The truth of voice perishes with the sound; truth latent in the mind is hidden wisdom and invisible treasure; but the truth which illuminates books desires to manifest itself to every disciplinable sense. Let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books,—how easily, how secretly, how safely, they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters that instruct us without rods and ferules, without harsh words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if, investigating, you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.—RICHARD DE BURY.

The great and good do not die, even in this world. Embalmed in books, their spirits walk abroad. The book is a living voice. It is an intellect to which one still listens. Hence we ever remain under the influence of the great men of old:

> "The dead but sceptred sovrans, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

The imperial intellects of the world are as much alive now as they were ages ago. Homer still lives; and though his personal history is hidden in the mists of antiquity, his poems are

as fresh to-day as if they had been newly written. Plato still teaches his transcendent philosophy; Horace, Virgil, and Dante still sing as when they lived; Shakspeare is not dead: his body was buried in 1616, but his mind is as much alive in England now, and his thoughts as far-reaching, as in the time of the Tudors.

The humblest and poorest may enter the society of these great spirits without being thought intrusive. All who can read have got the *entrée*. Would you laugh? Cervantes or Rabelais will laugh with you. Do you grieve? there is Thomas à Kempis or Jeremy Taylor to grieve with and console you. Always it is to books, and the spirits of great men embalmed in them, that we turn for entertainment, for instruction, and solace —in joy and in sorrow, as in prosperity and in adversity.—SMILES.

A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the riches of the Indies.—GIBBON.

Of all the things which man can do or make below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call books.—CARLYLE.

Encouragement,

OR

WHAT I CARRIED TO COLLEGE.

OUR old New England folks, you know,
Little favor to kissing were wont to show.

It smacked, they thought, too much of Satan,
Whose hook often has a pleasant bate on.

And even as token of purity's passion,
Sometimes, I think, it was out of fashion.

So at least in the home my boyhood knew,
And of other homes, no doubt, it was true.

My grandsire and grandma, of the olden school,
Were strict observers of the proper rule.

And from New Year on to the end of December
A kiss is something I do not remember.

Yet I cannot say, in the joy of the present,
The thought of those days is at all unpleasant.

Grandma, with the cares of the household on her,
In the morning smoked in the chimney corner.

She hung the tea-kettle filled with water
While still asleep was her youngest daughter.

Ah! there were reasons, good and plenty,
Why she should indulge that baby of twenty.

The rest were all courted and married and flown,
And that little birdie was left alone.

Grandmother, when she had finished her smoking,
Bustled about—she never went poking—

And fried the pork and made the tea,
And pricked the potatoes, if done to see;

While grandsire finished his chapter of snores,
And uncle and I were doing the chores.

When breakfast was over, the Bible was read,
And a prayer I still remember said.

The old folks in reverence bowed them down,
As those who are mindful of cross and crown.

My uncle and aunt who were unconverted,
Their right to sit or stand asserted.

And I, I fear, to example true,
The part of a heathen acted too.

But there was always for me a glory,
Morning and night, in that Bible-story.

The heroes and saints of the olden time
In beautiful vision moved sublime.

I wondered much at the valor they had,
And in wondering my soul was glad.

My wonderment, I can hardly tell,
At the boldness Jacob showed at the well,

In kissing Rachel, when meeting her first;
I wondered not into tears he burst.

Had I been constrained to choose between
That deed at the well and that after-scene

When David and Goliah met,
My heart on the fight would have certainly set.

And yet there was much for a bashful boy
To gather up and remember with joy.

God bless my grandsire's simple heart
Which made up in faith what it lacked in art,

And led me on to the best of the knowledge
Which years thereafter I carried to college.

Tending the cattle stalled in the 'linter,'
Going to school eight weeks in the winter;

Planting and hoeing potatoes and corn,
Milking the cows at night and morn;

Spreading and raking the new-mown hay,
Stowing it in the mow away;

Gathering apples and thinking of all
The joys of Thanksgiving late in the fall—

So passed I the years in such like scenes
Until I had grown well into my teens.

And then, with many a dream in my heart,
I struck for myself and a nobler part;

I hardly knew what, yet some higher good,
Earning and spending as fast as I could;

Earning and spending in teaching and going
To school, what time I to manhood was growing.

My maiden aunt—and Providence
Is approved in its blessed consequence—

That baby of twenty to thirty had grown,
And from the nest had not yet flown.

And a childless aunt, my uncle's wife,
Had come to gladden that quiet life.

God bless them both, for they were ever
The foremost to second my life's endeavor.

Our aunts sometimes are almost mothers,
Toiling and planning and spending for others.

Aunt Hannah, the maiden, Aunt Emily, wife,
How they labored to gird me for the strife,

Cheering me on with words befitting,
Doing my sewing and doing my knitting,

And pressing upon me many a token
Whose meaning was more than ever was spoken!

At length the time for parting came—
They both in heaven will have true fame!

They did not bid me good-bye at the stile;
They with me went through the woods a mile.

It was the still September time,
When the Autumn fruits were in their prime.

Here and there a patch of crimson was seen
Where the breath of the early frost had been.

The songs of the birds were tender and sad,
Yet I could not say they were not glad.

Nature's soft and mellow undertone
To a note like trust in the Father had grown.

And that trust, I ween, in our hearts had sway,
As on through the woods we wended our way.

Meeting and parting fringe life below,—
We parted—twenty years ago.

My aunts turned back, and on went I,
Striving my burning tears to dry.

Almost a thousand miles away
Was the *Alma Mater* I sought that day.

To a voice I turned me on my track,
And saw them both come running back.

"Is something forgotten?" soon stammered I;
And they, without a word in reply,

Caught me in their arms, a great baby of twenty,
And smothered me with kisses not too plenty.

Some joys I had known before that day,
And many since have thronged my way;

But in all my seeking through forty years,
In which rain-bow hopes have dried all tears,

I have nothing found in the paths of knowledge,
Surpassing those kisses I carried to college.

——.

Encouragement first bubbles out of the fountain in our own lives; promoted, it may be, by unrecognized influences. And when the stream has fairly begun to flow, then come the tributaries, few at first, but constantly increasing. "God helps those who help themselves." So do His children, So do all the powers of Nature. It is the law of the universe. There is no encouragement from others, when there is no encouragement from ourselves.— ——.

Happening one day to see a gentleman ride by my father's house, (which was close by a public road,) I asked him what o'clock it then was? He looked at his watch and told me. As he did that with so much good-nature, I begged him to show me the inside of his watch; and, though he was an entire stranger, he immediately opened the watch, and put it in my hands. I saw the spring-box, with part of the chain round it; and asked him what it was that made it turn round? He told me it was turned round by a steel spring within it. Having then never seen any other spring

than that of my father's gun-lock, I asked how a spring, within a box, could turn the box so often round, as to wind all the chain upon it? He answered that the spring was long and thin; that one end of it was fastened to the axis of the box, and the other end to the inside of the box, that the axis was fixed, and the box was loose upon it. I told him I did not yet thoroughly understand the matter. "Well, my lad," says he, "take a long, thin piece of whalebone; hold one end of it fast between your finger and thumb, and wind it round your finger; it will then endeavor to unwind itself; and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop, and leave it to itself, it will turn the hoop round and round, and wind up a thread tied to the outside of the hoop." I thanked the gentleman and told him I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch, with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone.—FERGUSON.

That stranger—says one who has written much about eminent men—might probably have read the above narrative as given to the world by Ferguson, after the talents which this little incident probably contributed to develope had raised him from his obscurity to a distinguished place among the philosophers of his age; and if he did know this, he must have felt that encouragement in well-doing, which a benevolent man may always gather, either from the positive effects of acts of

kindness upon others, or their influence upon his own heart. Civility, charity, generosity, may sometimes meet an ill-return; but *one* person must be benefited by the exercise; the kind heart has its own abundant reward, whatever be the gratitude of others. The case of Ferguson shows that the seed does not always fall on stony ground. It may appear somewhat absurd to dwell upon the benefit of a slight civility, which cost at most a few minutes of attention; but it is really important, that those who are easy in the world—who have all the advantages of wealth and knowledge at their command—should feel of how much value is the slightest encouragement and assistance to those who are toiling up the steep of emulation. Too often "the scoff of pride" is super-added to the "bar of poverty;" and thus it is, that many a one of the best talents, and the most generous feelings,

"Has sunk into the grave unpitied and unknown,"

because the wealthy and powerful have never understood the value of a helping hand to him who is struggling with fortune.—CRAIK.

Ambition.

AMBITION is the soul of progress,
The chief momentum of the world:

Which else were sluggish, torpid, jogless,
A shell in which no life is curled.

And though sometimes it be unruly,
Like some high-mettled, fiery steed,
Pursuing mighty schemes unduly,
With self-consuming, hellish greed;

Yet who, because of these abuses,
Whose smoke and blackness cry, Beware!
Would blot it out with all its uses
Through which the world grows bright and fair?

Give us ambition free from evil;
But if, dear Lord, that may not be,
Then give us eyes to see the devil,
And guard against his treachery.

———.

The soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use, therefore, of the passions is to stir it up and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honor and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher,

we may discover farther ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized. Now, since the proper and genuine motives to these, and the like great actions, would only influence virtuous minds, there would be but small improvements in the world were there not some common principle of action working equally with all men: and such a principle is ambition, or a desire of fame, by which great endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the public, and many vicious men are over-reached, as it were, and engaged, contrary to their natural inclinations, in a glorious and laudable course of action. For we may further observe that men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition; and that, on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it: whether it be that a man's sense of his own incapacities makes him despair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his interest or conscience; or that Providence, in the very frame of his soul, would not subject him to such a passion as would be useless to the world and a torment to himself.

Were not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing

it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit.—ADDISON.

Although imitation is one of the great instruments used by Providence in bringing our nature towards its perfection, yet if men gave themselves up to imitation entirely, and each followed the other, and so on in an eternal circle, it is easy to see that there never could be any improvement amongst them. Men must remain as brutes do, the same at the end that they are at this day, and that they were in the beginning of the world. To prevent this, God has implanted in man a sense of ambition, and a satisfaction arising from the contemplation of his excelling his fellows in something deemed valuable amongst them. It is this passion that drives men to all the ways we see in use of signalizing themselves, and that tends to make whatever excites in a man the idea of this distinction so very pleasant. It has been so strong as to make very miserable men take comfort that they were supreme in misery; and certain it is that, where we cannot distinguish ourselves by something excellent, we begin to take a complacency in some singular infirmities, follies, or defects of one kind or other. —BURKE.

Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Indeed, no man knows, when he cuts off the

incitements to a virtuous ambition and the just rewards of public service, what infinite mischief he may do his country through all generations. —BURKE.

It ought not to be the leading object of any one to become an eminent metaphysician, mathematician, or poet, but to render himself happy as an individual, and an agreeable, a respectable, and a useful member of society.—DUGALD STEWART.

Opportunities.

THE time to grapple with thy foe,
That wild rebellious passion,
And teach him in his overthrow
To bide thy will and fashion.

The time to catch the blessed light
Which flashes out before thee,
And issue from the grievous night
Into the noon-tide glory.

The time to seize on circumstance,
And make of it a car
On which to reach the bright advance
Where grander treasures are.

The time to do the little things
  Which bring to thee and thine
The sweet, perennial glimmerings
  Of happiness divine.

The time to practice charity
  To which all times belong,
And find a daily rarity
  To feed thy prayer and song.

———.

We sometimes read about "starting points in life," about "opportunities," and the necessity of being on the alert to avail ourselves of them. "Here is your chance," people say; if you miss it, do not think that, like the swallow, it will reappear. We do not believe in chance, nor in starting-points, nor in opportunities, except in this sense, that at particular times our duty may be put before us in a special and conspicuous manner. "Seizing our opportunities," when carefully examined into, means nothing more than seizing an occasion of doing our duty. It is true, therefore, to some extent, that to every man his opportunity comes once in his life, and that if he permits it to glide by it will never return; because it is certain that, if we once neglect any obvious duty, we shall never again be in a position to retrieve the *laches*. But do not let the reader sit down by the wayside and wait for his "opportunity," as for some miraculous boon to descend suddenly and unexpectedly from the blue heavens

above him. Energy makes its own opportunities, because energy is always prompt to detect and ready to execute the work that has to be done. An engine-driver in charge of a crowded train saw lying across the rails at some distance in front of him a piece of timber which menaced his freight with wounds and death. Quick as thought he crept along the side of the engine, and leaning forward, by a supreme effort swung the log out of the way just as the iron wheels were upon it. He risked his life, but he did his duty. Afterwards he was rewarded with promotion and handsome gifts; he had found his opportunity, his starting point, his chance. Yes; but it was in doing his duty that he found it. "There are things," says Goethe, "which you do not notice only because you do not look at them;" and so there are duties which we never recognize because we will not look for them. It is related of a Mr. Godfrey, Governor of the Bank of England, that he made his appearance on the battlefield of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington remonstrated with him on the danger he was incurring. The gentleman answered that the Duke himself ran an equal risk. "Yes," said the Duke, but I am doing my duty. He had scarcely spoken when a ball struck the rash intruder dead. There was no glory in his death: it was a melancholy failure. He was outside the sphere of his duty. The opportunity at Waterloo was not for him, but for the Duke and the men who conquered

with him. "Though a battle," said Napoleon, "may last a whole day, there are generally some ten minutes in which its issue is practically decided." And so, though life may last fifty, or sixty, or seventy years, there is always a moment when our duty is clearly presented to us, and according as we seize or neglect it, will be our success or failure. Only let us not be led astray by any fancied "opportunity," any imaginary "chance." Let us, like the Duke of Wellington, before we enter the thick of the fire, be sure that duty calls us thither.—ADAMS.

Every one has a fair turn to be as great as he pleases.—JEREMY COLLIER.

Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald: if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.—FROM THE LATIN.

Opportunity is, in respect to time, in some sense, as time is in respect to eternity: it is the small moment, the exact point, the critical minute, on which every good work so much depends.—SPRAT.

Employment.

THE Father hitherto
And His Eternal Son

Work, work, and still have work to do
With each successive sun.

Work is the law of love
Which rules the world below,
Which rules the brighter world above,
Through which like God we grow.

And so I work in awe,
As working with the Lord,
Who in the mightiness of law
Is everywhere abroad.

Who in his heart rebels
Has never ears to hear
The morning and the evening bells
In Heaven and Earth so clear.

———.

I don't believe—said the lord rector of Glasgow University to the students of that institution—I don't believe that an unemployed man, however amiable and otherwise respectable, ever was, or ever can be, really happy. As work is our life, show me what you can do, and I will show you what you are. I have spoken of love of one's work as the best preventive of merely low and vicious tastes. I will go further, and say that it is the best preservative against petty anxieties, and the annoyances that arise out of indulged self-love. Men have thought before now that they could take refuge from trouble and vexation by sheltering themselves, as it were, in a world

of their own. The experiment has often been tried, and always with one result. You can not escape from anxiety and labor—it is the destiny of humanity. . . . Those who shirk from facing trouble find that trouble comes to them. The indolent may contrive that he shall have less than his share of the world's work to do, but Nature, proportioning the instinct to the work, contrives that the little shall be much and hard to him. The man who has only himself to please finds, sooner or later, and probably sooner than later, that he has got a very hard master; and the excessive weakness which shrinks from responsibility has its own punishment too, for where great interests are excluded little matters become great, and the same wear and tear of mind that might have been at least usefully and healthfully expended on the real business of life is often wasted in petty and imaginary vexations, such as breed and multiply in the unoccupied brain.—LORD STANLEY.

I cannot too much impress upon your mind—wrote the author of Waverly to his son Charles—that *labor* is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life; there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his *ennui*. . . . As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than a field of wheat

can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is, indeed, this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labor, therefore, my dear boy, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up; but if we neglect our spring, our summers will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate.—Sir Walter Scott.

I myself — wrote a mother to her married daughter—when the children are gone out for a half-holiday, sometimes feel as stupid and as dull as an owl by daylight; but one must not yield to this, which happens more or less to all young wives. The best relief is *work*, engaged in with interest and diligence. Work, then, constantly and diligently, at something or other; for idleness is the devil's snare for small and great, as your grandfather says, and he says true. — Caroline Perthes.

Exert your talents and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness, drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is

there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do, and bark.—Dr. Johnson.

Sponge, or Fountain?

TO be forever drinking in,
And never giving out a willing drop?
Or, having stores so bountiful within,
In giving out to never stop?

Of all that have tried the *selfish experiment*, let one come forth and say he has succeeded. He that has made gold his idol—has it satisfied him? He that has toiled in the fields of ambition—has he been repayed? He that has ransacked every theatre of sensual enjoyment—is he content? Can any answer in the affirmative? Not one. And when his conscience shall ask him, and ask it will, "Where are the hungry whom you gave meat? The thirsty whom you gave drink? The stranger whom you sheltered? The naked whom you clothed? The prisoner whom you visited? The sick whom you ministered unto?" how will he feel when he must answer, "I have done none of these things,—I thought only of myself!"—Dr. Johnson.

There are those who live to do all the good they can to the bodies and to the souls of their fellow-men, to spread comfort and goodness and happiness around them, or, in a wider sphere, to promote the social, intellectual, moral and spiritual advancement of the human race. These are the elect, the true and noble heroes among men, who have entered into the inmost spirit of the Son of Man; have eaten His flesh and drank His blood; have imbibed from Him and become penetrated with that sublime enthusiasm of humanity, of which the Son of Man is the only perfect historical example. Blessed are such; and great is their success in life, wherever they work or die.—C. S. HENRY.

Home.

A DWELLING where the Lord bestows
His presence as the life and light;
And gives to poverty delight
Which wealth without Him never knows.

A little world, a world within,
Where that confusion is unknown,
Which was of old at Babel shown
When first the earth was cursed with sin.

"God's music round the common hearth."

A "Paradise Regained" on earth,
Where father, mother, husband, wife,
And love's dear pledges are one life,
God's music round the common hearth.

A fountain whence forever pour
Fair streams to gladden life beyond;
Whose healing waters correspond
To heaven's perennial endless store.

Who aims at such a home as this,
Although perfection linger long,
Attained but in his prayer and song,
Enjoys the highest earthly bliss.

———.

If ever household affections and love are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud at home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal and bear the stamp of heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a pure soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stones; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, de-

spite of toil and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.—DICKENS.

How many opportunities have we of giving delight to those who live in our domestic circle, which would be lost before we could difuse it to those who are distant from us! Our love, therefore, our desire of giving happiness, our pleasure in having given it, are stronger within the limits of this sphere of daily and hourly intercourse than beyond it. Of those who are beyond this sphere, the individuals most familiar to us are those whose happiness we must always know better how to promote than the happiness of strangers, with whose particular habits and inclinations we are little if at all acquainted.—DR. BROWN.

Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accomodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—DR. JAMES HAMILTON.

Resolve—and tell your wife of your good resolution. She will aid it all she can. Her step will be lighter and her hand will be busier all day, expecting the comfortable evening at home when you return. Household affairs will have been well attended to. A place for everything, and everything in its place, will, like some good genius,

have made even a humble home the scene of neatness, arrangement, and taste. The table will be ready at the fireside. The loaf will be one of that order which says, by its appearance, you may come and cut again. The cups and saucers will be waiting for supplies. The kettle will be singing; and the children, happy with fresh air and exercise, will be smiling in their glad anticipation of that evening meal when father is at home, and of the pleasant reading afterwards. — SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

Childhood.

I.

A LITTLE child, not more than five,
In every feature all alive,
I did around my father fling
The power and glory of a king.

And loyalty as sweet and true
As any monarch ever knew,
Bore me exceeding great reward,
My first ideal of the Lord.

As disenchanting years went by
With questionings of *how* and *why*,

And bore away so painfully
The beautiful reality,—

Doubtless, as in the outward eye,
The vision faded—did it die?
It died as dies the golden morn
When into noonday whiteness born—

For always in the school of Christ
The lower must be sacrificed—
And so it went on climbing still
And reached the fount whence came the rill,—

The sweetness of the perfect Man
Built on the old primeval plan,
With sweetness of the perfect God
Whose presence can by man be trod.

II.

A little child, not more than seven,
As pure as when just out of heaven,
Didst thou not see on earth a glory
Thou hast not found in song or story?

It was the light from heaven's portal,
Too fair for tongue or pen of mortal,
The memory of which is beauty
On all the rugged ways of duty.

But is it gone, that revelation,
Now but a far-off consolation?
If thou art one of God's true-hearted,
Be sure it has not yet departed.

Though thou hast passed through many a wildwood,
That wondrous glory of thy childhood
Now shines within thee, pure and vernal,
Because thy birthright is eternal.

And though thy years be many a seven,
Yet art thou very near to heaven,
Whose light is everywhere a glory
Unbuilded into song or story.

A child is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is Nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper, unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and entice him on with a bit of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to ex-

press his necessity. His hardest labor is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ, and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mockings of men's business. His father has writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life which he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden and but exchanged one heaven for another. — Bishop Earle.

All minds, even the dullest, remember the days of their childhood; but all cannot bring back the indescribable brightness of that blessed season. They who would know what they once were, must not merely recollect, but they must imagine, the hills and valleys—if any such there were—in which their childhood played; the torrents, the waterfalls, the lakes, the heather, the rocks, the heaven's imperial dome, the raven floating only a little lower than the eagle in the sky. To imagine what he then heard and saw, he must imagine his own nature. He must collect from many vanished hours the power of his untamed heart; and he must, perhaps, transfuse

also something of his maturer mind into those dreams of his former being, thus linking the past with the present by a continuous chain, which, though often invisible, is never broken. So it is, too, with the calmer affections that have grown within the shelter of a roof. We do not merely remember, we imagine, our father's house, the fireside, all his features, then most living, now dead and buried, the very manner of his smile, every tone of his voice. We must combine, with all the passionate and plastic power of imagination, the spirit of a thousand happy hours into one moment; and we must invest with all that we ever felt to be venerable, such an image as alone can fill our filial hearts. It is thus that imagination, which first aided the growth of all our holiest and happiest affections, can preserve them to us unimpaired,—

> "For she can bring us back the dead
> Even in the loveliest looks they wore."

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Plighted Love.

A YEAR hath rolled
On a track of gold,
Since first our vows we plighted;

Yet it seems but a day
Hath glided away,
So bright is the love we lighted.

This love we name,
This virgin flame,
O will it from clear to clearer
Till the Jasper wall
On our vision fall
As we hasten from near to nearer?

Again thy yes,
With its power to bless,
Good faries to me deliver;
And I bid them return
With a blessing I yearn
To bestow on their mistress the giver.

Love is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and nature with its generous flame.—EMERSON.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dewdrop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.—RICHTER.

Love doth seldom suffer itself to be confined by other matches than those of its own making. —Boyle.

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather the discerning of the infinite in the finite, of the ideal made real.—Carlyle.

Love, like fire, cannot subsist without continual movement; so soon as it ceases to hope and fear, it ceases to exist.—Rochefoucauld.

Love is like a painter, who in drawing the picture of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of the face.—South.

Love is better than spectacles to make everything seem great.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived, and apt to have ague fits.—Erasmus.

For the whole endeavor of both parties, during the time of courtship, is to hinder themselves from being known, and to disguise their natural temper, and real desires, in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither sees the other but in a mask, and the cheat is managed often on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to suspect that some transformation has happened on the wedding-night, and that, by a strange imposture, one has been courted and another married.

I desire you, therefore, Mr. Rambler, to question all who shall hereafter come to you with matrimonial complaints, concerning their behavior in the time of courtship, and inform them that they are neither to wonder nor repine, when a contract begun with fraud has ended in disappointment.—Dr. Johnson.

When a woman is deliberating with herself whom she shall choose of many near each other in other pretensions, certainly he of best understanding is to be preferred. Life hangs heavily in the repeated conversation of one who has no imagination to be fired at the several occasions and objects which come before him, or who cannot strike out of his own reflections new paths of pleasing discourse.—Sir Richard Steele.

The advantages, as I was going to say, of sense, beauty, and riches, are what are certainly the chief motives to a prudent young woman of fortune for changing her condition; but as she is to have her eye upon each of these, she is to ask herself whether the man who has the most of these recommendations in the lump is not the most desirable. He that has excellent talents, with a moderate estate, and an agreeable person, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good faculties may purchase riches; but riches cannot purchase worthy endowments. I do not mean that wit, and a capacity to entertain, is what should be highly valued, except it is founded on good nature and humanity. There

are many ingenious men whose abilities do little else but make themselves and those about them uneasy.—SIR. RICHARD STEELE.

Tom hinting at his dislike of some trifle his mistress had said, she asked him how he would talk to her after marriage if he talked at this rate before?—ADDISON.

Wedded Love.

OF all the blessed things below
To hint the joys above,
There is not one our hearts may know
So dear as mated love.

It walks the garden of the Lord,
It gives itself away:
To give and think not of reward
Is glory day by day.

The sweetness of eternal June
Is cradled in its flowers;
And hark! a stirring martial rune
Goes sounding through its bowers:

"The field which thou must conquer here
Is dark and broad and long;

And thou must gird thee with the cheer
Which keeps the mighty strong.

"Thou wast not meant for languid rest,
Nor dowered for base repose:
In action only art thou blest
Until the battle's close!"

And though sometimes the shadows fall,
And day is dark as night,
It bows and drinks the cup of gall,
But gives not up the fight.

For One is in the union where
The *mine* is ever *thine*,
Whose presence keeps it brave and fair,
A melody divine.

———.

Better than the best of friends is a good wife. Perhaps we should rather say that a good wife is the best of all friends. We hold it essential to a young man's success, whether his calling be that of a merchant or trader, priest, engineer, or lawyer, artist or man of letters, that he should marry well and marry early. The prejudice against early marriages seems to us to have originated in sordid motives. It is intimately connected with that selfishness, that love of outward show, and that luxurious indulgence which have corrupted our social system. It seems to be assumed that marriage must be deferred until the *man* has "sown his wild oats," in other words,

has sullied his soul by contact with the whole circle of the world's pleasures, and the *woman* can be placed at the head of an expensive household. Now we are convinced, from long observation, that an early marriage is a young man's surest guarantee of happiness. We are sure that it is his best security against temptation, and the most admirable incentive to honest and independent exertion that can be presented to him. To love a good woman is in itself a fine education: to marry her and work for her is in itself a source of the truest happiness. Early marriage sometimes turns out ill, and so do late marriages; so do all marriages which are made in an unworthy spirit or for mean purposes, which are not marriages of heart and soul and mind, but "alliances" contracted for worldly reasons or no reasons at all. It is requisite that a man, in seeking a wife, should take at least as much thought as in seeking a friend; should endeavor to know something of her temper, character, and disposition; should ascertain whether her nature will harmonize with his, and whether it be one which he can respect and admire. If it be unwise to choose a friend who falls below our own standard, much more unwise is it to choose a wife who cannot be our companion on terms of the fullest equality, who cannot share our thoughts, our aspirations, and our hopes.

Supposing a young man to have met with a maiden to whom he can unreservedly trust his

future happiness, we say that the sooner he makes her his wife the better for both of them. Let them spend in sweet and joyful union their early years of exertion and industry, and those early years will furnish them with pleasant memories to be recalled in the autumn days of life, when the battle has been fought, and, let us hope, the victory won. It is a good thing for a husband and wife to have the same past to look back upon. Again, what can be more unfair than that a man who has expended his ripe manhood in gross self-indulgence should offer his wasted, decayed, and battered nature to a young girl, with all the bloom of spring still upon her mind and heart? For it is to be observed that those who condemn early marriages condemn them only for the man and not for the woman. They do not say that a man of forty should marry a woman of the same age. No, indeed; he is free to offer himself, with all his world-weary, exhausted heart and his "handsome settlements," to maidenhood in all its freshness and all its innocence! In such a case there can seldom be any thorough sympathy, any heart-to-heart understanding, between husband and wife. Not only is the difference of years between them, but a past which they have not shared together; experiences on the husband's side wholly unknown to the wife; young hopes and aspirations on the wife's side at which the husband cannot even guess. Let him who would enter on the race of

life with reasonable anticipations of success not neglect to secure at starting not only a good friend but a good wife; he may haply dispense with the former, but for his soul's sake he cannot do without the latter. But then, he must first look upon marriage as a boon from God, to be gained from Him alone by earnest prayer, by intense repentance, and complete confession of youthful sins. "Man," says Charles Kingsley, "is a spirit animal, and, in communion with God's Spirit, has a right to believe that his affections are under that Spirit's guidance, and that when he finds in himself such an affection to any single woman as true married lovers describe theirs to be, he is bound (duty to parents and country allowing) to give himself up to his love in child-like simplicity and self-abandonment, and, at the same time, with solemn awe and self-humiliation at being thus re-admitted into the very garden of the Lord—

> "The Eden where the spirit and the flesh
> Are one again, and new-born souls walk free,
> And name in mystic language all things new,
> Naked and not ashamed."
>
> —ADAMS.

Business does but lay waste the approaches to the heart, while marriage garrisons the fortress.—SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

Matrimony hath something in it of nature, something of civility, something of divinity.—BISHOP HALL.

Marriage is an institution calculated for a con-

stant scene of as much delight as our being is capable of.—Sir Richard Steelé.

Husbands must give to their wives love, maintenance, duty, and the sweetness of conversation; and wives must pay to them all they have or can, with the interest of obedience and reverence: and they must be complicated in affections and interest, that there be no distinction between them of mine and thine.—Jeremy Taylor.

Children.

COME hither, come hither, my children five,
And gather around the cheerful hearth;
And think of the Child forever alive,
The Prince of all children in Heaven and Earth.

Come hither, come hither, my daughters four,
And tell me the tale of your sunny hearts:
It is something, no doubt, I have heard before,
For into a poem it daily starts.

Come hither, come hither, my little son,
And join in the story that must be told.
His eye has a twinkle which tells of fun;
Will it cease, I wonder, what time he grows old?

Now, Mamie, my eldest, what do you say?
I wait not the speech those eyes so well show.
Don't blush; 'tis no sin to the sweet maiden May,
And love that is silent is strongest, we know.

Well, Emma, I ween, has a tongue that can prove
How many a thing can be told in a minute.
"Yes, papa, and now when it speaks of my love,
Believe that for once it has something in it."

The little witch Jessie now takes her part
In the oft told story of fireside bliss;
And while I am folding her close to my heart,
She through my moustache finds the place for a kiss.

Wee Rachel, the last of my girls, comes next.
Her *name* makes her dearer than all the rest.
I think of a Sunday I'll make her my text,
And the sermon, I know, will be my best.

Now Jamie has something to say, no doubt,
For great is the love of an only son.
He wiggles about and at last speaks out:
"Papa, it's only a dog and a gun."

An only son? An only son?
And have I forgotten so soon the grace
Which many a loving tribute won,
The glow of another dear little face?

He does not answer my call to-night,
Just as the other children do;

But still he replies with a gleam of light,
As of one who remains forever true.

Before his brother and sisters he,
The dear little Archie, has gone to rest;
He knoweth before us the things to be;
The Father appointeth what is best.

His name was given the Daughter of Zion,
Forever and forever to keep;
Now over his bed at night Orion
Doth watch his sweet untroubled sleep.

Come nearer, come nearer, my children five,
And pray unto Heaven to keep you from harm:
Remember with me the dead is alive;
In the cradle of God he is safe and warm.

———.

Tell me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good Germans have it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall;" tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race: — to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprises and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses

the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children. — MARY HOWITT.

A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought; what on earth can be more beautiful! Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think: speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return: it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe; whether your grief is natural in proportion to your loss; whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and ingraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.—HON. MRS. NORTON.

In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is *to conquer their will.* To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting must be done at once, *and the sooner the better;* for, by neglecting timely correction, they will con-

tract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever conquered, and not without using such severity as would be as painful to me as the child. In the esteem of the world *they* pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel, parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must afterwards be broken. when the will of a child is subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked, and others mildly reproved; but no *wilful* transgression ought to be forgiven without such chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind. — Mrs. Wesley.

In books designed for children there are two extremes that should be avoided. The one, that reference to religious principles in connection with matters too trifling and undignified, arising from a well-intentioned zeal, causing a forgetfulness of the maxim whose notorious truth has

made it proverbial, "Too much familiarity breeds contempt." And the other is the contrary, and still more prevailing, extreme, arising from a desire to preserve a due reverence for religion, at the expense of its useful application in conduct. But a line may be drawn which will keep clear of both extremes. We should not exclude the association of things sacred with whatever are to *ourselves* trifling matters (for these little things are great to children), but what is viewed by *them* as trifling. Everything is great or small to the parties concerned. The private concerns of any obscure individual are very insignificant to the world at large, but they are of great importance to himself, and all worldly affairs must be small in the sight of the Most High; but irreverent familiarity is engendered in the mind of any one, then, and then only, when things sacred are associated with such as are, to him, insignificant things.—WHATELY.

Woman's Work.

THE tender devotion of woman
All fair of a heart that is human,

Becomes from its beautiful birth
The loftiest thing of the earth.

It purifies earth-lighted passions,
It burns with an ardor that fashions
And moulds to a higher resolve
The hopes that so lowly revolve.

It glows in the wife and the mother,
A fire no disaster can smother,
Remaining a symbol forever
Of Love's everlasting endeavor.

O blessed is he that has found it!
Where, where is the plummet to sound it,
The tender devotion of woman
All pure of a heart that is human!

———.

One good mother, said George Herbert, is worth a hundred school-masters. In the home she is "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation, which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." But example is far more than precept. It is instruction in action. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example, the best of precepts are but of little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach the most cowardly of vices —hypocrisy. Even children are judges of con-

sistency, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite, are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar was not worth much who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeve.

By imitation of acts, the character becomes slowly and imperceptibly, but at length decidedly formed. The several acts may seem in themselves trivial; but so are the continuous acts of daily life. Like snow-flakes, they fall unperceived; each flake added to the pile produces no sensible change, and yet the accumulation of snow-flakes makes the avalanche. So do repeated acts, one following another, at length become consolidated in habit, determine the action of the human being for good or for evil, and, in a word, form the character.

It is because the mother, far more than the father, influences the action and conduct of the child, that her good example is of so much greater importance in the home. It is easy to understand why this should be so. The home is the woman's domain—her kingdom, where she exercises entire control. Her power over the little subjects she rules there is absolute. They look up to her for everything. She is the example and model constantly before their eyes, whom they unconsciously observe and imitate.

Cowley, speaking of the influence of early example, and ideas early implanted in the mind, compares them to letters cut in the bark of a

young tree, which grow and widen with age. The impressions then made, howsoever slight they may seem, are never effaced. The ideas then implanted in the mind are like seeds dropped into the ground, which lie there and germinate for a time, afterwards springing up in acts and thoughts and habits. Thus the mother lives again in her children. They unconsciously mould themselves after her manner, her speech, her conduct, and her method of life. Her habits become theirs; and her character is visibly repeated in them.

This maternal love is the visible providence of our race. Its influence is constant and universal. It begins with the education of the human being at the outstart of life, and is prolonged by virtue of the powerful influence which every good mother exercises over her children through life. When launched into the world, each to take part in its labors, anxieties, and trials, they still turn to their mother for consolation, if not for counsel, in their time of trouble and difficulty. The pure and good thoughts she has implanted in their minds when children continue to grow up into good acts long after she is dead; and when there is nothing but a memory of her left, her children rise up and call her blessed.

It is not saying too much to aver that the happiness or misery, the enlightenment or ignorance, the civilization or barbarism of the world, depends in a very high degree upon the exercise

of woman's power within her special kingdom of home. Indeed, Emerson says, broadly and truly, that "a sufficient measure of civilization is the influence of good women." Posterity may be said to be before us in the person of the child in the mother's lap. What that child will eventually become, mainly depends upon the training and example which he has received from his first and most influential educator.

Woman, above all other educators, educates humanly. Man is the brain, but woman is the heart of humanity; he its judgment, she its feeling; he its strength, she its grace, ornament, and solace. Even the understanding of the best woman seems to work mainly through her affections. And thus, though man may direct the intellect, woman cultivates the feelings, which mainly determine the character. While he fills the memory, she occupies the heart. She makes us love what he can only make us believe, and it is chiefly through her that we are enabled to arrive at virtue.

The respective influences of the father and the mother on the training and development of character are remarkably illustrated in the life of St. Augustine. While Augustine's father, a poor freeman of Thagaste, proud of his son's abilities, endeavored to furnish his mind with the highest learning of the schools, and was extolled by the neighbors for the sacrifice he made with that object "beyond the ability of his means" — his

mother, Monica, on the other hand, sought to lead her son's mind in the direction of the highest good, and with pious care counselled him, entreated him, advised him to chastity, and amidst much anguish and tribulation, because of his wicked life, never ceased to pray for him until her prayers were heard and answered. Thus her love at last triumphed, and the patience and the goodness of the mother were rewarded, not only by the conversion of her gifted son, but also of her husband. Later in life, and after her husband's death, Monica, drawn by her affection, followed her son to Milan, to watch over him; and there she died, when he was in his thirty-third year. But it was in the earlier period of his life that her example and instruction made the deepest impression upon his mind, and determined his future character.

There are many similar instances of early impressions made upon a child's mind, springing up into good acts late in life, after an intervening period of selfishness and vice. Parents may do all that they can to develop an upright and virtuous character in their children, and apparently in vain. It seems like bread cast upon the waters and lost. And yet sometimes it happens that long after the parents have gone to their rest — it may be twenty years or more — the good precept, the good example set before their sons and daughters in childhood, at length springs up and bears fruit.

One of the most remarkable of such instances was that of the Reverend John Newton, of Olney, the friend of Cowper, the poet. It was long subsequent to the death of both his parents, and after leading a vicious life as a youth and as a seaman, that he became suddenly awakened to a sense of his depravity; and then it was that the lessons which his mother had given him when a child sprang up vividly in his memory. Her voice came to him as it were from the dead, and led him gently back to virtue and goodness.

Another instance is that of John Randolph, the American statesman, who once said: "I should have been an athiest if it had not been for one recollection—and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven!'"

But such instances must on the whole, be regarded as exceptional. As the character is biased in early life, so it generally remains, gradually assuming its permanent form as manhood is reached. "Live as long as you may," said Southey, "the first twenty years are the longest half of your life," and they are by far the most pregnant in consequence. When the worn-out slanderer and voluptuary, Dr. Wolcot, lay on his death-bed, one of his friends asked if he could do anything to gratify him. "Yes," said the dying man, "give me back my youth." Give him but that, and he would repent—he would reform. But it was all

too late! His life had become bound and enthralled by the chains of habit.

Gretry, the musical composer, thought so highly of the importance of woman as an educator of character, that he described a good mother as "Nature's *chef d'œuvre*." And he was right: for good mothers, far more than fathers, tend to the perpetual renovation of mankind, creating as they do the moral atmosphere of the home, which is the nutriment of man's moral being, as the physical atmosphere is of his corporeal frame. By good temper, sauvity, and kindness, directed by intelligence, woman surrounds the indwellers with a pervading atmosphere of cheerfulness, contentment, and peace, suitable for the growth of the purest as of the manliest natures.

The poorest dwelling, presided over by a virtuous, thrifty, cheerful, and cleanly woman, may thus be the abode of comfort, virtue and happiness; it may be the scene of every ennobling relation in family life; it may be endeared to a man by many delightful associations; furnishing a sanctuary for the heart, a refuge from the storms of life, a sweet retiring-place after labor, a consolation in misfortune, a pride in prosperity, and a joy at all times.

The good home is thus the best of schools, not only in youth but in age. There young and old best learn cheerfulness, patience, self-control and the spirit of service and of duty. Izaak Walton, speaking of George Herbert's mother, says

she governed her family with judicious care, not rigidly nor sourly, "but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline them to spend much of their time in her company, which was to her great content."

The home is the true school of courtesy, of which a woman is always the best practical instructor. "Without woman," says a Provençal proverb, "men were but ill-licked cubs." "To love the little platoon we belong to in society," said Burke, "is the germ of all public affections." The wisest and the best have not been ashamed to own it to be their greatest joy and happiness to sit "behind the heads of children" in the inviolable circle of home. A life of purity and duty there is not the least effectual preparative for a life of public work and duty; and the man who loves his home will not the less fondly love and serve his country.—SMILES.

I have never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With men it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread region of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy

of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kindly a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.—JOHN LEDYARD.

On great occasions it is almost always woman who has given the strongest proofs of virtue and devotion: the reason is, that with men good and bad qualities are in general the result of calculation, whilst in women they are impulses springing from the heart.—MONTHOLON.

In matters of affection there is always an impassable gulf between man and man. They can never quite grasp each other's hands, and therefore man never derives any intimate help, any heart-sustenance from his brother man, but from woman—his mother, his sister, or his wife.—HAWTHORNE.

Health.

"Mens sana in sano corpore"—(A sound mind is a sound body).

HEALTH is like armèd men that forward press,
Equipped with all conditions of success:
Good generalship; obedience; reserves;

Valor; endurance; faith that never swerves,
And that persistence of a mighty will
Which in defeat has power to conquer still.

Health is twofold, of body and of mind;
Unwholesome when to either one confined.
What though the mind set in a feeble frame
May glow and sparkle in a short-lived flame?
Unite the two, the mind and body strong,
All possibilities to them belong.

Guard well thy health: it is the instrument
Of life, for grand and noble uses meant;
The trusty armor of a valiant man
Strong to achieve what only heroes can;
The courage that through change and chance endures,
And every gift of Providence secures.

———.

Health is a precious thing, and the only one in truth meriting that a man should lay out, not only his time, sweat, labor, and goods, but also his life itself, to obtain it, forasmuch as without it life is injurious to us. Pleasure, wisdom, learning, and virtue without it wither away and vanish; and to the most quaint and solid discourses that philosophy would imprint in us to the contrary, we need no more but oppose the image of Plato being struck with an epilepsy or apoplexy; and in this presupposition to defy him to call the rich faculties of his soul to his assistance. All means

that conduce to health can neither be too painful nor too dear to me.—MONTAIGNE.

Health and vigor, and a happy constitution of the corporeal frame, are of absolute necessity to the enjoyments of the comforts, and to the performance of the duties, of life, and requisite in yet a greater measure to the accomplishment of anything illustrious or distinguished; yet even these, if we can judge by their apparent consequences, are sometimes not very beneficial to those on whom they are most liberally bestowed. —DR. JOHNSON.

Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes, with common diseases; strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigor, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honor and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden: but if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of the stone or the colic puts a king on the rack, and makes him as miserable as it can the meanest, the worst, and most criminal of his subjects.—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings, and secret murmurs of heart, give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humor, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm.—Addison.

In our natural body every part has a necessary sympathy with every other, and all together form, by their harmonious conspiration, a healthy whole.—Sir William Hamilton.

Health, strength, and longevity, depend upon immutable laws. There is no arbitrary interference of higher powers with them. Primarily our

parents, secondarily ourselves, are responsible for them. The providence of God is no more responsible, because the virulence of disease rises above the power of all therapeutics, or because one quarter part of the human race die before completing the age of one year,—die before completing one seventieth part of the term of existence allotted to them by the Psalmist; I say the providence of God is no more responsible for these things, than it is for picking pockets or stealing horses. . . .

Were a young man to write down a list of his duties, Health should be among the first items in the catalogue. This is no exaggeration of its value; for health is indispensable to almost every form of human enjoyment; it is the grand auxiliary of usefulness; and should a man love the Lord his God, with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, he would have ten times more heart and soul and mind and strength, to love Him with, in the vigor of health, than under the palsy of disease. Not only the amount, but the quality of the labor which a man can perform, depends upon his health. The work savors of the workman. If the poet sickens, his verse sickens; if black, venous blood flows to an author's brain, it beclouds his pages; and the devotions of a consumptive man scent of his disease as Lord Byron's obscenities smell of gin. Not only "lying lips," but a dyspeptic stomach, is an abomination to the Lord. At least in this life, so de-

"Dear Recreation claims her hour."

pendent is mind upon material organization,—the functions and manifestations of the soul upon the condition of the body it inhabits,—that the materialist hardly states the matter too strongly when he affirms that thought and passion, wit, imagination and love are only emanations from exquisitely organized matter, just as perfume is the effluence of flowers, or music the ethereal product of an Æolian harp.—HORACE MANN.

Recreation.

DEAR Recreation claims her hour
To keep the lamp of life a-trim,
Our drooping faculties in flower,
The spirit's eye from growing dim.

She calls thee to the glassy lake,
To join the merry skaters there,
Or, it may be, thy place to take
Among the singers free from care:

In spring, to stroll through woodland bowers
When birds are at their even-song;

Or pluck the beauty of the flowers,
To which all seasons may belong.

Do not deny her wise request,
Ye toilers through the busy day;
Ye valiant seekers of the best,
Turn not in weariness away.

She brings a pleasing, gentle change,
And like a schoolboy's glad recess,
In which the mind is left to range
In free and playful joyousness.

And when her season of delight
Has passed like music through the air,
We find ourselves refreshed and bright,
And once again the world is fair.

———.

There are people in the world who would, if they had the power, hang the heavens about with crape; throw a shroud over the beautiful and life-giving bosom of the planet; pick the bright stars from the sky; veil the sun with clouds; pluck the silver moon from her place in the firmament; shut up our gardens and fields, and the flowers with which they are bedecked; and doom the world to an atmosphere of gloom and cheerlessness. There is no reason or morality in this, and there is still less religion.

A benevolent Creator has endowed man with an eminent capacity for enjoyment—has set him

in a fair and lovely world, surrounded him with things good and beautiful, and given him the disposition to love, to sympathize, to help, to produce, to enjoy; and thus to become an honorable and a happy being, bringing God's work to perfection, and enjoying the divine creation in the midst of which he lives.

Make a man happy, and his actions will be happy too; doom him to dismal thoughts and miserable circumstances, and you will make him gloomy, discontented, morose, and probably vicious. Hence, coarseness and crime are almost invariably found among those who have never been accustomed to be cheerful; whose hearts have been shut against the purifying influences of a happy communion with nature, or an enlightened and cheerful intercourse with man.

Man has a strong natural appetite for relaxation and amusement, and, like all other natural appetites, it has been implanted for a wise purpose. It cannot be repressed, but will break out in one form or another. Any well-directed attempt to promote an innocent amusement is worth a dozen sermons against vicious ones. If we do not provide the opportunity for enjoying wholesome pleasures, men will certainly find out vicious ones for themselves. Sydney Smith truly said, "In order to attack vice with effect, we must set up something better in its place."

Temperance reformers have not sufficiently considered how much the drinking habits of the

country are the consequences of gross tastes, and of the too limited opportunities which exist in this country for obtaining access to amusements of an innocent and improving tendency. The workman's tastes have been allowed to remain uncultivated; present wants engross his thoughts; the gratification of his appetites is his highest pleasure; and when he relaxes, it is to indulge immoderately in beer or whiskey. The Germans were at one time the drunkenest of nations; they are now among the soberest. "As drunken as a German boor," was a common proverb. How have they been weaned from drink? Principally by education and music.

Music has a most humanizing effect. The cultivation of the art has a most favorable influence upon public morals. It furnishes a source of pleasure in every family. It gives home a new attraction. It makes social intercourse more cheerful. Father Matthew followed up his temperance movement by a singing movement. He promoted the establishment of musical clubs all over Ireland; for he felt that, as he had taken the people's whiskey from them, he must give them some wholesome stimulus in its stead. He gave them music. Singing-classes were established, to refine the taste, soften the manners, and humanize the mass of the Irish people. But we fear that the example set by Father Matthew has already been forgotten.

"What a fulness of enjoyment," says Chan-

ning, "has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed."

How much would the general cultivation of the gift of music improve us as a people! Children ought to learn it in schools, as they do in Germany. The voice of music would then be heard in every household. Our old English glees would no longer be forgotten. Men and women might sing in the intervals of their work, as the Germans do in going to and coming from their wars. The work would not be worse done, because it was done amidst music and cheerfulness. The breath of society would be sweetened, and pleasure would be linked with labor.—SMILES.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow, and his steed starve: as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates is ever mowing, never whetting; laboring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward when the scythe is so reasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening.—BISHOP HALL.

It must always be remembered that nothing can come into the account of recreation that is not done with delight.—LOCKE.

There is no position in the world more wearisome than that of a man inwardly indifferent to the amusement in which he is trying to take part. *You* can watch for game with an invincible patience, for you have the natural instinct, but after the first ten minutes on the skirts of the woods I lay my gun down and begin to botanize. Last week a friendly neighbor invited me to a boar-hunt. The boar was supposed to be in the middle of a great impenetrable plantation, and all I did during the whole morning was to sit in my saddle awaiting the exit of the beast, cantering from one point of the wood's circumference to another, as the cry of the dogs guided me. Was it pleasure? A true hunter would have found interest enough in expectation, but I felt like a man on a railway-platform who is waiting for a train that is late.—HAMERTON.

Part Fourth.

Key-Notes.

My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work.—St. John iv. 34.

What should a man desire to leave?
A flawless work, a noble life,
Some music harmonized from strife,
Some finished thing, 'ere the slack hands at eve
Drop, should be his to leave.

—F. T. Palgrave.

No man can end with being superior who will not begin with being inferior.—Sidney Smith.

—Live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.

—Tennyson.

Sacrifice and self-devotion hallow earth and fill the skies
And the meanest life is sacred whence the highest may arise.

—Lord Houghton.

He who works, and *feels* he works—he who prays and *knows* he prays—has got the secret of transforming life-failure into life-victory.

—F. W. Robertson.

Let all the rest remain a mystery, so long as the mystery of the Cross gives us faith for all the rest.—Charles Kingsley.

The Two Helpers.

A WHISPER came that all our actions bend
Little or much unto a selfish end.
What then is Charity's reward? I said.
The great in soul, by what strong impulse led,
Do they live out a life of sacrifice,
Trusting in God until they reach the skies?
And while I pondered much a just reply—
It seems their echo could not wholly die—
A mighty singer's words resounded in my ear:
The Helper yonder helps the helper here.

Goethe, thou hast proclaimed in this one line
The height, and depth, and breadth of love divine
Better than books or sermons; Charity
Weareth no other robe of mystery;
The source alike of all great thoughts and deeds,
And that on which the soul expanding feeds.
Treading our lower selves to dust, we grow
To larger sympathies, and then we know,
Castled at length in higher atmosphere,
The Helper yonder helps the helper here.

Oh, hast thou never thought, who hoardest gold,
There is a wealth thy coffers cannot hold?
Perhaps; but, Dives, thou hast never known
What blessed riches might have been thine own,
That Being who bestoweth care on all,
Who noticeth the sparrows when they fall,
Examples not to thee a selfish greed
But active sympathy for others' need,
Ringing throughout that Writ which we revere,
The Helper yonder helps the helper here.

People do show thee deference: the dower
Of cunning traffic hath obtained thee power;
Columns of marble do thy roof sustain;
Thy rooms are filled with elegance; a train
Of guests around thy banquet-table ring
Their goblets, titling thee their festive king,
And it may be that on thy soul some blight
Has fallen, shutting from thy inner sight
The mystery in which these words appear:
The Helper yonder helps the helper here.

Although thou lackest faith in tongue and pen,
Can nothing choke thee with a grand amen?
Behold this angel—not one in disguise—
Her heart grown light through weight of sacrifice;
Who bears through storm, and from a scanty
store,
A portion unto them that need it more,
Receiving pay in blessings of the poor,
And going richer, happier from their door;

"Behold this angel—not one in disguise—
Her heart grown light through weight of sacrifice;
Who bears through storm, and from a scanty store,
A portion unto them that need it more."

And tell me, if thou canst, it is not clear
The Helper yonder helps the helper here!

Heaven is thy birth-place, Charity, and he
Who entertains thee, greatest of the three
Celestial Sisters, has an angel guest
Who cheers her lonely kindred in his breast,
As we some sorrowing friend in banishment,
Whisp'ring sweet words with hope and comfort blent.
O rare reward! And have I guessed it, then,
The way thou teachest unto erring men
Thy holy message from the heavenly sphere,
The Helper yonder helps the helper here?

The souls that climb the lofty eminence
And, breathing there an inspiration, thence
Bend down to aid the lowly multitude,
Holding before their eyes the promised good,
Untiring workers for humanity,
Exemplars of a Christ-like charity,
The Wilberforces and the Howards, men
Who, with the levers of the tongue and pen,
Exalt the world—mark how they persevere;—
The Helper yonder helps such helpers here!

Those modest workers, heroes of the mind,
Who build the lofty ramparts of mankind,
Firmer than granite, and in silence wrought
Of the uncrumbling masonry of thought—
From whence the recompense which they deserve
For still more arduous tasks to give them nerve?

For such reward they look in vain to man,
Although he freely give them all he can.
This is their creed, full strong to conquer fear:
The Helper yonder helps the helper here.

And thus the faith of those meek laborers,
Whom Charity may justly claim as her's,
The faithful stewards of the mind and soul,
Who hold their course until they reach the goal
Of mortal toil, as steady as a star
Circling through yonder heavens. Such there are,
Have been and yet will be, of nobler worth
Than finds a recognition here on earth,
The brave, believing still, though want be near,
The Helper yonder helps the helper here.

Life is to labor where'er duty's voice
May call, with strength to spurn the baser choice;
And who so triumphs, angels write his name
As one deserving more than mortal fame.
The conflict is at hand! Take up thy shield,
My soul! and to whatever battle-field
Thou rangest, nerve thyself to courage there,
And, flinging scorn upon that word Despair,
Remember aye this verse of lofty cheer:
The Helper yonder helps the helper here.

———.

I cannot name this gentleman (John Howard) without remarking that his labors and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of

mankind. He has visited all Europe,—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples, not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art, not to collect medals or collate manuscripts,—but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery —a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labor is felt more or less in every country; I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail, but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner; and he has so forestalled and monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter.—BURKE.

True humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity appertains rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active endeavors to execute the actions which it suggests.—C. J. FOX.

You might have traversed the Roman empire in the zenith of its power, from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, without meeting with a single charitable asylum for the sick. Monuments of pride, of ambition, of vindictive wrath, were to be found in abundance; but not one legible record of commiseration for the poor. It was reserved for the religion whose basis is humility, and whose element is devotion, to proclaim with authority, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—ROBERT HALL.

Purity.

Unspotted from the world.—James I. 27.

AS birds that are not free
Pine for their native air,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
To make her pure and fair.

For only to the pure
Thou dost Thy vision give:
Impurity cannot endure
Within Thy sight to live.

Keep Thou my soul, O God,
"Thy vineyard of red wine:"
No longer by defilers trod,
O keep her wholly Thine.

So shall the sight of Thee
Be sweetness day by day,
And in Thy free-born Purity
Her bondage pass away.

There is a principle which is pure, placed in the human mind, which in different places and ages hath had different names; it is, however, pure and proceeds from God. It is deep and inward, confined to no forms of religion, nor excluded from any, when the heart stands in perfect sincerity. In whomsoever this takes root and grows, they become brethren.—JOHN WOOLMAN.

The stained lives. Where is the man or woman who does not know what it means? There is the most outward sort of stain—the stain upon the reputation. It is what men see as they pass us, and know us by it for one who has struggled and been worsted. What man has come to middle life, and kept so pure a name that men look at it for refreshment and courage as they pass? When we remember what a source of strength the purest reputations in the world have always been, what a stimulus and help, then we get some idea of what the world loses in the fact that almost every reputation becomes

so blurred and spotted that it is wholly unfit to be used as a light or a pattern before the man is old enough to give it any positive character or force. Then there are the stains upon our conduct, the impure and untrue acts which cross and cloud the fair surface of all our best activity. And then, far worst of all, there is the stain upon the heart, of which nobody but the man himself knows anything, but which to him gives all their unhappiness to the other stains, the debased motives, the low desires, the wicked passions of the inner life. These are the stains which we accumulate. We set out for the battle in the morning strong and clean. By and by we catch a moment in the lull of the struggle to look down upon ourselves, and how tired and how covered with dust and blood we are. How long back our first purity seems—how long the day seems sometimes—how long since we began to live. You know what stains are on your lives. Each of us knows, every man and woman, as we are here this morning. They burn to your eyes even if no neighbor sees them. They burn in the still air of the Sabbath even if we do not see them in the week. You would not think for the world that your children should grow up to the same stains that have fastened upon you. You dream for them of a "life unspotted from the world," and the very anxiety of that dream proves how you know that your own life is spotted and stained.

And that dream for the children is almost hopeless. At any rate the danger is that you will give it up by and by, and get to expecting and excusing the stains that will come upon them as they grow older. The worst thing about all this staining power of the world is the way in which we come to think of it as inevitable. We practically believe that no man can keep himself unspotted. He must accumulate his stains. Hear how much there is of this low, despairing tone on every side of us. You talk about the corruption of political life that seems to have infected the safest characters, and the answer is, "Oh, there is nothing strange about it. No man can go through that trial and not fall. No man can live years in Washington, and be wholly pure." You talk with a great many business men about some point of doubtful conventional morality, and they look at you in your professional seclusion, with something that is more than half pity. "That is all very well for you," they say, "but that will not do upon the street. I should like to see you try to apply that standard to the work I have to do to make my bread." And just so when you talk about earnestness to the mere creature of society. "It is a mere dream," the answer is, "to think that social life can be elevated and made noble. Whoever goes there must expect the spots upon the robe; and so, if he is wise, will go with robes that will show spots as little as possible,—robes as near the world's color as he is

able to procure." It is not true. Men do go through political life as pure and poor as any most retired mechanic lives and works at his bench. And there are merchants who do carry, through all the temptations of business life, the same high standards,—hands just as clean, and hearts just as tender, as they have when they pray to God or teach their little children. And social life is lighted up with the lustre of the white, unstained robes of many a pure man or woman who walks through its midst. But the spots fall so thick that it is easy for men to say, "No one can go there and escape them. It is hopeless to try and keep yourself unspotted from the world;" and then (for that comes instantly), "We are not to blame for the world's spots upon us."

I said this was the worst, but there is one worse thing still. When a man comes not merely to tolerate, but to boast, of the stains that the world has flung upon him; when he wears his spots as if they were jewels; when he flaunts his unscrupulousness and his cynicism, and his disbelief, and his heard-heartedness, in your face, as the signs and badges of his superiority; when to be innocent and unsuspicious and sensitive seems to be ridiculous and weak; when it is reputable to show that we are men of the world by exhibiting the stains that the world has left upon our reputation, our conduct, and our heart, then we understand how flagrant is the danger;

then we see how hard it must be to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. The world's stains do become matters of pride and choice. We compare ourselves with one another. We decide what claims shall be most honorable. We give conventional ranks and values to the signs of our own disgrace. It is more respectable to have learnt heartlessness from the world than to have learnt dishonesty; more honorable to have become miserly than to have become licentious. As the Jews used to establish a rank and precedence between the commandments which God had given them, so we decide which of the laws of the world, our master, it is good to keep, and which others it is good to break.

And now, in view of all this, we come to our religion. We hear St. James, as true to-day as when he wrote to those first Christians. In his unsparing words he tells us what Christianity has to say to all this state of things. "Pure religion and undefiled before God, and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." See how intolerant Religion is. She starts with what men have declared to be impossible. She refuses to bring down her standards. She insists that men must come up to her. No man is thoroughly religious, she declares, unless he does this, which it seems so hard to do, unless he goes through this world untainted, as the sunbeam goes through the mist. Religion re-

fuses to be degraded into a mere means for fulfilling the purposes of man's selfishness. She proclaims absolute standards, and will not lower them. She will not say to any man, weak and compromising with the world, "Well, your case is a hard one, and for you I waive a part of my demands. For you religion shall mean not to do this sin or that sin. These other sins, in consideration of your feebleness and temptations, I give you leave to do." Before every man, in the very thickest of the world's contagions, she stands and says, with her unwavering voice, "Come out. Be separate. Keep yourself unspotted from the world."

There is something sublime in this unsparingness. It almost proves that our religion is divine, when it undertakes for a man so divine a task. It could not sustain itself in its great claim to be from God, unless it took this high and Godlike ground, that whoever named the name of Christ must depart from all iniquity. My dear friends, our religion is not true unless it have this power in it. Unless the statesman taking it to Congress, the merchant taking it into business, the man or woman carrying it with them where they go in all their ordinary occupations and amusements, do indeed find it the power of purity and strength. We must bring our faith to this test. Unless our Christianity does this for us, it is not the true religion that St. James talked of, and that the Lord Jesus came to reveal and to bestow.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Food for the Soul.

It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone.—ST. MATTHEW IV. 4.

A TABLE in the wilderness
Is spread for thee, dear soul:
Its dainty things will not grow less,
It has no scanty dole.

There is an angel at the board
To welcome every guest,
The shining servant of the Lord
To offer thee the best.

Come near, come near, and take thy full,
If that may ever be,
And day by day grow beautiful
Till Heaven is orbed in thee.

The first red blushes of the morn,
So gentle and so calm,
Which everlasting life adorn,
Like some prophetic psalm,

Shall hint full many a blessed thing
The Master hath in store,
To satisfy thy hungering
Both now and evermore.

And do not doubt the joys of time
Are like the joys above,

Though service there be more sublime,
Since love is always love.

For Heaven has its commencement here,
Within the wilderness,
Where love begins to cast out fear
And banish loneliness;

And Christ's dear Brotherhood of Grace,
Eternal and unseen,
Is God's *shekinah* to the race,
No veil to intervene.

That hunger, which has so ruled men always, which has made them violate duty, commit great crimes, sacrifice their strongest natural affections; that need of bread, which, working steadily, has developed man into all the progress of civilization, and, working violently and spasmodically, has turned man into a brute; that need of bread, which always lies primary to the forces that control men's lives, had taken hold of this new human life of Jesus. It was a real temptation. He was genuinely an hungered. This compulsion of the lower nature has, for the first time perhaps in Him, met the compulsion of the higher nature under which He has wholly lived. Now will He yield? His whole work, our whole hope, hangs upon His decision. There was, there must have been, a real chance of His yielding. But as we look at Him, we see that He will not yield. The

old eternal joy of serving God outweighs the new temptation of the senses. It grows clear before Him that the higher life of the spirit is more precious than, is worth any sacrifice of, the lower life of the flesh. He says, "I choose." The victory is won. "Let me be hungry, but let me not disobey God."

But we see also, in this reply of Jesus, how thoroughly He had entered into and identified Himself with the humanity which he had assumed. He takes His temptation as a man. He gives His answer as a man. It is not the speech of one bringing a superior nature, clothed in superior strength, and so capable of an exceptional resistance where ordinary manhood must give way. It is not, "I, as God, must have divine sustenance, and so can do without your human food." It is, "Man shall not live by bread alone." Simply as men, we all, the poorest and the greatest of us altogether, need the life of obedience, and any sacrifice of the flesh is cheap that wins it for us. Here was the second value of the temptation of Christ. It was not only the divine Mediator preparing Himself for his task, and proving the temper of the arms with which He was to fight the battle; it was the highest, the perfect man, becoming conscious of himself, and declaring, in behalf of all humanity, the universal human necessities. "I, as man," He says, need more than bread. I must not be satisfied, I am not satisfied, with mere food for the body:

I must have truth." Humanity was tested there. Can it in this supreme specimen of it be satisfied with bread? If it can, then all these dreams, these cravings, these discontents, these importunate demands of men for spiritual things, for truth, for duty, for God, are mere chimeras. If it cannot, if this man, the best of men, says that food is not enough for man, then no man ought to be satisfied so long as he has only the mere nourishment that feeds the body. "Man shall not live by bread alone." No doubt it all seemed perfectly clear to Jesus. It was almost a truism to Him. Humanity lay perfectly open to His consciousness. Reading Himself, He read man as man never had been read by man before. He said, That is not life which bread alone can feed. Life for man means a spiritual condition which only spiritual forces can supply. Therefore, of course, man shall not live by bread alone. It is like saying that a tree cannot live merely upon water. It needs other elements which the rich earth must give. That is its nature.

And one thing more about this assertion by Christ of the higher necessities of man. He does not simply discern them in his own human consciousness. It is noticeable that He also corroborates them out of the past experience of men. He not merely sees in Himself that man cannot live at his fullest, except in obedience to God; He also discovers in the past that men

have found this out and recognized it. For, notice, His reply is a quotation: "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone." He quotes from the speech which Moses had made to the people of Israel, after they had crossed the desert, and when they were just about to enter the Promised Land. He says, Moses found out there in his desert what I have found here in my wilderness. He wrote it down, and here I find it true. So He appeals to experience. He strengthens His own present conciousness by the assurance that other men have known the same; that it has always been true. As He had said before, It is not something which belongs to me in my exceptional divine nature, but it belongs to all men; so he says now, It is not true only in these special, temporary conditions; it has always been true. The best and most human men have always known it,—that man was soul as well as body, and that he did not really live unless he had not merely bread for the body, but truth and duty, God's word, for the soul.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Temptation.

TEMPTATION everywhere
Besets our life below:
For still the devil spreads his snare,
And when we do not know.

Our selfishness is great:
The bait is fair to see;
And if we in its presence wait—
Who gains the victory?

There is a still small voice
That speaks to every heart:
On hearing, make an instant choice,
And from the bait depart.

Or else thy sword unsheath,
That blade divine and strong,
And smite and tread the lure beneath,
Where all such things belong.

Whoever yields to temptation debases himself with a debasement from which he can never arise. This, indeed, is the calamity of calamities, the bitterest dreg in the cup of bitterness. Every unrighteous act tells with a thousand fold more force upon the actor than upon the sufferer. The false man is more false to himself than to

any one else. He may despoil others, but himself is the chief loser. The world's scorn he might sometimes forget, but the knowledge of his own perfidy is undying. The fire of guilty passions may torment whatever lies within the circle of its radiations; but fire is always hottest at the center, and that center is the profligate's own heart. A man can be wronged and live; but the unresisted, unchecked impulse to do wrong is the first and the second death. The moment any one of the glorious faculties with which God has endowed us is abused or misused, that faculty loses, forever, a portion of its delicacy and its energy. Physiology teaches us that all privation and all violence suffered by our physical system, before birth, impairs the very stamina of our constitution, and sends us into the world, so far shorn of the energies, and blunted in the fineness of the perceptions, we should otherwise possess. So every injury we inflict upon our moral nature, in this life, must dull, forever and ever, our keen capacities of enjoyment, though in the midst of infinite bliss, and weaken our power of ascension where virtuous spirits are ever ascending. It must send us forward into the next stage of existence maimed and crippled, so that however high we may soar, our flight will be less lofty than it otherwise would have been, and however exquisite our bliss, it will always be less exquisitely blissful than it was capable of being. Every instance of

violated conscience, like every broken string in a harp, will limit the compass of its music, and mar its harmonies forever. Tremble, then, and forbear, oh man! when thou wouldst forget the dignity of thy nature and the immortal glories of thy destiny, for if thou dost cast down thine eyes to look with complacency upon the tempter, or lend thine ear to listen to his seductions, thou dost doom thyself to move for ever and ever through inferior spheres of being; thou dost wound and dim the very organ, with which alone thou canst behold the splendors of eternity.—HORACE MANN.

Temptations in the Wilderness! Have we not all to be tried with such? Not so easily can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed. Our Life is compassed round with Necessity; yet is the meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom, than Voluntary Force: thus have we warfare; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Well-doing*, lies mysteriously written, in Promethean, Prophetic Characters, in our hearts; and leaves no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve,—must not there be a confusion, a contest, before the better Influence can become the upper?

To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish,—should be carried of the Spirit unto grim Solitudes, and there fronting the Tempter do grimmest battle with him, defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly. Name it as we choose: with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness, — to such Temptation are we all called. Unhappy if we are not! Unhappy if we are but Half-men, in whom that divine handwriting has never blazed forth, all-subduing in true sun-splendor; but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights: or smoulders, in dull pain, in darkness, under earthly vapors!—Our Wilderness is the wide World in an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting: nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to preserve therein while life or faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes — of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only!— CARLYLE.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the

beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. Like the sudden, sharp cry of Fire! in the night, it should rouse us to instantaneous activity, and brace every muscle to its highest tension.—HORACE MANN.

Set a pleasure tempting, and the hand of the Almighty visibly prepared to take vengeance, and tell whether it be possible for people wantonly to offend against the law.—LOCKE.

Every man living shall assuredly meet with an hour of temptation, a certain critical hour, which shall more especially try what mettle his heart is made of.—SOUTH.

He that with his Christian armor manfully fights against and repels the temptations and assaults of his spiritual enemies, he that keeps his conscience void of offense, shall enjoy peace here and forever.—RAY.

In time of temptation be not busy to dispute, but rely upon the conclusion, and throw yourself upon God, and contend not with Him, but in prayer.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Reflect upon a clear, unblotted, acquitted conscience, and feed upon the ineffable comforts of the memorial of a conquered temptation.—SOUTH.

Every Christian is endued with a power whereby he is enabled to resist and conquer temptation.—TILLOTSON.

The Angel of Prayer.

SOMETIMES when the future grows dark
And frowns with the gloom of despair,
I lose the one beautiful mark
Which gleamed in the bright sunny air.

And oh! in the darkness I grope
And mourn for the lost and the fair,
Until, in the dawning of hope,
I meet with the Angel of Prayer:

That Angel of prayer who of old
Gave Jacob the courage to dare
The might of a foe that was bold,
And lifted his burden of care.

And that which was lost in the night,
I find in the firmament, where
It glows in the beautiful light,
And faster I climb to it there.

Our strong crying and tears in effort which has never reached its earthly end, our long and unrewarded toil of love and knowledge, are not lost in us. They are in reality latent powers in the soul, which in an undefective world will become strength of thought and ease of attainment. As the forces of the sunlight stored up in the

vegetation of the coal break forth again millions of years afterwards to cheer a happy fireside at Christmas time with light and heat, so the stored up force of our endurance will manifest itself as passionate joy under new conditions of being. Nay, we may even measure the hidden force of life within us by the depth of our sorrow.

This is the answer we may give ourselves when the increase of spiritual or mental knowledge has deepened in us, in a transient passage of melancholy, the pain of the contrast between the hopes of youth and the toil of manhood.

But if such a melancholy were to continue, —if, as some do, we cherish retrospect and find our only pleasure in remembering what we were, in continually wailing over dead ideals, —then the answer is sharper and sterner. It is given in the results which this unmanly melancholy brings. We become useless, dreamy, slothful men; we become indifferent to the great interests of the Present because we are absorbed in the Past. We cease to grow, because we are isolated in self; and he who ceases to grow goes back slowly into the realm of nothingness and death. We are a dead weight on the progress of the world. Our idleness is an injury to the race; and the race rejects and despises us. Then our melancholy, face to face with this contempt, changes its nature; its dainty sweetness

departs, and is succeeded by the coarse sourness of an old age of scorn.

That is the stern reply of law to the man who indulges in the continued melancholy of retrospect, to whom added knowledge has only brought despair of the future.

It is unmanliness to linger thus among the tombs. Christ calls us to a higher thought of life. Let dead ideals bury themselves, He says; come away from them and follow Me; there are other ideals in front, better and larger than the past. St. Paul accepts and realizes the whole position. 'When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.' There is no unmanly retrospect in that, neither is there any depreciation of childhood. It had its own ways, they were good then — it was a joyful time, that too was good—but to wish it back again, except for a moment, were unworthy. Manhood brings nobler work, higher duties; and the child-life and youth are to be put away forever. Nor was this said by one who did not feel the weight of the trouble which besets manhood. For he goes on: 'Now, we see through a glass darkly'—'now we know in part.' But, observe, the pain does not send him back for comfort, but forward. He steps out of a barren melancholy, being the possessor of an earnest faith and a saving hope. The time is coming when we shall see face to face, when we shall

know as we are known: indistinct knowledge which bringeth sorrow, partial knowledge which itself is grief, shall vanish in clear light of perfect truth, in completed knowledge, and clearness and completion are faultless joy. It is the one inspiring element of Christianity that it throws us in boundless hope upon the future and forbids us to dwell in the poisonous shadows of the past. A new and better growth is before us, a fresher, a diviner, a more enthusiastic life awaits us. We are to wake up satisfied in the likeness of Christ, the ever-young Humanity. Therefore, forgetting those things which are behind, let us press forward unto the mark of the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Tribulation.

WHO escapeth tribulation
In this sad and joyful world?
Who, to bring humiliation,
Has no blows upon him hurled?

Providence is like a father
Who corrects a wayward child,

Lest the clouds of judgment gather
Over one that is defiled.

Better now the wise assurance
That the sorrow soon will pass,
Than the grief of long endurance
And the bitter cry Alas!

Better now the brief chastisement
And the light that follows fast,
Than the doom with no revisement
And the darkness never past.

———.

I find two sad etymologies of tribulation. One from *tribulus*, a three-forked thorn, which intimates that such afflictions which are as full of pain and anguish to the soul, as a thorn thrust into a tender part of the flesh is unto the body, may properly be termed tribulations.

The other, from *tribulus*, the head of a flail, or flagel, knaggy and knotty (made commonly, as I take it, of a thick, black thorn), and then it imports that afflictions, falling upon us as heavy as the flail threshing the corn, are styled tribulations.

I am in a strait which deduction to embrace, from the sharp or from the heavy thorn. But which is the worst, though I may choose whence to derive the word, I cannot choose so as to decline the thing, "I must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

Therefore, I will labor not to be like a young colt first set to plough, which more tires himself out with his misspent mettle than with the weight of what he draws; and will labor patiently to bear what is imposed upon me.—THOMAS FULLER.

Gilead.

IS there balm in Gilead?
Is there any physician there?
Is there any ease from my pain to be had?
Is there aught to be found that is fair?

Can I from myself escape,
Where demons upon me stare?
And, if I outwit the stormy cape,
Is Elysium anywhere?

For my soul is aghast at sin,
Crying day and night, Beware!
And praying for Joy to arise within
To hide the face of Despair.

A gracious answer came back
To these questions I could not forbear,
The while I turned on my wayward track
And breathed the celestial air:

"Is there balm in Gilead?
Is there any physician there?
Is there any ease from my pain to be had?
Is there ought to be found that is fair?"

A breath that came down from above
And gave me the heart to dare
To believe and confess that God is love,
And commit myself to His care.

———.

Fichte and Carlyle proclaim rightly that there is grandeur in noble sorrow; it is ill with him who is incapable of spiritual anguish, even lofty despair. That very pain is a proof of devotion to truth; as the keenness of the slighted lover's distress tests the depth of his affection. Better bow before a veiled Isis than care not whether the Divine can be known at all!

But for him who doubts sincerely, and will nowise fail from his faith in truth itself, there may be ordained the breaking forth of a great glory of deliverance and of dawn. True it is, his doubt is to be hated, and he can never fairly take the road until it is no more. But the brightness of the morning may be proportioned to the length and darkness of the night. The over-wearied dove long winged its aimless way, over an earth that was but one wide waste of waters, under a streamy and darkened sky; and now its tired pinions flapped heavily, the heart within had almost failed, the last ray of hope was fading from the eye; but even then the olive twig emerged, and from a rift in the thick cloud a beam of light fell on the fainting breast, and gradually the earth again unveiled her face, and the triumphant embrace of the returning light kindled

a glory which eclipsed all other dawns. Need we apply the parable?—PETER BAYNE.

Affliction.

O THOU that long hast sought a benediction,
And mourned because it seemed to flee,
Dost know that in the Furnace of Affliction
The Lord hath chosen thee?

Be still, and look upon the Lord and Saviour!
Thy grief to peace and joy will grow
What time the current of His great behavior
Shall through thy being flow.

For so He teaches men on earth are sainted,
Whose life is duty everywhere,
Until they seem as those no more acquainted
With any cross they bear.

And all thy life, however full of sorrow,
Thou mayest follow in His train,
And wear to-day and in the grand to-morrow
The majesty of Pain.

———.

Suffering is doubtless as divinely appointed as Joy, while it is much more influential as a dis-

cipline of character. It chastens and sweetens the nature, teaches patience and resignation, and promotes the deepest as well as the most exalted thought.

> "The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Suffering may be the appointed means by which the highest nature of man is to be disciplined and developed. Assuming happiness to be the end of being, sorrow may be the indispensible condition through which it is to be reached. Hence St. Paul's noble parables descriptive of the Christian life, "As chastened and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

Even pain is not all painful. On one side it is related to suffering, and on the other to happiness. For pain is remedial as well as sorrowful. Suffering is a misfortune, as viewed from one side, and a discipline as viewed from the other. But for suffering, the best part of many men's nature would sleep a deep sleep. Indeed, it might almost be said that pain and sorrow were the indispensable conditions of some men's success, and the necessary means to evoke the highest development of their genius. Shelley has said of poets:

> "Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong,
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Does anyone suppose that Burns would have sung as he did had he been rich, respectable, and "kept a gig;" or Byron, if he had been a prosperous Lord Privy Seal or Postmaster-General?

Sometimes a heart-break rouses an impassive nature to life. "What does he know," said a sage, "who has not suffered?" When Dumas asked Reboul, "What made you a poet?" his answer was, "Suffering!" It was the death, first of his wife, and then of his child, that drove him into solitude for the indulgence of his grief, and eventually led him to seek and find relief in verse. It was also to a domestic affliction that we owe the beautiful writings of Mrs. Gaskell. "It was as a recreation, in the highest sense of the word," says a recent writer, speaking from personal knowledge, "as an escape from the great void of a life from which a cherished presence had been taken, that she began that series of exquisite creations which has served to multiply the number of our acquaintances and to enlarge even the circle of our friendships."

Much of the best and most useful work done by men and women has been done amidst affliction—sometimes as a relief from it, sometimes from a sense of duty overpowering personal sorrow. "If I had not been so great an invalid," said Dr. Darwin to a friend, "I should not have done nearly so much work as I have been able to accomplish." So Dr. Donne, speaking of his illness, once said: "The advantage you and my

other friends have by my frequent fevers is, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of Heaven; and by the solitude and close imprisonment they reduce me to, I am so much the oftener at my prayers, in which you and my other dear friends are not forgotten."

Schiller produced his greatest tragedies in the midst of physical suffering almost amounting to torture. Handel was never greater than when, warned by palsy of the approach of death, and struggling with distress and suffering, he sat down to compose the great works which have made his name immortal in music. Mozart composed his great operas, and last of all his "Requiem," when oppressed by debt, and struggling with a fatal disease. Beethoven produced his greatest works amidst gloomy sorrow, when oppressed by almost total deafness. And poor Schubert, after his short but brilliant life, laid it down at the early age of thirty-two; his sole property at his death consisting of his manuscripts, the clothes he wore, and sixty-three florins in money. Some of Lamb's finest writings were produced amidst deep sorrow; and Hood's apparent gayety often sprang from a suffering heart. As he himself wrote:

> "There's not a string attuned to mirth,
> But has its chord in melancholy."

Again, in science, we have the noble instance of the suffering Wollaston, even in the last stages of the mortal disease which afflicted him, devot-

ing his numbered hours to putting on record, by dictation, the various discoveries and improvements he had made, so that any knowledge he had acquired calculated to benefit his fellow-creatures might not be lost.

Afflictions often prove but blessings in disguise. "Fear not the darkness," said the Persian sage; it "conceals perhaps the springs of the waters of life." Experience is often bitter, but wholesome, only by its teaching can we learn to suffer and be strong. Character, in its highest forms, is disciplined by trial, and "made perfect through suffering." Even from the deepest sorrow the patient and thoughtful mind will gather richer wisdom than pleasure ever yielded. — SMILES.

Consider that sad accidents and a state of affliction is a school of virtue. It reduces our spirits to soberness, and our counsels to moderation; it corrects levity, and interrupts the confidence of sinning. . . . God, who in mercy and wisdom governs the world, would never have suffered so many sadnesses, and have sent them, especially, to the most virtuous and the wisest men, but that he intends they should be the seminary of comfort, the nursery of virtue, the exercise of wisdom, the trial of patience, the venturing for a crown, and the gate of glory. — JEREMY TAYLOR.

The time of sickness or affliction is like the cool of the day to Adam, a season of peculiar

propriety for the voice of God to be heard; and may be improved into a very advantageous opportunity of begetting or increasing spiritual life. — HAMMOND.

What is it that promotes the most and the deepest thought in the human race? It is not learning; it is not the conduct of business; it is not even the impulse of the affections. It is suffering; and that, perhaps, is the reason why there is so much suffering in the world. The angel who went down to trouble the waters and to make them healing, was not perhaps, entrusted with so great a boon as the angel who benevolently inflicted upon the sufferers the disease from which they suffered.— SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

A consideration of the benefit of afflictions should teach us to bear them patiently when they fall to our lot, and to be thankful to Heaven for having planted such barriers around us, to restrain the exuberance of our follies and our crimes.

Let these sacred fences be removed; exempt the ambitious from disappointment, and the guilty from remorse; let luxury go unattended with disease, and indiscretion lead into no embarrassments or distresses; our vices would range without control, and the impetuosity of our passions have no bounds; every family would be filled with strife, every nation with carnage, and a deluge of calamities would break in upon us which would produce more misery in a year than is in-

flicted by the hand of Providence in a lapse of ages.— ROBERT HALL.

Reformation.

Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.— GALATIANS, v. 16.

THE house that was so tarnished
By all that is unclean,
At length is swept and garnished,
And yet no guest is seen.
Oh house that art terrestrial,
Thou canst not empty be!
Hast thou no guest celestial,
Alas, alas for thee!

The house that was so tarnished
By all that is unclean,
At length is swept and garnished,
And many a guest is seen.
Oh house, that art terrestrial,
Though foes are everywhere,
Thy guests that are celestial
Will keep thee pure and fair.

The poets fable that this was one of the labors imposed on Hercules, to make clean the

Augean stable, or stall rather, for therein, they said, were kept three thousand kine, and it had not been cleansed for thirty years together. But Hercules, by letting the river Alpheus into it, did that with ease which before was conceived impossible. This stall is the pure emblem of my impure soul, which hath been defiled with millions of sins, for more than thirty years together. Oh, that I might by a lively faith, and unfeigned repentance, let the stream of that fountain into my soul, "which is opened for Judah and Jerusalem." It is impossible by all my pains to purge out my uncleanness, which is quickly done by the rivulet of the blood of my Saviour.— THOMAS FULLER.

Lord, I read of my Saviour that when He was in the wilderness, "then the devil leaveth Him, and behold angels came and ministered unto Him." A great change in a little time. No twilight betwixt night and day. No purgatory condition betwixt hell and heaven; but instantly, when out devil, in angel. Such is the case of every solitary soul. It will make company for itself. A musing mind will not stand neuter a minute, but presently side with legions of good or bad thoughts. Grant, therefore, that my soul, which ever will have some, may never have bad company.— THOMAS FULLER.

There are two ways of dealing with every vice that troubles us, in either ourselves or others. One is to set to work directly to destroy the

vice; that is the negative way. The other is to bring in as overwhelmingly as possible the opposite virtue, and so to crowd and stifle and drown out the vice; that is the positive way. Now there can be no doubt about St. Paul. Here comes his poor Galatian fighting with his lust of the flesh. How shall he kill it? St. Paul says not, "Do as few fleshly things as you can," setting him out on a course of repression; but, "Do just as many spiritual things as you can," opening before him the broad gate of a life of positive endeavor. And when we have thoroughly comprehended the difference of those two methods, and seen how distinctly St. Paul chose one instead of the other, we have laid hold on one of the noblest characteristics of his treatment of humanity, one that he gained most directly from his Lord. I should despair of making any one see the distinction who did not know it in his own experience. Everywhere the negative and the positive methods of treatment stand over against each other, and men choose between them. Here is a man who is beset by doubts, perhaps about the very fundamental truths of Christianity. He may attack all the objections in turn, and at last succeed in proving that Christianity is not false. That is negative. Or he may gather about him the assurance of all that his religion has done and sweep away all his doubts with the complete conviction that Christianity is true.

A man has a grudge against you, inveterate and strong. You may attack his special grievance and try to remove it; or you may try not to show him that you meant him no harm, but by laborious kindness that you mean him every good, and so soften his obstinacy. A church is full of errors and foolish practices. It is possible to attack those follies outright, showing conclusively how foolish they are; or it is possible, and it is surely better, to wake up the true spiritual life in that church, which shall itself shed those follies and cast them out, or at least rob them of their worst harmfulness.

It is strange how far and wide this necessity of choosing between the positive and negative method of treatment runs. In matters of taste, for instance, there are two distinct ways of trying to perfect the tasteful man. One is by the repression of what is in bad taste; the other is by the earnest fostering of what is good,—the method of repression and the method of stimulus. And everybody knows that no great effect of human genius was ever yet produced except in the latter, larger way. A cold and hard and limited correctness, a work "faultily faultless," weak and petty and timid, is all that the other methods make. For, whether in manners or in art, that which appears at first as coarseness is very often the strength of the whole work. To repress it for its coarseness is to make the whole feeble while we make it

fine. To keep its strength and fill its strength with fineness, this is the positive method of the truest taste.

We are witnessing constantly the application of the same principle to the matter of reform, the breaking up of bad habits in an individual or in a community. All prohibitory measures are negative. That they have their use no one can doubt. That they have their limits is just as clear. He who thinks that nothing but the moral methods for the prevention of intemperance and crime can do the work is a mere theorist of the closet and knows very little about the actual state of human nature. But, on the other hand, the man who thinks that any strictest system of prohibition, most strictly kept in force, could permanently keep men from drink, or any other vice, knows little of human nature either. That nature is too active and too live to be kept right by mere negations. You cannot kill any one of its appetites by merely starving it. You must give it its true food, and so only can you draw it off from the poison that it covets. Here comes in the absolute necessity of providing rational and cheap amusements for the people whom our philanthropists are trying to draw off from the tavern and the gambling-house. Pictures, parks, museums, libraries, music, a healthier and happier religion, a brighter, sunnier tone to all our life, — these are the positive powers which must come in with every form of prohibition and restraint

before our poorer people can be brought to lead a sensible and sober life. Look at the lives that our rich people live. It is not any form of prohibition, legal or social, that keeps them from disgusting and degrading vice. It is the fulness of their lives, the warmth, glow, comfort and abundance of their homes, the occupation of their minds, the positive and not the negative, the interest and plenty which the poor man never knows. Before you or I dare blame him or despise him, we must, in imagination, empty our lives like his, and ask what sort of people we should be in the squalor of his garret, and the comfortlessness and hopelessness of a lot like his.

We see the same principle, the superiority of the positive to the negative, constantly illustrated in matters of opinion. How is it that people change their opinions, give up what they have steadfastly believed, and come to believe something very different, perhaps its very opposite? I think we all have been surprised, if we have thought about it, by the very small number of cases in which men deliberately abandon positions because those positions have been disproved and seem to them no longer tenable. And even when such cases do occur, the effect is apt to be not good, but bad. The man abandons his disproved idea, but takes no other in its stead; until, in spite of their better judgment, many good men have been brought to feel that, rather than use the power of mere negation and turn the be-

liever in an error into a believer in nothing, they would let their friend go on believing his falsehood, since it was better to believe something, however stupidly, than to disbelieve everything, however shrewdly. But what then? How do men change their opinions? Have you not seen? Holding still their old belief, they come somehow into the atmosphere of a clearer and a richer faith. That better faith surrounds them, fills them, presses on them with its own convincingness. They learn to love it, long to receive it, try to open their hands and hearts just enough to take it in and hold it along with the old doctrine which they have no idea of giving up. They think they are holding both. They persuade themselves that they have found a way of reconciling the old and the new, which have been thought irreconcilable. Perhaps they go on thinking so all their lives. But perhaps some day something startles them, and they awake to find that the old is gone, and that the new opinion has become their opinion by its own positive convincing power. There has been no violence in the process, nor any melancholy gap of infidelity between. . . .

It seems to me that there is something so sublimely positive in Nature. She never kills for the mere sake of killing; but every death is but one step in the vast weaving of the web of life. She has no process of destruction which, as you turn it to the other side and look at it in

what you know to be its truer light, you do not see to be a process of construction. She gets rid of her wastes by ever new plans of nutrition. This is what gives her such a courageous, hopeful, and enthusiastic look, and makes men love her as a mother and not fear her as a tyrant. They see by small signs, and dimly feel, this positiveness of her workings which it is the glory of natural science to reveal more and more. — PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which if destroyed and consumed upon the place where they grow, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there. — SWIFT.

He that is deeply engaged in vice is like a man laid fast in a bog, who by a faint and lazy struggle to get out does but spend his strength to no purpose, and sinks himself the deeper into it: the only way is by a resolute and vigorous effort to spring out, if possible, at once. When men are sorely urged and pressed, they find a power in themselves which they thought they had not. — TILLOTSON.

Reform, like charity, must begin at home. Once well at home, how will it radiate outwards, irrepressible, into all that we touch and handle, speak and work; kindling ever new light by incalculable contagion, spreading, in geometric ratio,

far and wide, doing good only wherever it spreads, and not evil. — CARLYLE.

Though few men are likely to be called on to take part in the reformation of any public institutions, yet there is no one of us but what ought to engage in the important work of *self*-reformation, and according to the well-known proverb, "If each would sweep before his own door, we should have a clean street." Some may have more, and some less, of dust and other nuisances to sweep away; some of one kind, and some of another. But those who have the least to do have something to do; and they should feel it an encouragement to do it, that they can so easily remedy the beginnings of small evils before they have accumulated into a great one. Begin reforming, therefore, *at once: proceed* in reforming steadily and cautiously, and *go on* reforming forever. — WHATELY.

The Seven Words from the Cross.

GREAT words of love He spoke,
And each an impulse woke,
Which through successive ages runs
And broadens with the suns.

Great words of love were heard,
Which many a bosom stirred,
And more and more each circling year
Have bowed the heart to hear.

Great words of love come down
Through ages of renown!
The blessed burden that they bear
Hath nothing here more fair.

Such words of love to men
May never be again.
Help me, as with their spirit shod,
To do Thy work, O God.

The seven dying words of our Lord from the Cross are usually arranged in the following order:

I. *Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.*—St. Luke xxiii. 34.

II. *Woman, behold thy son! . . Behold thy mother!*—St. John xix. 26, 27.

III. *Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.*—St. Luke xxiii. 43.

IV. *My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*—St. Matthew xxvii. 46; St. Mark xv. 34.

V. *I thirst.*—St. John xix. 28.

VI. *It is finished.*—St. John xix. 30.

VII. *Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit.*—St. Luke xxiii. 46.

It is hoped that from these Great Words, in connection with the seven subjects which have been suggested by them, the reader will derive much to teach him both how to live and how to die.— ——

Forgiveness.

Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.
ST. LUKE xxiii. 34.

O SINFUL heart of mine,
To melt thee, Love Divine
Spoke from the Cross the grandest word
The world has ever heard.

It was the soul of Love
Outspanning Heaven above,
Divine elixir of the world,
In Jesus' heart impearled.

From Jesus' heart it flowed
To seek a new abode
In many a sinful heart, like mine,
Which it would make divine.

Dost know this word Forgive!
Through which true life to live?

If not, then Heaven will be too bright
For thine unhallowed sight!

———.

Alas! If my best Friend, who laid down His Life for me were to remember all the instances in which I have neglected Him, and to plead them against me in judgment, where should I hide my guilty head in the day of recompense? I will pray, therefore, for blessings upon my friends, even though they cease to be so, and upon enemies, though they continue such.—COWPER.

Tell us, ye men who are so jealous of right and of power, who take sudden fire at every insult, and suffer the slightest imagination of another's contempt, or another's unfairness, to chase from your bosom every feeling of complacency; ye men whom every fancied affront puts in such a turbulence of emotion, and in whom every fancied infringement stirs up the quick and the resentful appetite for justice, how will you stand the rigorous application of that test by which the forgiven of God are ascertained, even that the spirit of forgiveness is in them, and by which it will be pronounced, whether you are, indeed the children of the Highest, and perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect?—DR. CHALMERS.

It is in vain for you to expect, it is impudent for you to ask of God forgiveness on your own behalf, if you refuse to exercise this forgiving temper with respect to others.—BISHOP HOADLY.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.—LORD HERBERT.

Whoever is really brave has always this comfort when he is oppressed, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him, by forgiving it.—POPE.

The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions; Cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave — it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, and above all the little temptations of resisting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.—STERNE.

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation: our weaknesses are thus indemnified, and are not too costly, being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness; and the archangel who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl. — RICHTER.

The duty of Christian forgiveness does not

require you, nor are you allowed, to look on injustice, or any other fault, with indifference, as if it were nothing wrong at all, merely because it is you that have been wronged.

But even where we cannot but censure, in a moral point of view, the conduct of those who have injured us, we should remember that such treatment as may be very fitting for them to receive may be very unfitting for us to give. To cherish, or to gratify, haughty resentment, is a departure from the pattern left to us by Him who "endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself," not to be justified by any offence that can be committed against us. And it is this recollection of Him who, faultless Himself, designed to leave us an example of meekness and long-suffering, that is the true principle and motive of Christian forgiveness. We shall best fortify our patience under injuries by remembering how much we ourselves have to be forgiven, and that it was "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Let the Christian, therefore, accustom himself to say of anyone who has greatly wronged him, That man *owes me an hundred pence.* An old Spanish writer says, "To return evil for good is devilish; to return good for good is human; but to return good for evil is Godlike." — WHATELY.

Sympathy.

Woman, behold thy son! Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! — St. John xix. 26, 27.

GREAT, great was Mary's dole,
A sword had pierced her soul!
But lo, a word of tenderness
Illumined her distress.

Out of the heart of Christ
The word that has sufficed
Ten thousand times to soften loss,
Was spoken from the Cross.

My soul! the sympathy
That crowns humanity
Flows ever from the Saviour's heart;
And though all hope depart

Of other help and cheer,
Still through the darkness here
There shines a more than earthly light
To glorify the night.

———.

Where shall we meet together, but where Christ is? What shall be our bond of union, but by the Cross? It is from His Cross that this grace flows of fidelity, of mutual love, and patience. Virgin purity is there in the blessed Mother; and in the wife of Cleopas the married

state; and penitence in Mary Magdalene; and Divine love in St. John,—that in these may be represented the fulness of the Church in mutual aid and one heart united. And thee, O Blessed among women, the Divine word of prophecy hath there found. He has become "a sign to be spoken against," as foretold, and the "sword is in thine own soul;" but there is to be learned at the foot of the Cross resignation to the Divine will, and in deepest agonies the Will of God made to be our will. And there, too, even now is comfort; for from whence He says, *Behold thy son!* He is our elder Brother; from henceforth we are as brethren, born, as it were, of one and the same mother, and His Father becomes our Father. By His Cross we are all made one. There, where we are gathered together in His name, is He in the midst of us, and speaking to us from the Cross. O, what a lively emblem is this of Christian united worship, when all the world speak another language, and look on from afar with other eyes, not ashamed of Christ Crucified, to hear His still small voice speaking to us from His Altar of the Cross! When the tempest, and the earthquake, and the fire have ceased; when the rage, and the tumult, and the fierce flame of persecution hath been lulled, with this last dying voice He speaks to us, exhorting us to love one another, as He hath loved us; and that he that doeth the will of God shall be to Him

as brother, and sister, and mother. — ISAAC WILLIAMS.

When I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty that I should taste but very little pleasure could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty and success that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as vested in himself and in his own private property. By this means every man that does himself any real service, does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties and distresses.—ADDISON.

Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or pleasure of some kind, let the subject-matter be what it will; and as our Creator has designed that we should be

united by the bond of sympathy, He has strengthened that bond by a proportionable delight; and these where our sympathy is most wanted,—in the distresses of others. If this passion be simply painful, we should shun with the greatest care all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind: there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight. This is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer; and all this is antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes without our concurrence.—BURKE.

Every man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy; a friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river, and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Sirian star; but two torches do not divide but increase the flame:

and though my tears are the sooner dried up when they run on my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp we unite the glories and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions. and confederations of light and joy. — JEREMY TAYLOR.

Let us cherish sympathy. By attention and exercise it may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impressions of virtue: and without it there can be no true politeness. Nothing is more odious than that insensibility which wraps a man up in himself and his own concerns, and prevents his being moved with either the joys or the sorrows of another. — BEATTIE.

We must not make too much of sympathy, as mere feeling. We do in things spiritual as we do with hot-house plants. The feeble exotic, beautiful to look at, but useless, has costly sums spent on it. The hardy oak, a nation's strength, is permitted to grow, scarcely observed, in the fence and copses. We prize feeling, and praise its possessor. But feeling is only a sickly exotic in itself, —a passive quality, having in it nothing moral— no temptation, and no victory. A man is no more a good man for having feeling than he is for having a delicate ear for music, or a far-seeing optic nerve. The Son of Man had feeling; He could be "touched." The tear would start

from His eyes at the sight of human sorrow. But that sympathy was no exotic in His soul, beautiful to look at, too delicate for use. Feeling with Him led to this: "He went about doing good." Sympathy with Him was this: "Grace to help in time of need." . . .

He who would sympathize must be content to be tried and tempted. There is a hard and boisterous rudeness in our hearts by nature, which requires to be softened down. We pass by suffering gayly, carelessly; not in cruelty, but unfeelingly, just because we do not know what suffering is. We wound men by our looks and our abrupt expressions without intending it, because we have not been taught the delicacy, and the tact, and the gentleness, which can only be learnt by the wounding of our own sensibilities. There is a haughty feeling in uprightness which has never been on the verge of fall, that requires humbling. There is an inability to enter into difficulties of thought, which marks the mind to which all things have been presented superficially, and which has never experienced the horror of feeling the ice of doubt crashing beneath the feet.

Therefore, if you aspire to be a son of consolation; if you would partake of the priestly gift of sympathy; if you would pour something beyond common-place consolation into a tempted heart; if you would pass through the intercourse of daily life with the delicate tact which never

inflicts pain; if to that most acute of human ailments, mental doubt, you are ever to give effectual succor,—you must be content to pay the price of the costly education. Like Him, you must suffer—being tempted.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Repentance.

To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.—ST. LUKE XXIII. 43.

OUT of the depth of woe
Which He Himself did know,
Compassion for the thief arose:
What love did it disclose?

It was Almighty Love
Descended from above,
That sometimes reacheth down, down, down,
And lifteth to a crown!

My Saviour crucified!
No penitence e'er cried
To Him, but some assuring voice
Did make the heart rejoice.

Down, down, all earthly pride,
Before the Crucified!

To be with Him in Paradise,
Meek heart, arise! arise!

The sight of a penitent on his knees is a spectacle which moves heaven; and the compassionate Redeemer, who when he beheld Saul in that situation, exclaimed, *Behold, he prayeth,* will not be slow nor reluctant to strengthen you by His might and console you by His Spirit. When a *new and living way* is opened *into the holiest of all,* by the blood of Jesus, not to avail ourselves of it, not to arise and go to our Father, but to prefer remaining at a guilty distance, encompassed with famine, to the rich and everlasting provisions of His house, will be a source of insupportable anguish when we shall see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob enter into the kingdom of God, and ourselves shut out. You are probably not aware of what importance it is to improve these sacred visitations; have not considered that they form a crisis which, if often neglected, will never return. It is impossible too often to inculcate the momentous truth, that the character is not formed by passive impressions, but by voluntary actions, and that we shall be judged hereafter, not by what we have felt, but by what we have done. — ROBERT HALL.

A death-bed repentance ought not indeed to be neglected, because it is the last thing that we can do. — ATTERBURY.

Some well-meaning Christians tremble for

their salvation, because they have never gone through that valley of tears and of sorrow, which they have been taught to consider as an ordeal that must be passed through before they can arrive at regeneration: to satisfy such minds it may be observed that the slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient if it produce amendment, and that the greatest is insufficient if it do not. Therefore, by their own fruits let them prove themselves: for some soils will take the good seed without being watered with tears or harrowed up by affliction — COLTON.

Before repentance, we think well of ourselves and lightly of the Redeemer. We love sin and folly, and dislike the restraints which the Divine law imposes on the gratification of our appetites and inclinations. We devote our hearts, and with them our thoughts, and time, and substance, to the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, without any dread of the Divine condemnation. We are not sorry for our transgressions; we do not confess them before God; we drive away all thoughts of a future state. We do not feel disposed to seek the Lord: His Word is a wearisome study to us: His Gospel is repulsive to our taste: His service is dull and disgusting: and instead of desiring His blessing above all things, the most common toils and vainest amusements of the world seem far better in our eyes than all the enjoyments religion can bestow.

But when repentance seizes on the soul, the heart is changed. That is, the sinner begins to love what before he hated, and to hate what before he loved. He sees his own character in a new light, he judges his conduct by a new standard, and he feels himself condemned under the righteous judgment of his Maker. He now approves and loves the law of God; he confesses and abhors his own iniquity; he is ready to give up his sinful indulgencies, and foolish pleasures; he is anxious to have pardon and forgiveness at the hands of the Almighty; he is prompt to believe in the Redeemer with his whole heart; and offers up, with earnest simplicity, the publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Death, and judgment, and eternity, are now frequent in his thoughts; and he feels that all his hope must be placed on the obedience and atonement of Christ, and all his joys drawn from the fountain of the Gospel.—BISHOP HOPKINS.

Forsaken.

My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?
—ST. MATTHEW xxviii. 46.

OH darkness as of death
Where none delivereth!

Oh wine-press of the wrath of God
In that great darkness trod!

Oh grief too great to paint!
Oh troubled, burdened Saint
On whom the sins of all the world
Are as a mountain hurled!

His sight has grown so dim
God has forsaken Him!
Forsakes He God? *My* God! His cry.
All hope is in that *My*.

He clings to God through all
The wormwood and the gall,
He clings through all the strife of blood,
Triumphant Lamb of God!

———.

What, in truth was the unutterable desolation of our Blessed Lord at that moment, we know not. Whether the bitterness of the Cup which He had prayed might pass from Him, if such should be His Father's will, was condensed into that hour of loneliness unspeakable, we may not dare to say; but each of us may receive for himself a thought of comfort, little understood, it may be, in the bright hopefulness of youth, but ready to return, in future years, in hours of pain and weakness. Depression of mind and spiritual desertion are no proofs of the rejection of God. Rather, like bodily sufferings, they form part of that resemblance to our Redeemer, which will,

for His sake, render us more acceptable to our Heavenly Father.

Who shall dread the bed of pain, when Jesus hung upon the Cross of agony? or who shall fear to trust his soul to God, even when the heart is parched and dry, and every holier thought is for the moment lost in the consciousness of suffering, since even the Only-begotten Son of the Eternal Father could exclaim in the greatness of His misery, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" — Miss Sewell.

Weigh well that cry; consider it well, and tell me if ever there were cry like that of His. . . . The Powers of Darkness let loose to afflict Him, — the influence of comfort restrained from relieving Him, — never was there sorrow like unto His sorrow! It cannot be expressed as it should, and as other things may. In silence we may admire it, but all our words will not reach it. — Bishop Andrews.

Now, observe, this feeling of forsakeness is no proof of being forsaken. Mourning after an absent God is an evidence of love as strong as rejoicing in a present One. Nay, further, a man may be more decisively the servant of God and goodness while doubting His existence, and in the anguish of his soul crying for light, than while resting in a common creed, and coldly serving Him. There has been one, at least, whose apparent forsakeness, and whose seeming doubt bears the stamp of the majesty of Faith. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" . . .

There are times when a dense cloud veils the sunlight; you cannot see the sun, nor feel him. Sensitive temperaments feel depression, and that unaccountably and irresistibly. No effort can make you *feel*. Then you hope. Behind the cloud the sun is; from thence he will come; the day drags through, the darkest and longest night ends at last. Thus we bear the darkness and the otherwise intolerable cold, and many a sleepless night. It does not shine now, but it will. So, too, spiritually.

There are hours in which physical derangement darkens the windows of the soul; days in which shattered nerves make life simply endurance; months and years in which intellectual difficulties, pressing for solution, shut out God. Then faith must be replaced by hope. "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." Clouds and darkness are round about Him; but Righteousness and Truth are the habitation of His throne. "My soul, hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

The mistake we make is to look for a source comfort in ourselves: self-contemplation, instead of gazing upon God. In other words, we look for comfort precisely where comfort never can be.

For, first, it is impossible to derive consolation from our own feelings, because of their immutability: to-day we are well, and our spiritual experience, partaking of these circumstances, is

bright; but to-morrow some outward circumstances change,—the sun does not shine, or the wind is chill,—and we are low, gloomy, and sad. Then, if our hopes were unreasonably elevated, they will now be unreasonably depressed and so our experience becomes flux and reflux, ebb and flow, like the sea, that emblem of instability.

Next, it is impossible to get comfort from our own acts: for, though acts are the test of character, yet in a low state no man can judge justly of his own acts. They assume a darkness of hue which is reflected on them by the eye that contemplates them. It would be well for all men to remember that sinners cannot judge of sin,—least of all can we estimate our own sin.

Besides, we lose time in remorse. I have sinned.—Well, by the grace of God I must endeavor to do better for the future. But if I mourn for it overmuch, all to-day refusing to be comforted, to-morrow I shall have to mourn the wasted to-day; and that again will be the subject of another fit of remorse.

In the wilderness, had the children of Israel, instead of gazing on the serpent, looked down on their own wounds, to watch the process of the granulation of the flesh, and see how deep the wound was, and whether it was healing slowly or fast, cure would have been impossible; their only chance was to look off the wounds. Just so, when, giving up this hopeless and sickening work of self-inspection, and turning from

ourselves in Christian self-oblivion, we gaze on God, then first the chance of consolation dawns.

He is not affected by our mutability; our changes do not alter Him. When we are restless, He remains serene and calm; when we are low, selfish, mean, or dispirited, He is still the unalterable I AM,—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. What God is in Himself,—not what we may chance to feel Him in this or that moment to be,—that is our hope. "My soul, hope thou in God."—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Spiritual Thirst.

I thirst.—ST. JOHN xix. 28.

I THIRST, the Saviour cried,
Before He bowed and died.
That thirst went quivering through the whole
Of the Eternal Soul.

He thirsted for the day
When sin shall pass away,
The day that endeth human thrall
When God is all in all.

This more than earthly word
Unnumbered souls hath stirred.
What is the thirst that filleth mine?
Is it the thirst divine?

Oh, had we all the thirst
In which the Christ was first,
Then Duty, Truth, and Life were one,
Like Father, Spirit, Son.

———.

Our Saviour, as He hung on the Cross, undoubtedly experienced, as anyone else might have done, a real physical thirst; but in satisfying it, in some sort, by means of the vinegar offered in genuine kindness by the Roman soldiers, He satisfied also a *spiritual thirst*—the thirst which belongs to everyone who is intent on doing the will of God, manifested in the way of His Providence. The former was the shadow, the latter the substance: the one temporal, the other eternal.— ———.

A draught was twice offered to Him; once it was accepted, once it was refused. That which was refused was the medicated potion,—wine mingled with myrrh,—the intention of which was to deaden pain, and therefore when it was presented to the Saviour it was rejected. And the reason commonly assigned for that seems to be the true one; the Son of Man would not meet death in a state of stupefaction. He chose to meet His God awake. There are two ways in

which pain may be struggled with,—through the flesh and through the Spirit; the one is the office of the physician, the other that of the other that of the Christian. The physician's care is at once to deaden pain, either by insensibility or specifics; the Christian's object is to deaden pain by patience. We dispute not the value of the physician's remedies,—in their way they are permissible and valuable; but yet, let it be observed that in these there is nothing moral; they may take away the venom of the serpent's sting, but they do not give the courage to plant the foot upon the serpent's head and to bear the pain without flinching. Therefore, the Redeemer refused because it was not through the flesh, but through the Spirit, that He would conquer; to have accepted the anodyne would have been to escape from suffering, but not to conquer it. But the vinegar or sour wine was accepted as a refreshing draught, for it would seem that He did not look upon the value of suffering as consisting in this, that He should make it as exquisite as possible, but rather that He should not suffer one drop of the cup of agony which His Father had put into His hand to trickle down the side untasted. Neither would He make to Himself one drop more of suffering than His Father had given.

There are books on the value of pain; they tell us that of two kinds of food, the one pleasant and the other nauseous, we are to choose the

nauseous one. Let a lesson on this subject be learnt from the example of our Divine Master.

To suffer pain for others without flinching, —that is our Master's example; but pain, for the mere sake of pain, that is not Christian; to accept poverty in order to do good for others, that is our Saviour's principle; but to become poor for the sake and merit of being poor, is but selfishness after all.

Our Lord refused the anodyne that would have made the cup untasted which His Father had put into His hand to drink, but He would not taste one drop more than His Father gave Him. Yet He did not refuse the natural solace which His Father's hand had placed before Him.

There are some who urge, most erroneously, the doctrine of discipline and self-denial. If of two ways one is disagreeable, they will choose it, just because it is disagreeable; because food is pleasant and needful, they will fast. There is in this a great mistake. To deny self for the sake of duty is right,—to sacrifice life and interests rather than principle is right; but self-denial for mere sake of self-denial, torture for torture's sake, is neither good nor Christ-like. Remember, He drank the cooling beverage in the very moment of the sacrifice; the value of which did not consist in its being made as intensely painful as possible, but in His not flinching from the pain, when Love and Duty said, Endure.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Life's Completion.

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished: and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.

— St. John xix. 30.

FINISHED, what prophets told
Concerning Thee of old,
The beautiful in word and deed
Almighty God decreed!

Finished, O King of kings,
Unutterable things
Thy loving kindness deigns to show
Thy servants here below!

Finished, the Sacrifice
Which opens Paradise,
And to the wanderer makes plain
How to return again!

Finished, O Christ, the strife
Of Thy victorious life,
Which is forever Truth's one way
Unto Eternal Day!

Our Master said, "It is finished," partly for others, partly for Himself. In the earliest part of His life, we read that He said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with;" to Him, as to every human soul, this life had its side of darkness and

gloom, but all that was now accomplished: He had drunk his last earthly drop of Anguish, He has to drink the wine no more till He drink it new in His Father's kingdom. It was finished; all was over; and with, as it were, a burst of subdued joy, He says, "It is finished."

There is another aspect in which we may regard these words, as spoken for others. The way in which our Redeemer contemplated this life was altogether a peculiar one. He looked upon it, not as a place of rest or pleasure, but simply, solely, as a place of duty. He was here to do His Father's will, not His own; and therefore, now that life was closed, He looked upon it chiefly as a duty that was fulfilled. We have the meaning of this in the seventh chapter of this Gospel: "I have glorified Thee on earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." The duty is done, the work is finished. Let us each apply this to ourselves. That hour is coming to us all; indeed, it is, perhaps, *now* come. The dark night settles down on each day.

"It is finished." We are *ever* taking leave of something that will not come back again. We let go, with a pang, portion after portion of our existence. However dreary we may have felt life to be here, yet when that hour comes —the winding up of all things, the last grand rush of darkness on our spirits, the hour of that awful and sudden wrench from all we have ever

known or loved, the long farewell to sun, moon, stars, and light, — Brother men, I ask you this day, and I ask myself, humbly and fearfully, *What* will be finished? When it is finished, what will it be? Will it be the butterfly existence of pleasure, the mere life of science, a life of uninterrupted sin and selfish gratification; or will it be, "Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."—F. W. ROBERTSON.

The Incarnation is the perpetual interpretation of our life. Jesus cries, "It is finished," on His Cross, and at once it is evident that that finishing is but a beginning; that it is a breaking to pieces of the temporal, that it may be lost in the eternal! That Cross is the perpetual glorification of the shortness of life. In its light we, too, can stand by the departing form of our own life, or of some brother's life, and say, "It is finished," and know that the finishing is really a beginning. The temporary is melting away like a cloud in the sky, that the great total sky may all be seen. The form in which the man has lived is decaying, that the real life of the man may be apparent. The fashion of this world is passing away; the episode, the accident of earth is over, that the spiritual reality may be clear. It is in the light of the Cross that the exquisite picture of Shelley, who tried so hard to be heathen and would still be Christian in his own despite, is really realized,—

"The one remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines; earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until death tramples it to fragments."

And so, what is there to be done? What could be clearer? Only to him who realizes eternity does the short human life really seem short and give out of its shortness its true solemnity and blessing. It is only by binding myself to eternity that I can know the shortness of time. But how shall I bind myself to eternity except by giving myself to Him who is eternal in obedient love? Obedient love! Loving obedience! That is what binds the soul of the less to the soul of the greater everywhere. I give myself to the Eternal Christ, and in His eternity I find my own. In His service I am bound to Him, and the shortness of that life, whose limitations in any way shut me out from Him, becomes an inspiration, not a burden to men. Oh, my dear friends, you who with Christian faith have seen a Christian die, tell me was not this short life then revealed to you in all its beauty? Did you not see completely that no life was too long which Christ had filled with the gift and knowledge of Himself; no life was too short which departed from the earth only to go and be with Him in Heaven forever?—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

If length of days be thy portion, make it not thy expectation. Reckon not upon long life;

think every day the last, and live always beyond thy account. He that so often survives his expectations lives many lives, and will scarce complain of the shortness of his days. Time past is gone like a shadow; make time to come present. Approximate thy latter times by present apprehensions of them; be like a neighbor unto the grave, and think there is but little time to come. And since there is something of us that will still live on, join both lives together and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of this life will never be far from the next; and is in some manner already in it by a happy conformity and close apprehension of it.—Sir Thomas Browne.

They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose,—who have rather breathed than lived.—Earl of Clarendon.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep,—to be exposed to darkness and the light,—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade,—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities will slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart; the tears that freshen the dry wastes within; the music

that brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxiety which ends in trust; are the true nourishment of our natural being.—JAMES MARTINEAU.

Every man is to himself what Plato calls the Great Year. He has his sowing time, his growing time, his weeding, his irrigating, and his harvest. The principles and the ideas he puts into his mind in youth lie there, it may be, for many years, apparently unprolific. But nothing dies. There is a process going on unseen, and by the touch of circumstances the man springs forth into strength, he knows not why, as if by a miracle. But, after all, he only reaps as he had sown.—J. A. ST. JOHN.

The end of life is to be like unto God; and the soul following God will be like unto Him: He being the beginning, the middle, and end of all things.—SOCRATES.

Life's evening, we may rest assured, will take its character from the day which has preceded it; and if we would close our career in the comfort of religious hope, we must prepare for it by early and continuous religious habit. — BISHOP SHUTTLEWORTH.

Death.

Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit.—St. Luke xxiii. 46.

GLORY to Christ I give,
Who taught me how to live.
With grateful heart to Him I cry,
Who taught me how to die.

Through Thee, dear Lord of Life,
All girded for the strife,
I know that over every sin
A triumph I may win.

Through Thee, dear Lord of Death,
Who with Thy latest breath
Thy spirit didst to God commend,
That one unfailing Friend,

I know, I know that I
May gain the victory,
And enter Heaven through that last foe
Whom I shall meet below.

"Into Thy hands," that is sufficient. It is as well to look at these things as simply as possible. Do not confuse the mind with attempting to draw the distinction between the human and the Divine. He speaks here as if His human soul, like ours, entered into the dark unknown,

not seeing what was to be in the Hereafter: and this is Faith, or, if it were not so, there arises an idea from which we shrink, as if He were speaking words He did not feel. We know nothing of the world beyond, we are like children; even revelation has told us almost nothing concerning this, and an inspired Apostle says, "We know not yet what we shall be." Then rises Faith and dares to say, "My Father, I know nothing, but, be where I may, still I am with Thee." "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Therefore, and only therefore, do we dare to die. —F. W. ROBERTSON.

Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises and solemn bugbears, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and the noise-makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watches, and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

From what I have observed, and what I have

heard those persons say whose professions lead them to the dying, I am induced to infer that the fear of death is not common, and that where it exists it proceeds rather from a diseased and enfeebled mind than from any principle in our nature. Certain it is that among the poor the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a quiet and natural composure which it is consolatory to contemplate, and which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief as it is from the delirious raptures of fanaticism. Theirs is a true, unhesitating faith, and they are willing to lay down the burden of a weary life, "in the sure and certain hope" of a blessed immortality.—SOUTHEY.

Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hour of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported but cheerful, in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick-chamber without a hope that my last end might be like theirs.—SIR HENRY HALFORD.

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when he comes. The ashes of an oak in a chimney are no epitaph of that, to tell me how high or how large that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless, too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not, look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blows it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the church-yard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the church-yard, who will undertake to sift those again, and to to pronounce, "This is the patrician, this is the noble flower, and this is the yeoman, this is the plebeian bran?"—DONNE.

It is an impressive task to follow the steps of the chemist, and with fire, and capsule, and balance in hand, as he tracks the march of the conqueror, Death, through the domain of vital structure.

The moralist warns us that life is but the ante-chamber of death; that as, on the first day of life, the foot is planted on the lowest of a range of steps, which man scales painfully only to arrive at the altar of corporeal death. The chemist comes to proclaim that, from infancy to old age, the quantity of earthy matter continually increases. Earth asserts her supremacy more

and more, and calls us more loudly to the dust. In the end a Higher Will interposes, the bond of union is unloosed, the immortal soul wings its flight upward to the Giver of all Being. Earth claims its own, and a little heap of ashes returns to dust. It was a man. It is now dust; our ashes are scattered abroad to the winds over the surface of the earth. But this dust is not inactive. It rises to walk the earth again; perhaps to aid in peopling the globe with fresh forms of beauty, to assist in the performance of the vital processes of the universe, to take a part in the world's life. In this sense the words of Goethe are strictly applicable,—"Death is the parent of life."—HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Death may be said with almost equal propriety to confer as well as to level all distinctions. In consequence of that event, a kind of chemical operation takes place; for those characters which were mixed with the gross particles of vice, by being thrown into the alembic of flattery, are sublimated into the essence of virtue. He who during the performance of his part upon the stage of the world was little if at all applauded, after the close of the drama, is portrayed as the favorite of "every virtue under Heaven."—HENRY KETT.

When a friend is carried to his grave we at once find excuses for every weakness and palliation of every fault; recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without

impression, a thousand favors unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish, for his return, not so much that we may receive as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood.

There is not, perhaps, to a mind well-instructed, a more painful occurrence than the death of one whom we have injured without reparation. Our crime seems now irretrievable; it is indelibly recorded, and the stamp of fate is fixed upon it. We consider, with the most afflictive anguish, the pain which we have given and now cannot alleviate, and the losses which we have caused and now cannot repair.—Dr. Johnson.

It (the grave) buries every error,—covers every defect,—extinguished every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies mouldering before him?—Washington Irving.

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.—Swift.

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.—Colton.

What is death but a ceasing to be what we were before? We are kindled and put out, we die, daily; nature that begot us expels us, and a better and a safer place is provided for us.—SENECA.

A wise man shall not be deprived of pleasure even when death shall summons him; forasmuch as he has attained the delightful end of the best life,—departing like a guest full and well satisfied; having received life upon trust and duly discharged that office, he acquits himself at departing.—EPICURUS.

He that always waits upon God is ready whenever He calls. Neglect not to set your accounts: he is a happy man who so lives as that death at all times may find him at leisure to die.—FELTHAM.

Let us beg of God that, when the hour of our rest is come, the patterns of our dissolution may be Jacob, Moses, Joshua, and David, who, leisurably ending their lives in peace, prayed for the mercies of God upon their posterity.—HOOKER.

There is nothing, no, nothing, innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten: let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an

angel added to the host of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Forgotten! oh if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves! —DICKENS.

When we are under affliction for the death of a person who was dear to us, or for any other misfortune which befalls us, we ought not to seek for consolation in ourselves, or in other men, or in any part of the creation, but we ought to seek it in God alone. And the reason of this is, that no created being is the first cause of those accidents which we call afflictions. But the providence of God being the true and only cause, the sovereign, and the disposer of them, we ought, undoubtedly, to repair immediately to their source, and look up to their Author to find solid consolation. . . .

One of the most solid and useful charities we can perform toward the dead, is to do that which they would desire of us, were they still in the world; and to put ourselves, for their sakes, into that condition which they now wish us to be in. . . .

It is one of the grand principles of Christianity, that whatever happened to Jesus Christ, is likewise to take place in the soul and body of every Christian; that as Jesus Christ suffered in

this mortal life, was raised to a new life, and ascended into heaven, where He sat down at the right hand of God the Father; so the body and soul are to suffer, to die, to be raised again, and to ascend into heaven. . . .

Let us then view death in Jesus Christ; not without Jesus Christ. Without Jesus Christ it is dreadful, it is detestable, it is the terror of nature. In Jesus Christ, it is altogether different; it is amiable, holy, and the joy of the believer. Every thing, even death itself, is rendered sweet in Jesus Christ; and it was for this He suffered; He died to sanctify death and suffering to us. And as He was God and man, He was all that was great and all that was abject, that He might sanctify all things in Himself, except sin, and might be an example to us in every possible condition.—PASCAL.

Part Fifth.

Key-Notes.

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.—St. John xi. 25–36.

We abide in Him and He in us, and He abides forever. —Brooke.

In every-day existence the miraculous and the God-like rule us.
—F. W. Robertson.

Choose well; your choice
Is brief and yet endless.
—Goethe.

I desire nothing, I press nothing upon you, but to make the most of human life, and to aspire after perfection in whatever state of life you choose.—Law.

Whatever is doubtful this at least is sure, that good must conquer, because God is good; that evil must perish, because God hates evil, even to the death.—Charles Kingsley.

Immortality.

Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory? — St. Luke xxiv. 26.

DAY and night I yearn for the immortal,
Thinking of what is and is to be:
Through the cloud and sun to yonder portal
Long and weary is the way I see.

Like the giants of the Tower of Babel,
Am I vexed with immortality,
Building, building, as if I were able
Through myself to solve the mystery?

I sometimes in painful silence wonder
How can mortal climb to such delight!
Life there is above me, life, too, under,—
Am I fixed forever in Thy sight?

All the issues are with Thee, O Father!
In Thy hand alone I see the crown:
If I from my pride success would gather,
In Thy mercy Thou wilt cast me down.

In humility the Master builded,
And His Temple, rising height on height,
With eternal sunshine soon was gilded,
Bringing immortality to light.

O for grace and meekness of the Master,
God to see in all that comes to me!
Building then, shall I escape disaster,
And be soothed with immortality.

And the suffering that comes from duty,
Little as in human eyes or much,
Will at length become eternal beauty,
Glorious fruit of God's transforming touch.

The natural man dies hard within us; the man from Heaven is not born without a pang; first the Anguish, then the Joy. Are our souls willing, yea, are they able, to endure that anguish, ardently as we may desire the joy which makes it to be remembered no more? When the fulness of time is come, the fulness of strength will be given to meet it, and not before; and, meanwhile, the way of life continues to have its ache, a sadness peculiar to itself. . . .

A certain degree of impatience seems natural, even befitting to man, a being of keen though limited vision, of strong though narrow grasp. His mind, as one who sounded its very depths has taught us, is naturally enamored of order and system; he finds within himself the surmise of a

perfection which outward nature does not respond to, and for this he the more delights to trace a sequence through all her apparent confusion; to discover that by earth, and air, and ocean, there is *a path* such as the vulture's eye hath not known. And if science, as has been truly said, mourns to find a gap every here and there in her great chain of cause and consequence,—how is it with the Christian, if in the ladder which joins earth to Heaven there should be some rounds wanting? How is it when man, who loves to track the end from the beginning, to see the flower wrapt up in the bud, finds that the life of the soul, like that of the insect, must pass through strange metamorphoses, through sundry successive kinds of death?—when he discovers that the life of the Divine seed, set so deep in the heart and in the world, instead of being one of consistent growth, of harmonious development, may be most fitly illustrated by the well-known simile of an acorn set in a jar of porcelain; a mighty plant that must shatter its frail earthly tabernacle while growing? . . .

And here we are reminded of what the prophet tells us, that God's thoughts are not our thoughts, neither His ways our ways. God has time for everything, and He has room for everything; but it is far otherwise with His creature, and the tendency of all human effort is to go straight to the desired aim, putting on all possible strain and pressure. Thus, adding what we

conceive of Infinite power to *what we know of finite will*, we have arrived at an idea of Omnipotence, the exact opposite, surely, of that to which all *we see* of the Almighty's works would lead. We accustom ourselves to speak of His dealings, whether in grace or nature, as being sudden, irresistible, one in design and execution; yet Nature, as soon as ever we pierce below her broad surface-smile, betrays on every hand the marks of care, of patience, and adaptation. All that we learn of God in this region tends more and more to bring His works out of the domain of the *magical*, to convince us that it is the human, and not the Divine energy, which craves for its purposes the signet-stamp of full and speedy accomplishment:

> "For we are hasty builders, incomplete;
> Our Master follows after, far more slow
> And far more sure than we, for frost, and heat,
> And winds that breathe, and waters in their flow,
> Work with Him silently."
>
> —Miss Greenwell

What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable, and a happy creature,—in short, of being taken in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise, in adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of the soul, than to be expressed by words.

The Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

It is, however, some comfort to us that we shall be always doing what we shall never be able to do; and that a work which cannot be finished will, however, be the work of eternity.—ADDISON.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is the peculiar quality of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assumed our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration; wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration, and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and death with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

When I consider the wonderful activity of the

mind, so great a memory of what is past, and such a capacity of penetrating into the future; when I behold such a number of arts and sciences, and such a multitude of discoveries thence arising; I believe and am firmly persuaded that a nature which contains so many things within itself cannot be mortal. . . . But if I err in believing that the souls of men are immortal, I willingly err; nor while I live would I wish to have this delightful error extorted from me; and if after death I shall feel nothing, as some minute philosophers think, I am not afraid lest dead philosophers should laugh at me for the error.—CICERO.

The caterpillar, on being converted into an inert scaly mass, does not appear to be fitting itself for an inhabitant of the air, and can have no consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. We are masters of the earth, but perhaps we are the slaves of some great and unknown being. The fly that we crush with our finger or feed with our viands has no knowledge of man, and no consciousness of his superiority. We suppose that we are acquainted with matter and all its elements; yet we cannot even guess at the cause of electricity, or explain the laws of the formation of the stones that fall from meteors. There may be beings, thinking beings, near or surrounding us, which we do not perceive, which we cannot imagine. We know very little; but, in my opinion, we know enough to hope for the

immortality, the individual immortality, of the better part of man. . . .

Even in a moral point of view, I think the analogies derived from the transformation of insects admit of some beautiful applications, which have not been neglected by our entomologists. The three states—of the caterpillar, larva, and butterfly — have, since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being,—its terrestrial form, apparent death and ultimate celestial destination; and it seems more extraordinary that a sordid and crawling worm should become a beautiful and active fly—that an inhabitant of the dark fœtid dunghill should in an instant entirely change its form, rise into the blue air, and enjoy the sunbeams—than that a being whose pursuits have been after an undying name, and whose purest happiness has been derived from the acquisition of intellectual power and knowledge, should rise hereafter into a state of being where immortality is no longer a name, and ascend to the source of Unbounded Power and Infinite Wisdom.—Sir Humphry Davy.

Upon this short question, "*Is man immortal, or is he not?*" depends all that is valuable in science, in morals, and in theology,—and all that is most interesting to man as a social being and as a rational and accountable intelligence. If he is destined to an eternal existence, an immense importance must attach to all his present affections, actions, and pursuits; and it must be a

matter of infinite moment that they be directed in such a channel as will tend to carry him forward in safety to the felicities of a future world. But if his whole existence be circumscribed within the circle of a few fleeting years, man appears an enigma, an inexplicable phenomenon in the universe, human life a mystery, the world a scene of confusion, virtue a mere phantom, the Creator a capricious being, and His plans and arrangements an inextricable maze. — THOMAS DICK.

When I reflect that God has given to inferior animals no instincts nor faculties that are not immediately subservient to the ends and purposes of their beings, I cannot but conclude that the reason and faculties of man were bestowed upon the same principles, and are connected with his superior nature. When I find him, therefore, endowed with powers to carry, as it were, the line and rule to the most distant worlds, I consider it as conclusive evidence of a future and more exalted destination, because I cannot believe that the Creator of the universe would depart from all the analogies of the lower creation in the formation of His highest creature, by gifting him with a capacity not only utterly useless, but destructive of his contentment and happiness, if his existence were to terminate in the grave.—LORD CHANCELLOR ERSKINE.

And can we then think that the most natural and most necessary desire of all has nothing to answer it? that nature should teach us, above

all things, to desire immortality, which is not to be had, especially when it is the most noble and generous desire of human nature, that which most of all becomes a reasonable creature to desire, nay, that which is the governing principle of all our actions, and must give laws to all our other passions, desires, and appetites. What a strange creature has God made man, if he deceives him in the most fundamental and most universal principle of action; which makes the whole life nothing else but one continued cheat and imposture? — WILLIAM SHERLOCK.

If the soul be immortal, it requires to be cultivated with attention, not only for what we call the time of life, but for that which is to follow,—I mean eternity; and the least neglect in this point may be attended with endless consequences. If death were the final dissolution of being, the wicked would be great gainers by it, by being delivered at once from their bodies, their souls, and their vices; but, as the soul is immortal, it has no other means of being freed from its evils, nor any safety for it, but in becoming very good and very wise; for it carries nothing with it but its bad or good deeds, its virtues and vices, which are commonly the consequences of the education it has received, and the causes of eternal happiness or misery.—SOCRATES.

The annunciation of life and immortality by the gospel, did it contain no other truth, were sufficient to cast all the discoveries of science into

shade, and to reduce the highest improvements of reason to the comparative nothingness which the flight of a moment bears to eternity. By this discovery the prospects of human nature are infinitely widened, the creature of yesterday becomes the child of eternity; and as felicity is not the less valuable in the eye of reason because it is remote, nor the misery which is certain less to be depreciated because it is not immediately felt, the care of our future interests becomes our chief, and, properly speaking, our only, concern. All besides will shortly become nothing; and therefore, whenever it comes into competition with these, it is as the small dust of the balance. ROBERT HALL.

Personality Forever.

That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.—1 COR. xv. 36.

THROUGH sin and toil and tribulation
This earthly house must needs decay;
But surely comes the renovation,
The building to endure for aye.

The Christly germ can never perish
And moulder into nothingness;

The hope of glory that we cherish
  Is born of Everlastingness.

There is no sleep that knows no waking:
  Death will at last give up its dead,
And all, their proper manhood taking,
  With glorious forms be garmented.

O weary heart, if thou dost never
  Find out perfection here below,
Take courage from the life forever
  In which to love and serve and know.

Endures throughout all generations,
  Whoever is of God the friend;
What if undreamed-of revelations
  Shall flood the Year that has no end?

The Faithful One, with grief acquainted,
  So manfully He toiled on earth,
No mortal yet His Life has painted,
  And told us all in Him had birth.

The fountains of that Life are flowing,
  With Love and Truth forevermore,
New Excellence forever showing,
  Which all will see and all adore.

The marvel of His Life foretelling,
  He burst like sunrise from the dead!
Behold Him! God in man still dwelling,
  And be forever comforted.

———.

The expectation that this new nature will be fully developed in the future life is in harmony with what we have learned of the laws of vital development. St. Paul's illustration of the resurrection from the germination of the seed, which has so vividly affected the imagination of man, is more appropriate than he was aware of. Organization is not the cause but the effect of life. Life, in producing organization, works from within outwards, and from the invisible to the visible. The vital germ is not a miniature of the mature organism, but only a minute, unorganized mass, having, however, a power which no physics or chemistry can ever explain, of organizing itself and thus developing into the mature organism. So it will be in the future life, if the Church is right in believing that St. Paul spoke as the Spirit of God gave him knowledge. As the germ of the mortal life which we inherit from the earthly ancestors whose image we bear, has developed into our present bodily organism, so shall the germ of life spiritual, eternal and Divine, which Christ implants here in those who do not reject His grace, be developed under the kindlier influences of the future state, into the perfect "spiritual body" (to use a most inadequate expression for what human language has no adequate one) which is to be created in the image of the Heavenly.—MURPHY.

The soul of man can never divest itself wholly of anxiety about its fate hereafter: there

are hours when, even to the prosperous, in the midst of their pleasures, eternity is an awful thought; but how much more when those pleasures, one after another, begin to withdraw; when life alters its forms, and becomes dark and cheerless—when its changes warn the most inconsiderate that what is so mutable will soon pass entirely away. Then with pungent earnestness comes home that question to the heart, "Into what world are we next to go?" How miserable the man who, under the distractions of calamity, hangs doubtful about an event which so nearly concerns him; who, in the midst of doubts and anxieties, approaching to that awful boundary which separates this world from the next, shudder at the dark prospect before him, wishing to exist after death, and yet afraid of that existence; catching at every feeble hope which superstition can afford him, and trembling in the same moment from reflection upon his crimes.—BLAIR.

There is, I know not how, in the midst of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence, and this takes the deepest root and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.—CICERO.

To treat a subject so interesting and momentous with levity or indifference — to exert all the energies of the soul in the pursuit of objects which a few years at most will snatch forever from their embrace, — and never to spend one serious hour in reflecting on what may possibly

succeed the present scene of existence, or in endeavoring to find some light to clear up the doubts that may hang over this important inquiry, and to treat with derision and scorn those who would direct them in this serious investigation—is not only foolish and preposterous, but the height of infatuation and of madness. It is contrary to every principle on which reasonable men act in relation to the affairs of the present world. —Thomas Dick.

Interesting as has been the past history of our race, engrossing as must ever be the present, the future, more exciting still, mingles itself with every thought and sentiment, and casts its beams of hope, or its shadows of fear, over the stage both of active and contemplative life. In youth we scarcely descry it in the distance. To the stripling and the man it appears and disappears like a variable star, showing in painful succession its spots of light and of shade. In age it looms gigantic to the eye, full of chastened hope and glorious anticipation; and at the great transition, when the outward eye is dim, the image of the future is the last picture which is effaced from the retina of the mind.—Sir David Brewster.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world lose

nothing of their reality by being at so great distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supercedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest and how to pursue it by proper methods.—ADDISON.

There is one question, which combines with the interest of speculation and curiosity an interest incomparably greater, nearer, more affecting, more solemn. It is the simple question,—"WHAT SHALL WE BE?" How soon it is spoken! but who shall reply? Think how profoundly this question, this mystery, concerns us,—and in comparison with this, what are to us all questions of all sciences? What to us all re-

searches into the constitution and laws of material nature? What all investigations into the history of past ages? What to us the future career of events in the progress of states and empires? What to us what shall become of this globe itself, or all the mundane system? What WE shall be, *we ourselves*, is the matter of surpassing interest.—JOHN FOSTER.

To take away rewards and punishments is only pleasing to a man who resolves not to live morally.—DRYDEN.

We are led to the belief of a future state, not only by the weaknesses, by the hopes and fears of human nature, but by the noblest and best principles which belong to it, by the love of virtue, and by the abhorrence of vice and injustice.—ADAM SMITH.

We carry the image of God in us,—a rational and immortal soul, and though we be now miserable and feeble, yet we aspire after eternal happiness, and finally expect a great exaltation of all our natural powers.—BENTLEY.

"By and by, another sleep,
Angels watch and ward to keep.
By and by, from wakeful eyes,
Nothing of the old surprise;
All pure dreams of earth fulfilled,
Every sense with gladness thrilled."

Satisfied.

I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.
—PSALM xvii. 15.

SLEEPING, waking, on we glide,
Dreamful and unsatisfied,

In the heart a vague surprise
Master of the thoughtful eyes.

What though spring is in the air,
And the world is bright and fair?

Something hidden from the sight
Dashes fulness of delight.

Soothed are we in duty done
And in something new begun,

Like a kissed and flattered child
To denial reconciled;

Yet the something unattained
Keeps us like Prometheus chained.

Sleeping, waking, on we glide,
Dreamful and unsatisfied.

By and by another sleep,
Angels watch and ward to keep.

By and by from wakeful eyes
Nothing of the old surprise,

All pure dreams of earth fulfilled,
Every sense with gladness thrilled.

Then are we, no more denied,
With Thy likeness satisfied.

———.

It is impossible there should be much happiness in this life; but there is great hope that after death every person may obtain what he most wishes for. This doctrine is not new, but has been known both to Greeks and other nations. . . .

The body is a prison, from which the soul must be released before it can arrive at the knowledge of things real and immutable. . . .

The soul of each of us is an immortal Spirit, and goes to other immortals to give an account of its actions. . . .

Can the soul be destroyed? No. But if in this present life it has shunned being governed by the body, and has governed itself within itself, and has separated from the body in a pure state, taking nothing sensual away with it, does it not then depart to that which resembles itself,— to the invisible, the divine, the wise, the immortal? And on its arrival there, is it not freed from errors, ignorance, fears, wild passions, and all other human evils? Does it not in

truth pass the rest of its existence with the gods? . . .

Those who have lived a holy life, when they are freed from this earth, and set at large, as it were from a prison, will arrive at a pure abode above . . . habitations more beautiful than it is easy to describe.—PLATO.

The God of the Dead waits enthroned in immortal light to welcome the good into His Kingdom of Joy; to the homes He had gone to prepare for them, where the One Being dwells beyond the Stars.—FROM THE HINDU.

Is it a misfortune to pass from infancy to youth? Still less can it be a misfortune to go from this miserable life to that true life into which we are introduced by death. Our first changes are connected with the progressive development of life. The new change which death effects is only the passage to a more desirable perfection. To complain of the necessity of dying is to accuse Nature of not having condemned us to perpetual infancy.—GREGORY OF NYSSA.

Of what import this vacant sky, these puffing elements, these insignificant lives, full of selfish loves, and quarrels, an ennui? Everything is prospective, and man is to live hereafter. That the world is for his education is the only sane solution of the enigma. All the comfort I have found teaches me to confide that I shall not have less in times and places

that I do not yet know. I have known admirable persons, without feeling that they exhaust the possibilities of virtue and talent. I have seen glories of climate, of summer mornings and evenings, of midnight sky; I have enjoyed the benefits of all this complex machinery of arts and civilization, and its results of comfort. The Good Power can easily provide me millions more as good. All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. Whatever it be which the Great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of His works.—EMERSON.

My body must descend to the place ordained, but my soul will not descend: being a thing immortal, it will ascend on high, where it will enter a Heavenly abode.—HERACLITUS.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream: it may be so after death.—HAWTHORNE.

Not by lamentations and mournful chants ought we to celebrate the funeral of a good man, but by hymns; for in ceasing to be numbered with mortals, he enters upon the heritage of a divine life.—PLUTARCH.

Life is a state of embryo,—a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through death.—DR. FRANKLIN.

This world is simply the threshhold of our vast life; the first stepping-stone from nonentity into

the boundless expanse of possibility. It is the infant-school of the soul. The physical universe spread out before us, and the spiritual trials and mysteries of our discipline are simply our primer, our grammar, our spelling-dictionary, to teach us something of the language we are to use in our maturity.—STARR KING.

When we die we shall find we have not lost our dreams: we have only lost our sleep.—RICHTER.

We go to the grave of a friend, saying, A man is dead; but angels throng about him, saying, A man is born.—H. W. BEECHER.

God is our Father. Heaven is His high throne, and this earth is His footstool. While we sit around, and meditate, or pray, one by one, as we fall asleep, He lifts us into His bosom, and our waking is inside the gates of an everlasting world.—MOUNTFORD.

The Riddle of the Sphinx

God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.—1 JOHN I. 5.

THE riddle of the Sphinx,
The ghost that will not down

Unto the man who only *thinks*,
The cross that has no crown.

The riddle of the Sphinx,
The mystery of life,
To him who *loves*, as well as thinks,
Rest after weary strife.

The riddle of the Sphinx
In Sacrifice and Love,
Like a falling star, forever sinks,
All beautiful above.

O riddle of the Sphinx,
Thou hast no place in Christ:
Who at the Living Fountain drinks
That water hath sufficed.

———.

How true is that old fable of the sphinx who sat by the wayside, propounding her riddle to the passengers, which, if they could not answer, she destroyed them! Such a sphinx is this life of ours to all men and societies of men. Nature, like the sphinx, is of womanly celestial loveliness and tenderness; the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and the body of a lioness. There is in her a celestial beauty, which means celestial order, pliancy to wisdom; but there is also a darkness, a ferocity, a fatality, which is infernal. She is a goddess, but one not yet disimprisoned; one still half imprisoned,—the inarticulate, lovely, still incased in the inarticulate, cha-

otic. How true! And does she not propound her riddles to us? Of each man she asks daily, in a mild voice, yet with a terrible significance, "Knowest thou the meaning of this day? What thou canst do to-day, wisely attempt to do." Nature, universe, destiny, existence, howsoever we name this great unnamable fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them; a destroying fiend to them who cannot. Answer her riddle, it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not, it will answer itself: the solution of it is a thing of teeth and claws. Nature is a dumb lioness, deaf to thy pleadings, fiercely devouring.—CARLYLE.

Man has striven to bridge over the chasm between his soul and God with theories contradictory to the reason they profess to satisfy, and false to the moral reason they desire to soothe; but He who spake as never man spake does not reason upon this subject; He sees this great gulf set; He knows what its mouth has devoured of earth's best and noblest: one thing most precious of all remains,—He flings Himself into it. . . . Human life is beset with contradictions, at the solution of which we are but guessers, until Christ solves the riddle that was too hard for us,—bringing forth food and sweetness from the very jaws of the devouring lion. "If thou wouldst have me weep," said one of old,

"thou must first weep thyself." *God has wept.* In the strong crying and the tears of the Son, in the great drops of sweat, as it were blood falling down to the ground, lies the witness to the travail of the Father's Soul. "Herein is love," consoling, rebuking love,—love that has no consolation so strong as the rebuke it administers. "Behold my hands and my feet!" These testify to a necessity endured, an anguish shared. It is our brother's blood that cries to us from the ground: "A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have!"—Miss Greenwell.

Life is full of inscrutable facts which cannot be made by us to fit into any moral standard of ours. All that the moral judgment has a right to say with regard to them is to refuse to believe any proposed interpretation of them which makes God unrighteous on account of such facts, and to wait patiently in full faith that a time will come when we shall see these now inexplicable facts to have been fully consistent with the most perfect righteousness. And the same use which we make of our moral judgment in regard to the facts which meet us in life, we are bound to make of it with regard to the doctrines of revelation. We may not be able now to see moral light through all of these, but we are to refuse any interpretation of them which does violence to the moral judgment. In both cases, however, we have reason to expect that, to those who honestly and humbly use the light they have, more

light will be given,—a growing insight into, or at least a trustful acquiescence in, facts which at first were too dark and perplexing. There are in this region two extremes, equally to be shunned. One is theirs who in matters of religion begin by discrediting the natural light,—by putting out the eye of conscience,—that they may the more magnify the Heavenly light of revelation, or rather their own interpretations thereof. The other is seen in those who, enthroning on the judgment-seat the first off-hand findings of their own, and that perhaps no very enlightened conscience, proceed to arraign before this bar the statements of Scripture, and to reject all which does not seem to square with the verdicts of the self-erected tribunal. There is a more excellent way than either, a way not definable perhaps by criticism, but to be found by spiritual wisdom. There are those who, loath to do violence to the teachings either of Scripture or of conscience, but patiently and reverently comparing them together, find that the more deeply they are pondered, the more they do, on the whole, reflect light one on the other. To such the words of Scripture, interpreted by the experience of life, reveal things about their own nature which once seemed incredible. And the more they know of themselves and their own needs, the more the words of Scripture seem to enlarge their meaning to meet these. But as to the large outlying region of the inexplicable that

will still remain in the world, in man, and in Holy writ, they can leave all this, in full confidence that when the solution, soon or late, shall come, it will be seen to be in profound harmony with our highest sense of righteousness, and with that word which declares that "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." Such, though not expressed in Coleridge's words, I believe to be the spirit of his teaching.—J. C. Shairp.

Unbelief.

GREAT Searcher of the troubled heart,
I bow before Thy Throne,
And pray Thee make my doubts depart
Till I am all Thine own.

Shine through the sky of my dark soul,
Bring from the night the day,
Until the clouds and darkness roll
Forevermore away.

O Thou, in whom I trust, believe,
Who am of sinners chief,
My heart's strong, wrestling prayer receive,
And help my unbelief.

The blindness which, for Thomas' sake,
Thou didst of old remove,
Do Thou from me in mercy take,
And melt my heart with love.

———.

There is but one thing without honor; smitten with eternal barrenness, inability to do or to be, —insincerity, unbelief. He who believes no *thing*, who believes only the shows of things, is not in relation with nature and fact at all.—CARLYLE.

Infidelity gives nothing in return for what it takes away. What, then, is it worth? Everything to be valued has a compensating power. Not a blade of grass that withers, or the ugliest weed that is flung away to rot and die, but reproduces something. Nothing in nature is barren. Therefore, everything that is or seems opposed to nature cannot be true; it can only exist in the shape that a diseased mind imparts to one of its coinage,—a mass of base money that won't pass current with any heart that loves truly, or any head that thinks correctly.

And infidels are poor, sad creatures; they carry about them a load of dejection and desolation, not the less heavy that it is invisible. It is the fearful blindness of the soul.—DR. CHALMERS.

No living man is at heart an atheist. It is an incompatible condition. It would require a vacuum in the soul, an utter impossibility. If the desire is not filled with God, it *must* take up an "ism;" something to pet, love, admire, and study.

"To the unknown God" would apply to many in the nineteenth century, if they would only open their eyes.

How any scientific man can be an infidel is a perfect wonder to me. For the more one studies out the marvels of creation, the more he is permitted to peep into the penetralia and behold the arcana, the hidden treasures of God's works, the more he looks at and never, never finds an error in the plan of the universe, the more he beholds the unceasing labors of the world — while half sleep in darkness, the other half are toiling — a heaven, some shrine beyond the reach of the tangibility of science and analysis, is needed for the soul to take the wings of the morning and fly to. There is no limit to unselfish love.—S. W. FRANCIS.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief; in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—RICHTER.

Unbelievers have not always been honest enough thus to express their real feelings; but this we know concerning them, that when they have renounced their birthright of hope, they have not been able to divest themselves of fear. From the nature of the human mind this might be presumed, and in fact it is so. They may deaden the heart and stupefy the conscience, but they cannot destroy the imaginative faculty. — SOUTHEY.

Under the Stars.

Solitude is the audience-chamber of God.—LANDOR.

VANISHED are all the wild ghosts of the air,
Echo sends back not a wail of despair,
Even the forests their moaning forbear.

Peacefully slumbers the sorrowful world,
Like a tired angel whose pinions are furled,
All in the shadowy glory impearled.

Out of the deep of ethereal eyes
Wherein a fathomless mystery lies,
Beautiful Silence descendeth the skies.

Whispers she into the heart of the Earth
Dreams of which mortals perceive not the worth,
Calmly announcing Eternity's birth;

While in the bath of her silvery sea
Christ in the heart of the faithful is free,
Telling of infinite glory to be.

Silence! now time and Eternity meet.
Silence! my soul doth the Deity greet.
Silence! I marvel not death is so sweet!—

Sweet to be called from the valley we plod,
Sweet to be freed from the darkness and clod,
Sweet to be hidden forever in God!

To go into solitude a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many years the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile. — EMERSON.

The starry heaven, though it occurs so very frequently to our view, never fails to excite an idea of grandeur. This cannot be owing to the stars themselves, separately considered. The number is certainly the cause. The apparent disorder augments the grandeur, for the appearance of care is highly contrary to our idea of magnificence. Besides, the stars lie in such apparent confusion as makes it impossible on ordinary occasions to reckon them. This gives them the advantage of a sort of infinity.—BURKE.

Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God.

Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens, and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch,—solid and impervious.—CARLYLE.

It is a gentle and affectionate thought, that in immeasurable height above us, at our first birth, the wreath of love was woven with sparkling stars for flowers.—COLERIDGE.

She raised her eyes to the bright stars, looking down so mildly from the wide worlds of air; and, gazing on them, found new stars burst upon her view; and more beyond, and more beyond again, until the whole great expanse sparkled with shining spheres, rising higher and higher in immeasurable space, eternal in their numbers as in their changeless and incorruptible existence. She bent over the calm river, and saw them shining in the same majestic order as when the dove beheld them gleaming through the swollen waters, upon the mountain-tops down far below, the dead mankind a million fathoms deep.—DICKENS.

When I gazed into these stars, have they not looked down on me as if with pity from their serene spaces, like eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man!—CARLYLE.

The Flowers.

A MYTH, that grew within the brain,
Relates that Eden's bowers
Did not, 'mid all their gifts, contain
The glory of the flowers;

Because there were no opened eyes
To take that glory in,
The sweet and innocent surprise
Which looks rebuke to sin;

For Love, and Innocence, and Truth,
There made their dwelling-place,
Than which fair three immortal Youth
Required no other grace.

But when, through sin, the happy seat
Was lost to wretched man,
Our Lord, redeeming love to meet,
Revealed His perfect plan:

The blessed flowers, unseen till now,
Shall deck the weary earth,
And, while men 'neath their burdens bow,
Remind them of their birth;

And, with their vernal beauty rife,
To all the Gospel preach,
The Resurrection and the Life,
In sweet persuasive speech.

"And with their vernal beauty rife
To all the gospel preach,
The Resurrection and the Life,
In sweet, persuasive speech."

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far West claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms,—the illuminated Scriptures of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange-flowers are a bridal crown with us,—a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreath before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—MRS. L. M. CHILD.

Whence is this delicate scent in the rose and violet? It is not from the root,—that smells of nothing; not from the stalk,—that is as scentless as the root; not from the earth whence it grows, which contributes no more to these flowers than to the grass that grows by them; not from the leaf, not from the bud, before it be disclosed, which yields no more fragrance than the leaf, or stalk, or root; yet here I now find it: neither is there any miraculous way but in the ordinary

course of nature, for all violets and roses of this kind yield the same redolence: it cannot be but that it was potentially in that root and stem from which the flowers proceed; and there placed and thence drawn by the Almighty Power which hath given those admirable virtues to several plants, and induces them, in His due season, to those excellent perfections.—Bishop Hall.

How beautiful and yet how cheap are flowers! Not exotics, but what are called common flowers. A rose, for instance, is among the most beautiful of the smiles of nature. The "laughing flowers," exclaims the poet. But there is more than gayety in blooming flowers, though it takes a wise man to see the beauty, the love, and the adaptation of which they are so full.

What would we think of one who had *invented* flowers, supposing that, before him, flowers were unknown? Would he not be regarded as the opener-up of a paradise of new delight? Should we not hail the inventor as a genius, as a god? And yet these lovely offsprings of the earth have been speaking to man from the first dawn of his existence until now, telling him of the goodness and wisdom of the Creative Power, which bid the earth bring forth not only that which was useful as food, but also flowers, the bright consummate flowers, to clothe it in beauty and joy!

Bring one of the commonest field flowers into a room, place it on a table, or chimney-piece,

and you seem to have brought a ray of sunshine into the place. There is a cheerfulness about flowers. What a delight are they to the drooping invalid! They are a sweet enjoyment, coming as messengers from the country, and seeming to say,—"Come and see the place where we grow, and let your heart be glad in our presence."

What can be more innocent than flowers? They are like children undimmed by sin. They are emblems of purity and truth, a source of fresh delight to the pure and innocent. The heart that does not love flowers, or the voice of a playful child, cannot be genial. It was a beautiful conceit that invented a language of flowers, by which lovers were enabled to express the feelings that they dared not openly speak. But flowers have a voice for all,—old and young, rich and poor. "For me," says Wordsworth,

> "The meanest flower that blows, can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

—SMILES.

Wages of Sin.

The wages of sin is death.—ROMANS VI. 23.

TRUTH out of sight,
Falsehood crept in,
Wrong put for Right—
Wages of Sin.

Self become god,
Eager to win
All at its nod—
Wages of Sin.

Scorn of the Seer,
Vanity's grin,
Darkness grown dear—
Wages of Sin.

Trouble without,
Canker within,
Fear, Hate, and Doubt—
Wages of Sin.

What is to be,
All that has been
Shadows that flee—
Wages of Sin.

Loss of the soul,
Wrangle and din,
Tragedy's dole—
Wages of Sin. ——.

Sin is not the possession of desires, but the having them in uncontrolled ascendency over the higher nature. Sinfulness does not consist in having *strong* desires or passions. In the strongest and highest natures, all, including the desires, is strong. Sin is not a real *thing*. It is rather the absence of a something, the will to do right. It is not a disease or taint, an actual substance projected into the constitution. It is the absence of the spirit which orders and harmonizes the whole; so that what we mean when we say the natural man must sin inevitably is this,—that he has strong natural appetites, and that he has no bias from above to counteract those appetites: exactly as if a ship were deserted by her crew, and left on the bosom of the Atlantic with every sail set and the wind blowing. No one forces her to destruction; yet on the rocks she will surely go, just because there is no pilot at her helm. Such is the state of ordinary men. Temptation leads to fall. The gusts of instinct, which rightly guided, would have carried safely into port, dash them on the rocks. No one forces them to sin; but the spirit-pilot has left the helm. Fallen Nature!

Sin, therefore, is not in the appetites, but in the absence of a controlling Will. — F. W. Robertson.

Perhaps few narratives in History or Mythology are more significant than that Moslem one, of Moses and the Dwellers by the Dead Sea. A

tribe of men dwelt on the shores of that same Asphaltic Lake; and having forgotten, as we are all too prone to do, the inner facts of Nature, and taken up with the falsities and outer semblances of it, were fallen into sad conditions,—verging, indeed, toward a far deeper lake. Whereupon it pleased kind Heaven to send them the Prophet Moses, with an instructive word of warning, out of which might have sprung 'remedial measures' not a few. But, no: the men of the Dead Sea discovered, as the valet-species always does in heroes or prophets, no comeliness in Moses; listened with real tedium to Moses, with light grinning, or with splenetic sniffs and sneers, affecting even to yawn; and signified, in short, that they found him a humbug, and even a bore. Such was the candid theory these men of the Asphalt Lake formed to themselves of Moses, that probably he was a humbug, that certainly he was a bore.

Moses withdrew; but Nature and her rigorous veracities did not withdraw. The men of the Dead Sea, when we next went to visit them, were all "changed into Apes;" sitting on trees there, grinning now in the most *un*affected manner; gibbering and chattering very genuine nonsense; finding the whole Universe now a most indisputable Humbug! The Universe had *become* a Humbug to these Apes who thought it was. There they sit and chatter, to this hour: only, I believe, every Sabbath there returns to

them a bewildered half-consciousness, half-reminiscence; and they sit, with their wizened, smoke-dried visages, and such an air of supreme tranquility as Apes may; looking out through those blinking, smoke-bleared eyes of theirs, into the wonderfulest universal smoke of Twilight and undecipherable disordered dusk of Things; wholly an Uncertainty, Unintelligibility, they and it; and for commenting thereon, here and there an unmusical chatter or mew: truest, tranquilist Humbug conceivable by the mind of man or ape! They made no use of their souls; and so have lost them. Their worship on the Sabbath now is to roost there, with unmusical screeches; and half-remember that they have souls.

Didst thou never, O traveller, fall in with portions of this tribe? It seems they are grown somewhat numerous in our day.—CARLYLE.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it, may be a saint; that boasteth of it, is a devil.—THOMAS FULLER.

All crimes are indeed sins, but not all sins crimes. A sin may be in the thought or secret purpose of a man, of which neither a judge, nor a witness, nor any man, can take notice.—HOBBES.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer, and the murderer of the world; use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used. Kill it before it kills you; and though it kill your bodies, it

shall not be able to kill your souls; and though it bring you to the grave, as it did your Head, it shall not be able to keep you there.—BAXTER.

There is more bitterness following on sin's ending than ever there was sweetness flowing upon sin's acting. You that see nothing but *well* in its commission will suffer nothing but *woe* in its conclusion; you that sin for your profits will never profit by your sins.—J. DYER.

Were the visage of sin seen at full light, undressed and unpainted, it were impossible, while it so appeared, that any one soul could be in love with it, but would rather flee from it as hideous and abominable.—ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

Sin and hedge-hogs are born without spikes, but how they wound and prick after their birth we all know. The most unhappy being is he who feels remorse before the (sinful) deed, and brings forth a sin already furnished with teeth in its birth, the bite of which is soon prolonged into an incurable wound of the conscience.—RICHTER.

Sin is to the soul like fire to combustible matter: it assimilates before it destroys it.—SOUTH.

Once upon the inclined road of error, and there is no swiftness so tremendous as that with which we dash down the plane, no insensibility so obstinate as that which fastens on us through the quick descent. The start once made, and there is neither stopping nor waking until the

last and lowest depth is sounded. Our natural fears and promptings become hushed with the first impetus, and we are lost to everything but the delusive tones of sin, which only cheat the senses and make our misery harmonious. Farewell all opportunities of escape,—the strivings of conscience,—the faithful whisperings of shame, which served us even when we stood trembling at the fatal point! Farewell the holy power of virtue, which made foul things look hideous, and good things lovely, and kept a guard about our hearts to welcome beauty and frighten off deformity! Farewell integrity, — joy, — rest, — and happiness!—MELVILLE.

The only disturber of men, of families, cities, kingdoms, worlds, is sin: there is no such trouble, no such traitor to any state, as the wilfully wicked man; no such enemy to the public as the enemy of God.—WOGAN.

For every sort of suffering there is sleep provided by a gracious Providence, *save that of sin.* —PROF. WILSON.

Heaven.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.—I Cor. xi. 9.

MY SOUL, my soul, is Heaven
Wherever God abides,
Up lofty stairs in number seven,
And many more besides?

My soul, my soul, is Heaven
Where God in Christ is found,
That marvellously peaceful haven
Where all fair things abound?

My soul, my soul, is Heaven
Where Hate can never come,
And Love, beyond all thinking even,
In silence whispers, Home?

My soul, my soul, is Heaven
Where rest is doing good,
And to the constant heart is given
The joy of Brotherhood?

Are these the walls of Heaven?
Are these what Truth is worth?
Are these the four great Thoughts which leaven
Eternal life on Earth?

My soul replies that Heaven
Is to approach the Lord,
And, coming with no spirit craven,
To take Him at His word.

———.

To acquaint ourselves with Christ is to become acquainted with Heaven. It is to be able to speak of it, as was said of a Saint of old, as of a place where we have already been, and from whence we have but returned upon an errand. There is no other possession which has been made our own with as much certainty, no other place of which, vaguely as we allow ourselves to speak of it, we really know so much. If we, indeed, know little about Heaven, it is only because we know little about God, and Jesus Christ, in whom He is revealed; for this, the true spiritual acquaintance with God, "is life eternal." Little, it is true, has been made known to us of the outward constitution of our future commonwealth, much has been imparted to us of its inward conditions, and this through experience,—good things given instruct us in good things prepared. Love that "prepares" Many Mansions for us, prepares us for what we shall find in them. We are so ignorant of the Divine economy which regulates our everlasting habitations, that the mere attempt to guess at what will be there our probable habits, pursuits and occupations, involves us in a thousand difficulties and contradictions; and yet, while we know not how

we shall then *live*, we know in kind, if not in degree, how we shall then *feel*. Here, while the form and outline are strange to us, the imperishable essence is familiar: we cannot define either the shape or color of this God's glorious Rose; we only know it through its fragrance, unfolding in the regenerate soul of man. We cannot paint this flower, yet love, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost convey within our hearts a subtle sense of its odor, and instruct us in the highest secrets of Heaven.—Miss Greenwell.

Where the soul hath the full measure and complement of happiness; where the boundless appetite of that spirit remains completely satisfied, that it can neither desire addition nor alteration; that, I think, is truly heaven: and this can only be in the enjoyment of that essence whose infinite goodness is able to terminate the desires of itself, and the unsatiable wishes of ours: wherever God will thus manifest Himself, there is heaven, though within the circle of this visible world. Thus the soul of man may be in heaven anywhere, even within the limits of his own proper body.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Some real lives do,—for certain days or years,—actually anticipate the happiness of heaven; and I believe if such perfect happiness is once felt by good people (to the wicked it never comes) its sweet effect is never wholly lost. Whatever trials follow, whatever pains of sickness or shades of death, the glory preced-

ent still shines through, cheering the keen anguish and tinging the deep cloud.—CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

Perfect purity,—fullness of joy,—everlasting freedom,—perfect rest,—health and fruition,—complete security,—substantial and eternal good.—HANNAH MOORE.

Our souls, piercing through the impurity of flesh, behold the highest heavens, and thence bring knowledge to contemplate the everduring glory and termless joy.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

All things of the Hereafter have their beginning here. The Christly germ, fed by grace and truth, unfolds and grows and grows amid the suns and storms of earth, and its blossom is a *present* Heaven, its fruit—the Heaven to come; or, neglected and hidden amid the cold impurity of sin, it withers and withers until its blackness is a present hell, prophetic of the hell to follow. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Reader, thy imagination needs no help to draw the *counterpart* of this picture.— - ——.

Hell.

WHICH has beginning here,
Confusion dark, invisible,
Loveless, foreboding fear.

Where God is less and less,
Until the soul is left to dwell
In utter loneliness.

The state from God apart,
The poisonous damp of death's deep well,
The vileness of the heart.

Where sinners find their own,
The judgment only they can tell,
Self to a viper grown.

Which lasts as long as sin,
The outer darkness terrible
To all that are therein.

After a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me and said, in a canting voice:

"Bishop, do you believe in a hell?"

I said, "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?"

"Yes," said he.

"Well," said I, "the best answer I have ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece, who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep this willful charge in the right way, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the niece came bounding into the room, and said:

"Aunty, I ain't gwine to believe in a hell no more." If dar is any hell I jest wants to know whar dey gets all dere brimstone for dat place; dat's what I would like to know."

The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and with a tear on her cheek, said:

"Ah, honey darlin', you look out you don't go dare, for you'll find dey all takes der own brimstone wid 'em."

I then said, "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?"

"No," said he.

And he went home, I hope with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "their own brimstone," even in this world.—Bishop Whipple.

The heart of a man is the place the devil dwells in: I feel sometimes a hell within myself: Lucifer keeps his court in my breast

Legion is revived in me. There are as many hells as Anaxarchus conceited worlds. There was more than one hell in Magdalene, when there were seven devils, for every devil is an hell unto himself; he holds enough of torture in his own *ubi*, and needs not the misery of circumstance to afflict him. And thus a distracted conscience here is a shadow or introduction into hell hereafter.—Sir Thomas Browne.

The fear of hell may indeed in some desperate cases, like the *moxa*, give the first rouse from a moral lethargy, or, like the green venom of copper, by evacuating poison or a dead load from the inner man, prepare it for nobler ministrations and medicines from the realm of light and life, that nourish while they stimulate.—Coleridge.

If shame, superadded to loss, and both met together, as the sinner's portion here, perfectly prefiguring the two saddest ingredients in hell, — deprivation of the blissful vision, and confusion of face, — cannot prove efficacious to the mortifying of vice, the church doth give over the patient.—Hammond.

Many might go to Heaven with half the labor they go to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way.—Ben Johnson.

The Divine Law.

He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.—GALATIANS VI. 8.

HEAVEN and Hell are dated here
On parchment of the free-born will:
Judgment at last will make it clear,
The mighty law of good and ill.

The Light of Love and Truth Divine,
The glory of the Saviour's blood,
Can make the darkest spirit shine,
And work us everlasting good.

The false and evil that we cherish,
Engrafting in our souls the bane,
Will not, when time is ended, perish,
Never bewildering again.

Prophets as thick as human lives,
And with one burden evermore,
Proclaim that character survives,
On reaching the Eternal shore;

And that to everything beyond
In that far land to which we go,
Something of earth doth correspond,
To hint what is for us to know.

O sin-deluded ears and eyes,
Not to perceive Eternity
Is everywhere beneath the skies,
Earth's only great reality!

———.

Man's actions here are of infinite moment to him, and never die or end at all; man, with his little life, reaches upward high as Heaven, downward low as Hell, and in his threescore years of Time holds an Eternity fearfully and wonderfully hidden.—CARLYLE.

Reader, even Christian Reader as thy title goes, hast thou any notion of Heaven and Hell? I rather apprehend not! Often as the words are on our tongue they have got a fabulous or semi-fabulous character for most of us, and pass on like a kind of transient similitude, like a sound signifying little.

Yet it is well worth while for us to know, once and always, that they are not a similitude, nor a semi-fable; that they are an everlasting, highest Fact! "No Lake of Sicilian or other sulphur burns now anywhere in these ages," sayest thou? Well, if there did not! Believe that there does not; believe it if thou wilt, nay, hold by it as a real increase, a rise to higher stages, to wider horizons and empires. All this has vanished or has not vanished: believe as thou wilt as to all this. But that an Infinite of Practical Importance, speaking with strict mathematical exactness, an *Infinite* has vanished or can

vanish from the life of any man: this thou shalt not believe! O brother, the Infinite of Terror, of Hope, of Pity, did not at any moment disclose itself to thee, indubitable, unnameable? Came it never like the gleam of *preter*natural eternal Oceans, like the voice of old Eternities, far sounding through thy hearts of hearts? Never? Alas, it was not thy Liberalism, then; it was thy Animalism! The Infinite is more sure than any other fact. But only men can discern it; mere building beavers, spinning arachnes, much more predatory vulturous and vulpine species, do not discern it well!—CARLYLE.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage,—the very least as feeling her care, the greatest as not exempted from her power: both angels and men and creatures, of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—HOOKER.

Law is immutable, universal, perfect. The harvest it brought from certain conditions yesterday, it brings to-day, it will bring to-morrow, from like conditions. "Be not deceived! God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap; for he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."— ——.

Resignation.

PRAY thou, and in thy confidence adore Him,
O Lord, Thy will be done!
The vapor of the world will flee before Him
Like mist before the sun.

And thou shalt have the sight of Truth Eternal,
As beautiful as light,
Until thy withered life again is vernal
And hid from every blight.

For, hid with Christ in God, how can it wither
In darkness any more?
Oh, count it safe!—until thou goest whither
The Lord has gone before;

And think, as oft as thou shalt see affliction,
An angel in disguise
Upon thy head has dropped a benediction,
A flower from Paradise.

———.

Shall I rage, fret, and accuse Providence of injustice? No: let me rather lament that I do not what is always right; what depends not on the fortuitous changes of this world, nor the blind sport of fortune, but remains unalterably fixed in the mind; untouched, though this shat-

tered globe shall fall in pieces, and bury us in the ruins. Though I do not lead a virtuous life, let it show me how I am, and of myself how weak; how far from an independent being; given as a sheep into the hands of the great Shepherd of all, on whom let us cast all our cares, for He careth for us.—BURKE.

A man is right and invincible, virtuous and on the road towards sure conquest, precisely while he joins himself to the great, deep law of the world, in spite of all superficial laws, temporary appearances, profit-and-loss calculation;—he is victorious while he co-operates with that great central law—not victorious otherwise: and surely his first chance of co-operating with it, or getting into the course of it, is to know with his own soul that it *is*—that it is good, and alone good. This is the soul of Islam; it is properly the soul of Christianity; for Islam is definable as a confused form of Christianity: had Christianity not been, neither had it been. Christianity also commands us, before all, to be resigned to God. We are to take no counsel with flesh and blood; give ear to no vain cavils, vain sorrows and wishes; to know that we know nothing; that the worst and cruellest to our eyes is not what it seems; that we have to receive whatsoever befalls us as sent from God above, and say, "It is good and wise—God is great! Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. Islam means in its way denial of self,—annihilation of self.

This is yet the highest wisdom that Heaven has revealed to our earth.—CARLYLE.

True resignation, which always brings with it the confidence that unchangeable goodness will make even the disappointment of our hopes and the contradictions of life conducive to some benefit, casts a grave but tranquil light over the prospect of even a toilsome and troubled life. — HUMBOLDT.

We must learn to suffer what we cannot evade. Our life, like the harmony of the world, is composed of contrary things, of several notes, sweet and harsh, sharp and flat, sprightly and solemn; and the musician who should only affect one of these, what would he be able to do? He must know how to make use of them all, and to mix them; and we, likewise, the goods and evils which are consubstantial with life: our being cannot subsist without this mixture, and the one are no less necessary to it than the other. — MONTAIGNE.

A man can even here be with God, so long as he bears God within him. We should be able to see without sadness our most holy wishes fade like sunflowers, because the sun above us still forever beams, eternally makes new, and cares for all; and a man must not so much prepare himself for eternity as plant eternity in himself: eternity, serene, pure, full of depth, full of light, and of all else.—RICHTER.

Life.

LIFE supernal, fair and vernal,
Is the glory of the story,—
Via Crucis via Lucis: *

Dawns in beauty born of duty;
Joins thereafter Heaven's laughter,—
Via Crucis via Lucis:

Finds probation tribulation;
Onward presses and confesses,—
Via Crucis via Lucis:

Bursts the fetter of the letter;
Reckons sorrow joy to-morrow,—
Via Crucis via Lucis:

To the Master in disaster
Bravely clinging, journeys singing,—
Via Crucis via Lucis:

Ranges crownward, never downward,
Always loving, always proving,—
Via Crucis via Lucis:

Dips forever from the River
Everlasting, still forecasting,—
Via Crucis via Lucis;

* The way of the Cross the way of Light.

And presages all the ages
In the sweetness of completeness,—
Via Crucis via Lucis.

———.

There is a beautiful river, whose source is in perennial springs hidden from human eyes. Rains from heaven fall into it, over rocky barriers, with musical gurgling, like the gushing voice of blackbirds in the springtime; and the water, as it rolls down, waves upward its incense of mist, which the sun kisses, and welcomes with a smile of rainbows. The river that receive the gentle cascade is broad and deep, and in some places so calm and clear that flowers on the banks nod to themselves in its mirror.

But, as the stream travels on, the loose soil through which it passes mingles with the translucent water and renders it turbid and discolored. Still, those who are far from the source, if they thirst for pure water, can obtain it by filtering out the dregs; or if their vessel has been filled with muddy water by other hands, the sediments will sink to the bottom, if they quietly leave the water to the operation of its own laws: and thus they will be supplied with clean and wholesome drink.

In the long course of the stream, trees fall into it in some places, and form snags which interrupt the free flow of the waters, and impede the progress of those who are coming up from below and trying to ascend to the source. Still

further down are stagnant pools, where alligators, resembling harmless logs, lie in wait, ready to devour whoever seeks to drink or bathe.

But the worst of all is a strange hallucination which siezes upon many who come to obtain water for their own use. They bring vessels of all sizes; some as large as a barrel, others no bigger than a thimble. But whether the vessels be large or small, each one, when he has filled his own, declares that he has the whole river in his possession, and that no other can have a drop of it unless it be obtained from his vessel. And not only does each one consider himself sole proprietor of the river, but he also assumes that the river is exactly in the shape of his particular vessel. If that is globular, he says the river is orb-shaped; if his vessel is a barrel, he declares the river to be long and circular; if he scoops up a little of it with a clam-shell he insists that its only form is that of a clam-shell; even so slight a variation as the attempt to dip with an oyster-shell gives rise to contention. So excited do all these become that each pelts the other with stones, to maintain for their respective vessels the exclusive monopoly of the river. Sometimes a philosopher comes along, and says: "Do you not perceive, friends, that water takes the form of whatever it is put into? And that each of you has only a small portion of the mighty river, in vessels of such shape and dimensions as you brought to it?"

Then they all unite to throw stones at the philosopher; and while they are thus occupied, alligators lie in wait, slyly to seize some of the angry combatants.

But far away from the discordant noise of hurling stones, the mighty river, fed by perennial springs, flows calmly on, with gentle lapsing music; furnishing pure drink to the thirsty, and health to those who bathe in its deep waters.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the winding of the grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing around us. We are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked,—we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our

feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.—Bishop Heber.

Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world; but the time will come when, I trust, we shall put them off in putting off our corruptible bodies: when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark will remain,—the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature: whence it came, it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory,—from the pale human soul to brighten to the seraph. . . . It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternity a rest, a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed, revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low: I live in calm, looking to the end.—Charlotte Brontë.

It is to live twice when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life.—Martial.

God proves us in this life, that He may the more plenteously reward us in the next.—Wake.

Christian life consists in faith and charity.—Luther.

In One.

Having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure, which He hath purposed in Himself: that in the dispensation of the fulness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in Heaven, and which are on earth; even in Him.—EPH. I. 9, 10.

THE flower unfolded by the sun,
The transient beauty of a day,
Tells out the bloom of Heaven to one,
And to another Earth's decay.

The mountain kissed by sun and storm
Proclaims the message of the sky,
And, down beneath its mighty form,
Sobs in Destruction's muffled cry.

There is no lot, there is no life,
Or be it high, or be it low,
That does not share the groan and strife,
The marvel of our weal and woe.

The fairest things that fill the eye
Are postured in a mournful light;
And all their beauty seems to die
To one who has too near a sight.

Oh, all the language of the earth,
In every syllable twofold,
Utters the new eternal birth
And sighs o'er something growing old.

And must it be forever so,
  This mockery of wretched man,
All things like phantoms come and go,
  And hint no satisfying plan?

Vexed with the double speech below,
  I task the Holy, Perfect One,
Who in the ages long ago
  Life's grand, eternal triumph won.

Vexed with the double speech below,
  I turn and hear the Heavenly Voice,
God, God in Christ whom all may know,
  And, soothed at last, rejoice, rejoice.

For lo! the darkness turns to light,
  Lit by the glory of the Cross;
For self therein is out of sight,
  And Gain remembers not the loss.

And bathed in Love's Eternity,
  All things will feel their travail done,
And, like the rivers in the sea,
  Be gathered up at last in One.

———.

The redemption of Man carries in its train the redemption of Nature. There is the picture set before us in the book of Genesis, of something like the fall of Nature, when Man by transgression fell. Eden vanished; Earth became a wilderness, Man became a pilgrim, his life became a march through the hungry, wasteful desert,

while his Paradise regained lay awaiting him beyond the river of death. This is the poetic picture of the Scripture; and the study of the conditions of the life of Man and of the Creation, sustains the idea which lies behind it, that the sphere which surrounds Man, the whole world system which serves as the theatre of his life, is set, so to speak, to the pitch of his spiritual nature. As he has fallen into captivity to evil, it is in bondage to corruption; as he rises through Redemption to regain his lost inheritance, the Creation, too, is in process of being redeemed. . . . groaneth and travaileth in sympathy. Like Man, it is subject to vanity, it is full of discord, battle, and suffering, not that it may seem more homelike to the transgressor, but that it may help the process by which he is being saved. The day will come when man's redemption shall be complete; when every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord; when peace shall reign through righteousness in the wide human commonwealth, and sorrow and sighing shall be banished forever from the experience of the race. And then shall Man find himself face to face with a new, a fairer, a more blessed Creation; a new Heaven and a new earth shall be the theatre for "the manifestation of the sons of God." — J. BALDWIN BROWN.

And what is the breadth of Christ's Cross? My friends, it is as broad as the whole world;

for He died for the whole world, as it is written, "He is a propitiation, not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world;" and again, "God willeth that none should perish;" and again, "As by the offense, judgment came on all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, the gift came upon all men to justification of life."

And that is the breadth of Christ's Cross.

And what is the length of Christ's Cross? The length thereof, says an old father, signifies the time during which its virtue will last.

How long, then, is the Cross of Christ? Long enough to last through all time. As long as there is a sinner to be saved; as long as there is ignorance, sorrow, pain, death, or anything else which is contrary to God and hurtful to man in the universe of God, so long will Christ's Cross last. For it is written, He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet; and God is all in all.

And that is the length of the Cross of Christ.

And how high is Christ's Cross? As high as the highest heaven, and the throne of God, and the bosom of the Father,—that bosom out of which forever proceeds all created things. Ay, as high as the highest heaven; for,—if you will receive it,—when Christ hung upon the Cross, heaven came down to earth, and earth ascended into heaven. Christ never showed forth His Father's glory so perfectly as when, hanging

upon the Cross, He cried in His death agony, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Those words showed the true height of the Cross; and caused St. John to know that his vision was true, and no dream, when he saw afterwards in the midst of the throne a lamb as it had been slain.

And this is the height of the Cross of Christ.

And how deep is the Cross of Christ? This is a great mystery, and one which people in these days are afraid to look at; and darken it of their own will, because they will neither believe their Bible, nor the voice of their own hearts.

But if the Cross of Christ be as high as heaven, then, it seems to me, it must also be as deep as hell, deep enough to reach the deepest sinner in the deepest pit to which he may fall. We know that He preached to the spirits in prison. We know that it is written, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." We know that when the wicked man turns from his wickedness, and does that which is lawful and right, he will save his soul alive. We know that in the very same chapter God tells us that his ways are not unequal — that He has not one law for one man, and another for another, or one law for one year and another for another. It is possible, therefore, that He has not one law for this life, and another for the life to come. Let us hope, then, that David's words

may be true, after all, when speaking by the Spirit of God, he says, not only "If I ascend up to heaven, Thou art there," but "if I go down to hell, Thou art there also;" and let us hope that *that* is the depth of the Cross of Christ.

At all events, my friends, let us believe that we shall find St. Paul's words true, when he says that Christ's love passes knowledge; and therefore that we shall find this also; that however broad we may think Christ's Cross, it is broader still. However long, it is longer still. However high, it is higher still. However deep, it is deeper still. Yes, we shall find that St. Paul spoke solemn truth when he said, that Christ had ascended on high that He might fill all things; that Christ filled all in all; and that He must reign till the day when He shall give up the Kingdom to God, even the Father, that God may be all in all.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds; who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high; being made so much better than the angels, as He hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they.—HEBREWS I. 1–4.

And what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and hath put all things under His feet and gave Him to be the head over all things to the church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all. — EPHESIANS I. 19–23.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. — PHILIPPIANS II. 9–11.

Part Sixth.

Key-Notes.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.—COLOSSIANS III. 7.

Not because I raise myself *above* something, but because I raise myself *to* something do I approve myself.—JACOBI.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—ADDISON.

There is always a spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.—CARLYLE.

Honor and profit do not always lie in the same sack.
—GEORGE HERBERT.

He that reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king.—MILTON.

The Beautiful Plant.

The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley.
—Song of Solomon II. 9.

OF all the wonderful plants that grow
On mountain, in forest and field,
There are verily none of which I know
Whose generous blossoms yield
One-half the fragrance, one-half so sweet,
As the Beautiful Plant that I daily meet.

It blooms the first in the vernal time,
And gay at the coming of June;
It ever outlives the Summer's prime:
And when the Autumn-winds tune
Their organs to play the dirge of death,
It scorneth and shunneth their blasting breath.

When Nature at length is in burial array,
Her children all gone to the tomb,
Will it ever know that wickedest day
When it shall be out of its bloom?
Oh, no; for every to-morrow doth bring
To my Beautiful Plant the return of Spring.

It drinketh the wine from the cup of morn,
And trembles with rare delight;
And the loving stars at even born
Look down from their homes of light,
And unto my heart forever say,
Thou hast the beauty that lives for aye.

And when I go forth to the strife of the world,
And join the hurry and din,
With banners of light in my soul unfurled,
I forget not that all are kin,
Throughout the one great household of God,
Awake on earth or asleep in the sod.

The present, the past, and the future are mine,
And I am no longer my own:
All things I behold in the light divine,
Where nothing is ever alone,
And beauty flows forth unto eager eyes,
Surveying the earth or piercing the skies.

In the world's isolation I cannot move,
When I catch the glory of all
That is meant by Universal Love,
To push from the heart the wall
Which is builded of hate and fear and doubt,
And fences immortal companions out.

My Beautiful Plant a-through my heart
Diffuses such glory and cheer,
I would never more from the garden depart
Where it blossoms through all the year,

NOONING.

And daily, I think, becomes more fair,
Receiving the kisses of purer air.

Oh who does not nourish so holy a thing
Is the poorest and vilest of all!
Though he live unchallenged a very king,
And a world respond to his call.
Ah, such, I fear, when the earth is behind,
The garden immortal will never find;

For this plant is akin to the Tree of Life,
Blossoming under its shade,
And serving to sweeten the toil and strife
Which the Tempter for us has made,
Until at last we climb by its power,
So high as to pluck the heavenly dower.

And then in truth of such wondrous worth,
Its roots so deep in the soul,
That when we are weary and done with the earth,
It will go with us over the goal;
And there, at length, in its native clime,
It will reach with its kindred a growth sublime.

———.

In the meanest thing of every day, no man liveth, no man dieth unto himself, so inwrapt and interfolded are human destinies in the continual action and reaction that goes on through life. And if it is thus with the outward course of things, dealing with what is material and secular, how much more so in that great unseen order

where finer things are touched to surer issues, the spiritual life of man! The Christian is one who in work and life and prayer "strengthens himself" for the sake of many; he belongs consciously to a kingdom in which there is nothing unrelated.

And a time comes to the soul when individualism becomes cramping, narrowing; when we feel conscious that we cannot breathe and move freely, either in work or prayer, except through the universal organic whole.

What is Christianity itself, *but living to the whole instead of living to the part?* It gives the heart Christ instead of itself for its spring and centre; it says unto it, "Behold the Man;" not Paul now, nor Apollos, not even Jesus Christ Himself as a man; if we have known Him as such in a merely personal relation, we know Him as such no more, but as the great High-Priest *standing before God in the place of humanity*, whose sins, whose griefs and burdens, He has taken upon Himself, first-born among many brethren. *Ecce Homo!* The earliest impression I ever received of Christ was from a colored engraving with these words beneath it; I remember distinctly the place where it used to hang; the crown of thorns, the bleeding forehead, the kind and sorrowful countenance. I remember, as a very little child, asking what the two Latin words meant; how long have I been in learning their full meaning?—Miss Greenwell.

Doubtless the memory of each one of us will furnish him with the picture of some member of a family whose very presence seemed to shed happiness:—a daughter, perhaps, whose light step, even in the distance, irradiated every one's countenance. What was the secret of such a one's power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing; but radiant smiles, beaming good humor, the tact of divining what every one felt and every one wanted, told that she had got out of self, and learned to think for others; so that at one time it showed itself in deprecating the quarrel, which lowering brows and raised tones already showed to be impending, by sweet words; at another, by smoothing an invalid's pillow; at another, by soothing a sobbing child; at another, by humoring and softening a father who had returned weary and ill-tempered from the irritating cares of business. None but she saw those things. None but a loving heart *could* see them. That was the secret of her heavenly power. Call you those things homely trifles? By reference to the character of Christ they rise into something quite sublime. For that is loving as He loved. And these trifles prepare for larger deeds. The one who will in trial be found capable of great acts of love, is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones. The Soul which poured itself out to death upon the Cross for the human race, was the Spirit of Him who thought of the wants of the people, contrived for the rest of the disciples, and was thoughtful for a mother.—F. W. Robertson.

Brotherhood.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.
—St. Mark xvi. 15.

I HEAR, I hear the voices
Of those heroic ones
Through whose undying greatness
One endless purpose runs:
I feel their exaltation,
Those levers of the world,
And know their mission holdeth
Till Time his wings hath furled.

Oh, in the deathless glory
Of those who lived of yore,
The hero, saint, and martyr,
I range forevermore,
With joyful heart and thankful,
So much of love it sees,
For what the Lord hath given
In His dear witnesses.

But chief of all the voices
That fall on human ears,
Is that which groweth clearer
Through all the lapse of years,
The Master's Great Commission,
His word of boundless range,
Which travels through the ages,
Unheeding time or change.

O Master, Helper, Saviour,
I see Thee as to-day
Go up the Mount of Olives,
Upon Thy homeward way,
About to show the nations
The wonder that was hid,
The headstone of the corner
Of God's Great Pyramid.

And while expectant angels
A bright, triumphal train,
Are gathering to herald
Their Lord to Heaven again,
Thy little band and feeble
I see around Thee there,
The chosen ones and faithful
Of all Thy loving care.

Like meek and patient heroes
Who heed God's bugle-call,
Comes it at night or morning,
Be it to rise or fall,
Those humble ones and loving,
All having ears to hear,
Now hear a voice that lifts them
To wondrous atmosphere.

It is Thy last commandment,
Thy word of boundless range,
Which travels through the ages,
Not heeding time or change:

Which places every hearer
A servant in the van,
And consecrates forever
The Brotherhood of Man.

A bold and great commission
Intrusted now to them,
A higher charge and nobler
Than royal diadem!
A dear and precious treasure
In earthen vessels here,
Preserved for us in mercy
Through many a wasting year!

A treasure universal
For all the sons of men,
Till Thou at length in glory
Shalt come to earth again!
O tidings good and joyful!
O sweet and blessed sound,
Borne on by patient heralds
In all the world around!

Dear Master, Helper, Saviour,
Thy messengers are still
Abroad in every nation,
To work Thy blessed will:
The breath of heaven breathing,
Salvation still they bear:
Their feet upon the mountains,
Like Thine, are very fair.

Alike in cloud and sunshine,
As steady as a star
Which treads its pathway yonder,
Their lives and labors are.
Alike in shame and triumph,
They look away beyond
Earth's evanescent evil
And never once despond.

For God, they know, in wisdom,
Sends both the good and ill,
And with no selfish murmur
They bide His sovereign will.
Be theirs the fate of Stephen,
Or that of loving John,
Their works are known in heaven,
And live forever on.

For chief of all the voices
That fall on human ears,
Is that which groweth clearer
Through all the lapse of years:
Which ranges every hearer
A servant in the van,
And consecrates forever
The Brotherhood of Man.

It happened, once on a time, as men went to and fro in the world, who were interested in the arts, that they discovered, at different periods, and hidden away in many countries, portions, it

seemed, of exquisite statues,—a foot, an arm, a torso, a broken hand. Something superb in each of these made men recognize them at once as perfect. Each nation cherished their separate piece as an ideal of art; each drifted into a thousand suspicions as to the author and his intention; each completed the statue from conjecture, according to their own ability. At last, owing to the decay of the nations, and to the rise of one upon their ruins, all the several pieces were collected in one museum. They were still considered as belonging to separate nations and periods of art. Dissertations were written and lectures were delivered upon them; the ideal completions which each nation had made of their several pieces were placed beside them, and the completions studied with infinite criticism.

One day, however, when the artist world were collected in the museum, a man whom no one knew entered, and slowly went from room to room examining the famous remnants one after another, but passing by the completions of each with some indifference. At last he approached the group of artists: 'Sirs,' he said, 'I have examined your famous pieces of sculpture, and their ideal restorations. The restorations are interesting as examples of art at different periods, but worthless as a foundation for any true ideal. But, did it never strike you that all your pieces are of the same time and by the same hand, and

that you have but to bring them together out of their several rooms and unite them? Your ideal statue is among you, and you know it not! When he had thus spoken, many laughed and some mocked, but a few were found to listen; the greater part, however, as the stranger grew more earnest, became indignant—for what would become of their art theories if he were right?—and drove him out of the museum with ignominy. But the few sought him out, and it is said that they entered the building by night and brought together the remnants, the stranger superintending, and found it even as he had said. They saw the statue grow, piece by piece, into unity, but at the end the head was wanting. A great cry of pity arose — 'What!' they wept, 'shall we never see the ideal realized?' But the stranger, as they wept, drew from beneath his cloak the head, and crowned the statue with completeness. And as he did so, he passed away and was seen no more. But the perfect thing remained—the pure ideal of divine art, fully realized at last. Then those few give up their theories, and their delight in the separate remnants and their restorations, and went abroad, taking with them the perfect thing, to preach a new kingdom of art; and when men asked them to define and theorize art, they stept aside, and unveiling the statue, said, "Look and see; this is Art. If you can receive it, you, too, will become artists. This is all our definition, this is all our

theory.' And some believed and others did not, but slowly the new ideal won its way, till it grew to be the rule and the model of the greater part of the artist world.

Of what took place at the museum when the mockers found their pieces gone — of how they fought against the possessors of the statue, and denied that it had anything to do with their lost remnants; of how they made counterfeits of these remnants, and clung to their ancient restorations as the true ideals—I need not tell; nor yet of a more pitiable thing —of how in after-times the followers of the true ideal made false copies of it, modifying it, and introducing their own ideas into it, and held up these, and not the perfect statue, for the imitation and aspiration of the world of art. Are not these things written in history? But again and again, the one effort of all true artists since has been to bring back men to the contemplation of that single figure.

This parable illustrates what I have been saying. The scattered truths of the world were truths from God. Men wove diverse religions round the diverse truths. At last Christ came, and did not reject; but brought together in Himself the previous truths—made them for the first time fit into one another, so that each took its place; and then crowned them with the completing and new truth — the truth of the Divine Man. — Stopford A. Brooke.

It is not life to live for one's self alone. Let us help one another.—MENANDER.

I am a man, and nothing that concerns human beings is indifferent to me.—TERENCE.

The universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other.—EPICTETUS.

Give bread to a stranger, in the name of the universal brotherhood which binds all men together, under the common Father of Nature. — QUINTILLIAN.

To love and serve all men is to delight in God.—MENCIUS.

My doctrine makes no distinction between high and low, rich and poor. It is like water which washes and purifies all alike. It is like the sky, for it has room for all; for men and women, boys and girls, rich and poor. — FROM THE HINDU.

God, who creates and inspires men, willed that they should be equal. He made them all capable of wisdom; He imposed the same laws upon all; and He has promised immortality to all. As He furnished good for all, and gives the sweet repose of sleep to all, so does He give capacity for virtue to all. With Him, no one is a slave, and no one is a master. He is the Father of all, and we are all, by equal right, His children.—LACTANTIUS.

The human heart is like heaven: the more angels, the more room.—FREDERIKA BREMER.

I prefer my family to myself; my country to my family; and the human race to my country. —FÉNÉLON.

There are some races more cultured and advanced than others: more ennobled by education. But there are no races more noble than others. All are equally destined for freedom.—ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth . . . that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.—ACTS xvii. 26, 27, 28.

Eloquence.

It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

THIS, this is eloquence,
The language of the heart,
That native source of excellence
Above the realm of art.

This, this is eloquence,
To beat a falsehood down,

Too brave to think of consequence,
  And give to Truth the crown.

This, this is eloquence,
  The calm sincerity,
Which is its own sure evidence,
  Of manly charity.

This, this is eloquence,
  To set the erring right,
Who through the tears of penitence
  Go struggling into light.

And this is eloquence,
  The power of sacrifice,
That everlasting influence
  Which reaches to the skies.

———.

Eloquence is the language of nature, and cannot be learnt in the schools: the passions are powerful pleaders, and this very silence, like that of Garrick, goes directly to the soul.— COLTON.

In whom does it not enkindle passion? Its matchless excellence is applicable everywhere, in all classes of life. The rich and the poor experience the effects of its magic influence. It excites the soldier to the charge and animates him to the conflict. The miser it teaches to weep over his error, and to despise the degrading betrayer of his peace. It convicts the infidel of his depravity, dispels the cloud that obscures his mind, and leaves it pure and ele-

vated. The guilty are living monuments of its exertion, and the innocent hail it as the vindicator of their violated rights and the preserver of their sacred reputation. How often in the courts of justice does the prisoner behold his arms unshackled, his character freed from suspicion, and his future left open before him with all its hopes of honors, station, and dignity! And how often, in the halls of legislation, does Eloquence unmask corruption, expose intrigue, and overthrow tyranny! In the cause of mercy it is omnipotent. It is bold in the consciousness of its superiority, fearless and unyielding in the purity of its motives. All opposition it destroys; all power it defies.—MELVILL.

Great is the power of eloquence; but never is it so great as when it pleads alone with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears. —STERNE.

Fame.

FAME, which men desire,
Great men and mighty in creative toil,
Does not become a self-consuming fire,
To burn in vain life's oil;

But a fiery purge
And secret goad, bestowed by Providence,
To make them braver, better men, and urge
Them on to excellence.

Naught but excellence,
Their hearts so teach, has any right to live;
And hence they toil so terribly, and hence
To Art their lives they give.

Comforted through her,
The virgin mate of excellence alone,
They feel the pulse of Fame their bosoms stir,—
That flower which must be blown.

They are comforted,—
The immortelle yet unproclaimed their own;
For Fame is sweet,—Fame after one is dead,
In toilful life unknown.

God be praised for Fame,
The shining of His sweet munificence,
Till all find *Him*, in striving for a name,
The only Excellence.

———.

The advocates for the love of fame allege in its vindication that it is a passion natural and universal; a flame lighted by heaven, and always burning with greatest vigor in the most enlarged and elevated minds: that the desire of being praised by posterity implies a resolution to deserve their praises, and that the folly charged

upon it is only a noble and disinterested generosity, which is not felt, and therefore not understood, by those who have been always accustomed to refer everything to themselves, and whose selfishness has contracted their understandings: that the soul of man, formed for eternal life, naturally springs forward beyond the limits of corporeal existence, and rejoices to consider herself as co-operating with future ages, and as co-extended with endless duration: that the reproach urged with so much petulance, the reproach of laboring for what cannot be enjoyed, is founded on an opinion which may with great probability be doubted; for since we suppose the powers of the soul to be enlarged by its separation, why should we conclude that its knowledge of sublunary transactions is contracted or extinguished? — DR. JOHNSON.

I cannot believe that any man, who deserved fame, ever labored for it, that is, *directly*. For as fame is but the contingent of excellence, it would be like the attempt to project a shadow before its substance was obtained. Many, however, have so fancied: "I write, I paint, for fame," has often been repeated; it should have been, "I write, I paint, for reputation." All anxiety, therefore, about Fame should be placed to the account of reputation.—WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

How constantly has mortification accompanied triumph! with what secret sorrow has that praise been received from strangers denied to us by

our friends! Nothing astonishes me more than the envy which attends literary fame, and the unkindly depreciation which waits upon the writer. Of every species of fame it is the most ideal and apart: it would seem to interfere with no one. It is bought by a life of labor; generally, also, of seclusion and privation. It asks its honors only from all that is most touching and most elevated in humanity. What is the reward that it craves? —to lighten many a solitary hour, and to spiritualize a world that were else too material. What is the requital that the Athenians of the earth give to those who have struggled through the stormy water, and the dark night, for their applause?— Both reproach and scorn. If the author have—and why should he be exempt from? —the faults of his kind, with what greedy readiness are they seized upon and exaggerated! How ready is the sneer against his weakness or his error! What hours of feverish misery have been passed, what bitter tears have been shed, over the unjust censure and the personal sarcasm! The imaginative feel such wrong far beyond what those of less sensitive temperament can dream.—L. E. LANDON.

Pastors.

PASTORS with Christ's own sandals shod,
To make the world more fair,
Like Abraham, the Friend of God,
Go forth, not knowing where.

Workers together with the Lord,
They labor at their best,
Forever faithful to His Word,
And that alone is rest.

Like Judah's Lion, firm they stand
In their appointed place,
And, like the Lamb through all the land,
They carry grace for grace.

O all ye people, pray for them
Who choose a servant's part,
And ye shall be their diadem,
And God shall be their heart.

Recollect for your encouragement the reward that awaits the faithful minister. Such is the mysterious condescension of divine grace, that though it reserves to itself the exclusive honor of being the fountain of all, yet, by the employment of human agency in the completion of its designs, it contrives to multiply its gifts, and to lay a foun-

dation for eternal rewards. When the church, in the perfection of beauty, shall be presented to Christ as a bride adorned for her husband, the faithful pastor will appear as the friend of the bridegroom, who *greatly rejoices because of the bridegroom's voice.* His joy will be the joy of his Lord,—inferior in degree, but of the same nature, and arising from the same sources: while he will have the peculiar happiness of reflecting that he has contributed to it, contributed, as an humble instrument, to that glory and felicity of which he will be conscious he is utterly unworthy to partake. To have been himself the object of mercy, to have been the means of imparting it to others, and of dispensing the unsearchable riches of Christ, will produce a pleasure which can never be adequately felt or understood until we see Him as He is.—ROBERT HALL.

There is nothing noble in a clergyman but burning zeal for the salvation of souls; nor anything poor in his profession but idleness and worldly spirit.—LAW.

God is the fountain of honor, and the conduit by which He conveys it to the sons of men are virtues and generous practices. Some, indeed, may please and promise themselves high matters from full revenues, stately palaces, court interests, and great dependences. But that which makes the clergy glorious, is to be knowing in their profession, unspotted in their lives, active and laborious in their charges, bold and reso-

lute in opposing seducers, though never so potent and illustrious; and, lastly, to be gentle, courteous, and compassionate to all. These are our robes and our maces, our escutcheons and highest titles of honor.—SOUTH.

Zeal.

MY Saviour, when I think of Thee,
And all Thou didst for love of me,
I cry for grace, that I may know
How I Thy love may others show.

For this, O Lord, is mine to do,
And to my work I would be true,
To lead Thine erring ones to see
Thou lovest them as well as me.

Do Thou in this my efforts aid,
And with Thy love my soul pervade,
Until a guiding flame it burn,
And wandering ones to Thee return.

Do Thou in this my labor bless,
And many unto righteousness
Shall I at length, O Lord, incline,
And as the stars forever shine.

The only true zeal is that which is guided by a good light in the head, and that which consists of good and innocent affections in the heart. — SPRAT.

To have co-operated in any degree towards the accomplishment of that purpose of the Deity to reconcile all things to Himself by reducing them to the obedience of His Son, which is the ultimate end of all His works,—to be the means of recovering though it were but an inconsiderable portion of a lapsed and degenerate race to eternal happiness, will yield a satisfaction exactly commensurate to the force of our benevolent sentiments and the degree of our loyal attachment to the Supreme Potentate. The consequences involved in *saving a soul from death, and hiding a multitude of sins,* will be duly appreciated in that world where the worth of souls and the malignity of sin are fully understood; while to extend the triumphs of the Redeemer, by forming Him in the hearts of men, will produce a transport which can only be equalled by the gratitude and love we shall feel towards the Source of All Good.—ROBERT HALL.

When I think, after the experience of one life, what I could and would do in an amended edition of it; what I could and would do, more and better than I have done, for the cause of humanity, of temperance, and of peace, for breaking the rod of the oppressor; for the higher education of the world, and especially for the higher educa-

tion of the best part of it,—woman: when I think of these things, I feel the Phœnix-spirit glowing within me; I pant, I yearn, for another warfare in behalf of right, in hostility to wrong, where, without furlough, and without going into winter-quarters, I would enlist for another fifty years' campaign, and fight it out for the glory of God and the welfare of man.—HORACE MANN.

No man is fervent and zealous as he ought, but he that prefers religion before business, charity before his own ease, the relief of his brother before money, Heaven before secular regards, and God before his friend or interest. Which rule is not to be understood absolutely, and in particular instances, but always generally; and when it descends to particulars, it must be in proportion to circumstances, and by their proper measures.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Nature,

OR,

THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

LOOK up, my soul, the heavens are blue:
The Golden Bough is always there;

And One there is forever true,—
'Tis thou that art both foul and fair.

Thy sins, the clouds that are so black!
Find out the One and they will flee,
No more to hide His face come back;
And then all beauty thou shalt see.

To thee kind Nature ever sings,
Forever chants some gentle song
To tell thee of the King of kings,
To whom alone thou dost belong.

She dandles thee upon her knee,
This mother of all things below,
And frowns and smiles to fashion thee
Till thou thy other Parent know.

The Golden Bough her token is
That thou hast pierced her mystery,
And found the dear perennial bliss,—
The bliss of immortality.

Look up, my soul, the heavens are blue:
The Golden bough is always there,
And One who is forever true
Bestows that Bough on all the fair.

It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy,

or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or the setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and rearing to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steam and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table.—BEATTIE.

There is a religion in everything around us—a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in, as it were, unawares upon the heart; it comes quietly, and without excitement; it has no terror, no gloom, in its approaches; it does not rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man; it is fresh from the hands of its Author, glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit, which pervades and quickens it; it is written on the arched sky; it looks out from every star; it is on the sailing cloud and in the

invisible wind; it is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong wind with its dark waves of green foliage; it is spread out, like a legible language, upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean; it is the poetry of nature; it is this which uplifts the spirit within us until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; which breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality; and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.—RUSKIN.

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of God.—JACOBI.

How this magnificent temple of Nature exalts and enlarges the human soul! The holy silence of night is spread around us; above our heads, the bright celestial luminaries are suspended, like lamps; on one side is some lingering shimmer of the evening red; on the other, the moon softly rises up from behind the shadows of the forest. At such moments the soul is deeply impressed with the beauty and the nothingness of earth. What refreshment God has provided for us on this star, with sun and moon, those two fair lights of heaven, alternately conducting us through life! Yet how low, and small, and vanishing is the speck of earth, compared with the

measureless splendor and glory of suns, stars, and worlds! Oh, how grand is the dwelling in which the Creator has placed me! How fair by night and by day! That uttermost star lights me on my way; the harmony of all the stars, the music of spiritual ideas and relations, accompanies me through the whole of life's course. — HERDER.

I am; and lately I was not. But whence? How? Whereto? The answer lies around, written in all colors and motions; uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail; in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature! But where is the cunning eye and ear, to whom that God-written apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? Creation lies before us, like a glorious rainbow; but the sun that made it lies behind us, is hidden from us.—CARLYLE.

Nature never deceives you: the rocks, the mountains, the streams, always speak the same language; a shower of snow may hide the verdant woods in spring, a thunder-storm may render the blue, limpid streams foul and turbulent; but these effects are rare and transient; in a few hours, or at most in a few days, all the sources of beauty are renovated. And nature affords no continued trains of misfortunes and miseries, such as depend upon the constitution of humanity; no hopes forever blighted in the bud, no beings, full of life, beauty, and promise, taken from us in the prime of youth. Her fruits are all balmy and

sweet; she affords none of those blighted ones, so common in the life of man, and so like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea, fresh and beautiful to the sight, but, when tasted, full of bitterness and ashes.—Sir Humphry Davy.

Nature will be reported: all things are engaged in writing its history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The fallen drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground of memoranda and signatures; and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.—Hugh Miller.

In nature all is managed for the best, with perfect frugality and reserve, profuse to none, but bountiful to all; never employing on one thing more than enough, but with exact economy retrenching the superfluous, and adding force to what is principal to everything.—Shaftesbury.

The Author of nature has not given laws to the universe which, like the institutions of men, carry in themselves the elements of their own destruction. He has not permitted in His works any

symptom of infancy or old age, or any sign by which we may estimate either their future or their past duration. He may put an end, as He no doubt gave a beginning, to the present system at some determinate period of time; but we may rest assured that this great catastrophe will not be brought about by the laws now existing, and that it is not indicated by anything which we perceive.—JOHN PLAYFAIR.

Nature, the handmaid of God Almighty, hath nothing but good advice, if we make researches into the true reason of things.—JAMES HOWELL.

Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction. —GOETHE.

Cheerfulness.

PERENNIAL sunshine of the heart,
Which keeps our life in flower
Through some mysterious, native art,
So marvellous in power.

The swift adjustment to the best
Amid the outward gloom,
No lack of sunshine in the breast,
For darkness there no room.

Repose in God's good providence,
  Which in both smile and frown
Displays His grand beneficence,
  And infinite renown.

The calmness of a hidden life
  Of unproclaimed delight,
With blessedness of duty rife,
  And God to keep it bright.

The sweet contagious radiance
  Which does a work divine,
In lighting others with its glance,
  Till they begin to shine.

———.

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time,—he will do it better,—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous,—a spirit all sunshine,—graceful from very gladness,—beautiful because bright.—CARLYLE.

Be cheerful, no matter what reverse obstruct your pathway, or what plagues follow in your

trail to annoy you. Ask yourself what is to be gained by looking or feeling sad when troubles throng around you, or how your condition is to be alleviated by abandoning yourself to despondency. If you are a young man nature designed you to "be of good cheer;" and should you find your road to fortune, fame, or respectability, or any other boon to which your young heart aspires, a little thorny, consider it all for the best, and that these impediments are only thrown in your way to induce greater efforts and more patient endurance on your part. Far better spend a whole life in diligent, aye, cheerful and unremitting toil, though you never attain the pinnacle of your ambitious desires, than to turn back at the first appearance of misfortune, and allow despair to unnerve your energies, or sour your naturally sweet and cheerful disposition. If you are the softer, fairer portion of humanity, be cheerful; though we know that most afflictions are sweet to you when compared with disappointment and neglect, yet let hope banish despair and ill forebodings. Be cheerful; do not brood over fond hopes unrealized, until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought, and wound around the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain-spring of cheerfulness and social life, and not the traveling monument of despair and melancholy. — Sir Arthur Helps.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse

with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humor in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all

its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct toward man.—ADDISON.

Between levity and cheerfulness there is a wide distinction; and the mind which is most open to levity is frequently a stranger to cheerfulness. It has been remarked that transports of intemperate mirth are often no more than flashes from the dark cloud, and that in proportion to the violence of the effulgence is the succeeding gloom. Levity may be the forced production of folly or vice; cheerfulness is the natural offspring of wisdom and virtue only. The one is an occasional agitation; the other a permanent habit. The one degrades the character; the other is perfectly consistent with the dignity of reason, and the steady and manly spirit of religion. To aim at a constant succession of high and vivid sensations of pleasure is an idea of happiness perfectly chimerical. Calm and temperate enjoyment is the utmost that is allotted to man. Beyond this we struggle in vain to raise our state; and in fact depress our joys by endeavoring to heighten them. Instead of those fallacious hopes of perpetual festivity with which the world would allure us, religion confers upon us a cheerful tranquillity. Instead of dazzling us with meteors of joy which sparkle and expire, it sheds around us a calm and steady light, more solid more equal, and more lasting.—HUGH BLAIR.

The true basis of cheerfulness is love, hope, and patience. Love evokes love, and begets loving-kindness. Love cherishes hopeful and generous thoughts of others. It is charitable, gentle, and truthful. It is a discerner of good. It turns to the brightest side of things, and its face is ever directed towards happiness. It sees "the glory in the grass, and the sunshine on the flower." It encourages happy thoughts, and lives in an atmosphere of cheerfulness. It costs nothing, and yet is invaluable; for it blesses its possessor, and grows up in abundant happiness in the bosoms of others. Even its sorrows are linked with pleasures, and its very tears are sweet. — SMILES.

Kind words cost no more than unkind ones. Kind words produce kind actions, not only on the part of him to whom they are addressed, but on the part of him by whom they are employed; and this not incidentally only, but habitually, in virtue of the principle of association. — BENTHAM.

Power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness. — LEIGH HUNT.

Good temper is nine-tenths of Christianity. — BISHOP WILSON.

Gayety and courage, — innocent gayety and rational, honorable courage, — are the best medicine for young men, and for old men too; for all men against sad thoughts. — LUTHER.

Go forward with hope and confidence. This

is the advice given thee by an old man, who has had a full share of the burden and heat of life's day. We must ever stand upright, happen what may, and for this end we must cheerfully resign ourselves to the varied influences of this many-colored life. You may call this levity, and you are partly right, — for flowers and colors are but trifles light as air, — but such levity is a constituent portion of our human nature, without which it would sink under the weight of time. While on earth we must play with earth, and with that which blooms and fades upon its breast. The consciousness of this mortal life being but the way to a higher goal by no means precludes our playing with it cheerfully; and, indeed, we must do so, otherwise our energy in action will entirely fail. — PERTHES.

Competition.

O THOU that dost so mightily
Compete for highest places,
Be on thy guard lest utterly
Thou miss the highest graces.

Thy heart shall find the noblest things
  What time thou truly servest,
And, in thy deepest hungerings,
  Thy manliness preservest.

God's blessed things are free as air
  Through all the world before thee,
To Love and Duty everywhere
  An ever-present glory.

But him who puts his manhood off
  To gain a shining bubble,
Will fiery serpents sting and scoff,
  And make his judgment double.

———.

There are, I think, more good words to be said against Competition than for it. No doubt, it is a great incentive to exertion; but there its function for good begins and ends. It is no friend to Love; and is first cousin, with no removes, to Envy. Then it deranges and puts quite out of place the best motives for exertions. "Read your book because that other boy is reading his, and you will be beaten in the contest with him, if you do not take care." Such is the motive that competition administers, but it says nothing about learning being a good thing for itself. Consequently, when the competitors are parted, the book is apt to drop out of the hand of him *who chiefly used it as a storehouse of weapons.*

Then, again, when education has been greatly

built upon motives of competition, excellence is made too much of, and moderate proficiency is sadly discouraged. A very injurious effect is thus produced upon the mind of the person who has been used to compete. He, or she, thinks, "If I am not everything, I am nothing," and declines to sing, or to play, or to draw, or to go on with some accomplishment, because it has been ascertained by competition and examination, at a certain time of life, that other people could do better. The world loses a great deal by this; and, moreover, it is by no means certain that inferiority in anything, at one time of life, precludes excellence in that same thing at another time of life.

Competition, however, will not cease to be urgently employed as a motive, indeed as a first motive, until the mass of mankind become real Christians—an event which does not seem likely to happen in our time. The practical object, therefore, is to see what limits and restraints can be applied to competition. I should propose three:—

1. Do not apply it to the very young, for two reasons. In the first place, experience shows that, for the mere acquisition of knowledge, it does not answer to work the brain early; and that children that are somewhat let alone as regards learning, surpass the others when the time for diligent study comes. I do not pretend to define this time: that is a matter upon which

those only who are skilled in education can pronounce.

The second reason is, that it is well, morally speaking, to let children get the habit of regarding their fellows as friends and playmates rather than as rivals.

2. Never apply competition as a motive in a family. Looked at in the most businesslike and worldly way, it does not pay. Let us take a familiar and domestic instance, for abstract talk, though it sounds grandly, seldom leads to much result. A father has two sons, James and Charles. James is always down in time for breakfast: Charles is apt to be late. Let the father praise and encourage James for his early rising, but not in Charley's presence. And let him (the father) administer good advice, or blame, to Charley, in the matter of early rising, without saying one word about Jamesie's merits, or holding him up for a model to be followed —and disliked. It is far more important for the family interests that Charley's love for Jamesie should not be diminished in the least, than that he should be incited by competition with his brother to get up early. That splendid copy-book, saying — I wonder who first said it? — it must have been the eighth wise man of Greece — *Comparisons are odious* — is especially true in domestic life. And the most unpleasant and odious comparisons are always brought out to incite to competition.

3. If, for purposes of education, you must, at some period of life, have earnest, I would almost say fierce, competition, at any rate let it be as little individual as possible. Let the object for a youth be, to get into a certain class, not to beat certain other youth or youths. The riding school seems to furnish a good model. Put a bar up and say, "All those that leap over this shall be considered good horsemen;" and then the youths who do succeed in leaping over it, will congratulate one another, and have a feeling of pleasant companionship, rather than of bitter rivalry with each other. You may have as many bars as you like, of different heights, in order to test different degrees of excellence in horsemanship; but do not inquire too curiously into the exact merits of each individual rider, and seek to put him in what you may call his proper place. That will be found out soon enough when they all come to ride across the country,—the difficult country of public or professional life.

After the foregoing illustrations, which are of a very homely character, it may seem a somewhat abrupt transition to revert to religious considerations. But I cannot conclude this short essay without remarking that competition is not a thing much encouraged in the Best of Books and by the Divinest of Teachers. There is a command—the great command—about loving one another, but none about competing with one another. Yes; perhaps there is (at any rate an

implied command) to compete for the lower place.—Sir Arthur Helps.

Cold-Water Pourers.

THEIR lives are but this epigraph,
Which serves them for an epitaph:

In all new things they found a flaw,
And never once a virtue saw.

Ah, when they find their way to heaven,
Will heaven for *new* things be forgiven?

Regarding, one day, in company with a humorous friend, a noble vessel of a somewhat novel construction, sailing slowly out of port, he observed, "What a quantity of cold water somebody must have had down his back!" In my innocence I supposed he alluded to the wet work of the artizans who had been building the vessel; but when I came to know him better I found that this was the form of comment he always indulged in when contemplating any new and great work, and that his *somebody* was the designer of the vessel. My friend had carefully studied the

art of discouragement, and there was a class of men whom he designated simply as "cold-water pourers." It was most amusing to hear him describe the lengthened suffering of the man who first designed a wheel; of him who first built a boat; and of the adventurous personage who first proposed the daring enterprise of using buttons instead of fishes' bones to fasten the scanty raiment of some savage tribe. Warming with his theme, he would become quite eloquent in describing the long career of discouragement which these rash men had brought upon themselves, and which, he said, to his knowledge, must have shortened their lives. He invented imaginary dialogues between the unfortunate inventor, say of the wheel, and his particular friend, some eminent cold-water pourer. For, as he said, every man has some such friend, who fascinates him by fear, and to whom he confides his enterprises in order to hear the worst that can be said of them.

The sayings of the chilling friend, probably, as he observed, ran thus:

"We seem to have gone on very well for thousands of years without this rolling thing. Your father carried burdens on his back. The king is content to be carried on men's shoulders. The high-priest is not too proud to do the same. Indeed, I question whether it is not irreligious to attempt to shift from men's shoulders their natural burdens.

"Then, as to its succeeding, — for my part, I

see no chance of that. How can it go up hill? How is one to stop it, going down? How often you have failed before in other fanciful things of the same nature! Besides, you are losing your time; and the yams about your hut are only half-planted. You will be a beggar; and it is my duty, as a friend, to tell you so plainly. There was Nang-Chung: what became of him? We had found fire for ages, in a proper way, taking a proper time about it, by rubbing two sticks together. He must needs strike out fire at once, with iron and flint; and did he die in his bed? Our sacred lords saw the impiety of that proceeding, and very justly impaled the man who imitated the heavenly powers. And, even if you could succeed with this new and absurd rolling thing, the State would be ruined. What would become of those who now carry burdens on their backs? Put aside the vain fancies of a childish mind, and finish the planting of your yams."

No one who had not heard my ingenious friend throw himself into the part of first objector, can well imagine how much there is to be said against the invention of forks. The proposed invention was impious, troublesome, unnecessary, and ludicrous. Besides, it was impossible, by reason of its difficulty; and, if it were possible, it would be most dangerous. It was putting a ready weapon into every angry man's hands, when the juice of the grape is mounting into

men's heads; and it would mount into the heads even of the wisest. Who would answer for the deaths that would ensue from these dangerous weapons being always close at hand? There could be no blessing on a meal that was to be eaten with forks. They had a famine last year, when two million Celestials died in anguish. What would happen the year after forks should come into use? Not that they could be used; for it would take a lifetime to learn how to use them. Then, what was to become of the four great Tang-rang ceremonials, which all depend upon the meat being taken, bit by bit, in due succession, between the thumb and each of the several fingers? How was the Celestial monarch to show his world-astonishing favor to a wisely-controlling minister, when that royal personage could not take between his thumb and his little finger a boiled bird's-nest, and forever irradiate with joy the statesman, by throwing it into his mouth, held open reverently? The thing could not be done; and he who should endeavor to invent such a machine as a fork, was an idiot, a hater of men, a parricide, cousin of a dead dog, and a despiser of all ceremonials. Finally, what would his aunt, widow of the great Ling-Pe, say? a wise lady, who had known all the sound usages of old, and who had seven rice-fields and three-and-twenty slaves to bequeath. Thus the invention of forks was stopped in China.

My humorous friend was wont to say that

thus, too, several fork inventors in various countries had been quelled, until the wicked idea entered into a man who had no aunt, and the forks were invented; but he, the inventor, was justly burnt alive.

It is really very serious to observe how, even in modern times, the arts of discouragement prevail. There are men, whose sole pretense to wisdom consists in administering discouragement. They are never at a loss. They are equally ready to prophesy, with wonderful ingenuity, all possible varieties of misfortune to any enterprise that is proposed; and, when the thing is produced, and has met with some success, to find a flaw in it. I once saw a work of art produced in the presence of an eminent cold-water pourer. He did not deny that it was beautiful, but he instantly fastened upon a small crack in it, that nobody had observed; and upon that crack he would dilate, whenever the work was discussed in his presence. Indeed, he did not see the work, but only the crack in it. That flaw, that little flaw, was all in all to him.

The cold-water pourers are not all of one frame of mind. Some are led to indulge in this recreation from genuine timidity. They really do fear that all new attempts will fail. Others are simply envious and ill-natured. Then, again, there is a sense of power and wisdom in prophesying evil. Moreover, it is the safest thing to prophesy, for hardly anything at first suc-

ceeds exactly in the way it was intended to succeed.

Again, there is the lack of imagination which gives rise to the utterance of so much discouragement. For any ordinary man, it must have been a great mental strain to grasp the ideas of the first projectors of steam and gas, electric telegraphs, and pain deadening chloroform. The inventor is always, in the eyes of his fellow-men, somewhat of a madman; and often they do their best to make him so.

Again, there is the want of sympathy; and that is, perhaps, the ruling cause in most men's minds who give themselves up to discourage. They are not tender enough, or sympathetic enough, to appreciate all the pain they are giving, when, in a dull, plodding way, they lay out argument after argument to show that the project which the poor inventor has set his heart upon, and upon which, perhaps, he has staked his fortune, will not succeed.

But what inventors suffer is but a small part of what mankind in general endure from thoughtless and unkind discouragement. Those high-souled men belong to the suffering class, and must suffer; but it is in daily life that the wear and tear of discouragement tell so much. Propose, not a great invention, but a small party of pleasure, to an apt discourager (and there is generally one in most households), and see what he will make of it. It soon becomes sickled over

with doubt and despondency; and, at last, the only hope of the proposer is, that his proposal, when realized, will not be an ignominious failure. All hope of pleasure, at least for him, the proposer, has long been out of the question. — Sir Arthur Helps.

Detraction.

IMPERFECT man—imperfect world—
Are they not equal factors?
Then why should any lip be curled,
Why should there be detractors?

But softer, words like these suit not
The Priests of Imperfection:
Be there a blemish or a spot,
Their mission is detection.

The Poet's strain so grand and true,
To make his fellows better,
What is that heavenly music to—
Displacement of a letter?

And in a Painting, to the race
A holy benefaction,

A fly-speck on a darkened face
Is pleasure to Detraction.

No matter, in this world of ours,
How much there be of beauty—
A faded leaf among the flowers?
Announcement is a duty.

———.

This spirit does not so much deny the excellence you present to its acknowledgement as seek to diminish or disparage it. It deals not perhaps in calumnious falsehoods, but in perpetual abatements and curtailments. It inclines to depreciate what it cannot condemn. It judges by defects rather than by excellencies, and has a sharper eye for faults than for merits. If you speak of the brightness of the sun, the detractor never omitteth to tell you of its spots. If you show him a diamond, he alloweth it may be one, he will not say it is not, but possibly it may be nothing but paste, at all events there is a flaw in it. He spieth out cracks and blemishes in all things that seem whole and fair, and hath ever a microscope at hand to show them to you if you will but look through it. He never thinks of putting it to the use of disclosing the soul of goodness in things imperfect. His vocation is to detect imperfections in things good; and as everything brightest and fairest in the world of human nature and human action is flecked with some spot or flaw, so nothing can abide his sharp scrutiny.

Now there is nothing in the world that is fitted to affect a just and candid mind with greater aversion than such a detracting spirit.

The habit of depreciation is not indeed always the sure proof of a base nature. Sometimes it betokens nothing worse than a mere unfortunate narrow-mindedness, which finds but few things to praise because it is simply unable to understand and admire things outside its own sphere, and so is quite honestly disposed to disallow the possible excellence that may be in them.

Sometimes it may proceed from that form of intense self-love which is full of satisfaction with itself, its own doings and possessions and with everything in any way related to itself. It thinks highly and speaks warmly of its own wife, children, friends, horses and dogs,—which is nothing to be condemned if only it were not given to spying out things to dispraise in other peoples' wives, children, friends, horses and dogs. Its own geese are not only always swans, but other peoples' swans are nothing but geese.

Sometimes it springs from the vanity which plumes itself on the acuteness it displays. It does not mean to be ill-natured; but it cannot resist the temptation to pick holes in its neighbor's coat merely to show its smartness.

But sometimes, alas, nothing better can be said of it than that it has its root in a spirit of jealousy, envy, or even wanton malice. "The Devil's heartiest laugh is at a detracting witticism. Hence the phrase, 'Devilish good.'"

So wrote Washington Allston in one of his aphorisms pencilled on the old pine commode I have mentioned. And doubtless all malignant detraction is of the Devil, and the wittier it may be the more its *goodness* is a "Devilish" goodness.

But I have only to hope that in this slight attempt to analyze the detracting spirit I may not have fallen into anything of it myself. It is not necessarily uncharitable, any more than it is untrue, to say that the detracting spirit is a wrong and unlovely spirit. But it is easier to speak of what is good and noble in spirit than it is to speak exactly as one should of what is the opposite to it—avoiding uncandid harshness on the one hand, and the mawkish indiscrimination of sentimental charitableness on the other! The reverse of wrong is not always right. The golden mean of just judging doubtless lies somewhere between Mr. Malevolus Bitter and Mrs. Semper Sweet. If one could only always hit it! One thing, however, is certain. It is better to cultivate the disposition to look out for what is good in others rather than what is ill, to praise rather than disparage. It is better to be too wide likers than to find nothing to like. There is a great deal of excellence in the world which cynics never see.—C. S. Henry.

Temperance.

Bodily enjoyment depends upon health, and health depends upon temperance. — THALES.

APPLY the bit and curb
To thine untamed desires,
Or Judgment will thy life disturb
And light consuming fires.

Let Temperance control
Desires which God has given,
And keep them servants of the soul,
Then all are gates to heaven.

Let Riot rule them now,
And wise restraint repel,
No wreath is woven for thy brow,
For all are gates to hell.

Reward and Punishment
Are ever on our way,
For comfort and for warning meant,
God's preachers night and day,

———.

Temperance first, as it tends to procure that coolness and clearness of head which is so necessary where constant vigilance was to be kept up, and a guard maintained against the unremitting attraction of ancient habits and the force of perpetual temptation. — DR. FRANKLIN.

Temperance gives Nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigor. — ADDISON.

Indeed, the abuse of the bounties of Nature, much more surely than any partial privation of them, tends to intercept that precious boon of a second and dearer life in our progeny, which was bestowed in the first great command to man from the All-Gracious Giver of all, — whose name be blessed, whether He gives or takes away! His hand, in every page of His book, has written the lesson of moderation. Our physical well-being, our moral worth, our social happiness, our political tranquillity, all depend on that control of all our appetites and passions which the ancients designated by the cardinal virtue of *temperance*. — BURKE.

Temperance, that virtue without pride, and fortune without envy, that gives indolence (in the old and right sense of freedom from pain) of body with an equality of mind; the best guardian of youth and support of old age; the precept of reason as well as religion, and physician of the soul as well as the body; the tutelar goddess of health and universal medicine of life. — SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Temperance is a tree which has contentment for its root, and peace for its fruit. — FROM THE ARABIAN.

Who is this natural beauty, who advances with so much grace? The rose is on her cheeks;

her breath is pure as morning dew; joy, tempered with modesty, animates her countenance. It is Health, the daughter of Exercise and Temperance. — From the Hindu.

While the intemperate man inflicts evil upon his friends, he brings far more evil upon himself. Not only to ruin his family, but also to bring ruin on his own body and soul, is the greatest wrong that any man can commit. — Socrates.

Far from me be the gift of Bacchus, — pernicious, inflaming wine, that weakens both body and mind. — Homer.

Is there anything which reflects a greater lustre upon a man's person than a severe temperance, and a restraint of himself from vicious pleasures? — South.

The temperate man is dear to the Deity, because he is assimilated to Him. . . . The first and best of victories is for a man to conquer himself; to be conquered by himself is of all things the most shameful and vile. — Plato.

If it is a small sacrifice to discontinue the use of wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake. — Samuel J. May.

It is not inspiration which we owe to narcotics; it is merely counterfeit excitement and fury. The great, calm presence of the Creator comes not forth to the sorceries of opium or wine. The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul, in a clean and chaste body. — Emerson.

The body oppressed by excesses bears down the mind, and depresses to the earth any portion of the Divine Spirit we had been endowed with. — HORACE.

It is said of Diogenes that, meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him to his own friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would that philosopher have said had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour a fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wine and spices; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of a hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavors? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body! For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon everything that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom can escape him. — ADDISON.

It is little the sign of a wise or good man to suffer temperance to be transgressed in order to purchase the reputation of a generous entertainer. — ATTERBURY.

Drunkenness is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which whosoever hath, hath not himself; which whosoever doth commit doth not commit sin, but he himself is wholly sin. — ST. AUGUSTINE.

Drunkenness calls off the watchmen from their towers; and then all evils that proceed from a loose heart, an untied tongue, and a dissolute spirit, we put upon its account. — JEREMY TAYLOR.

When this vice has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell attention to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell, too, even an attention to person; everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal passion. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospects before them, and who have closed it without one ray of comfort or consolation! Young men with good fortunes, good talents, good tempers, good hearts, and sound constitutions, only being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for any one. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He

is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows his outgoings or his incomings. When he will rise or when he will lie down to rest is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure brings pain as surely as the night brings the morning. Poverty and misery are in the train. To avoid those results we are called upon to make no sacrifices. Abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it. Our own will is all that is requisite: and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace, and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion. — COBBETT.

No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser! but does not this stupid porter-pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd pot of heavy wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this soured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy "liberty," thou entire blockhead! — CARLYLE.

Honesty.

WHEN the genuine article
Dwindles down to a particle,
And the name of it,
Oh the shame of it!
Is the stock in the trade of it,
HONESTY—is afraid of it.

When "society" cultivates
Till to shadow it culminates,
And but charity
Sees the rarity,—
What becomes of the modesty
Of reality—HONESTY?

When one seeks to be beautiful
And omits to be dutiful,
Is not vanity
Then profanity?
Does not folly abound in it?
Is there HONESTY found in it?

———.

According to a well-known writer, 'a grocer is a man who buys and sells sugar, and plums, and spices for gain.'

Happy is the English grocer who can lay his hand upon his commercial heart, and, making answer to the text, say, 'I am the man!' For

of the men who set over their shop-doors the designation of 'Grocer,' how many are there who buy and sell sugar, and sugar only; who turn the penny upon spices in their purity: vend naught but the true ware—the undoctered clove!

Great is the villainy of the Chinese; but it is written in certain books of the prying chemist that the roguery of the Briton — bent, it may be, upon the means of social respectability — doth outblush the pale face of the Mongolian tricksters.

The Chinaman glazes his tea with Prussian blue; he paints his Congo, and adds a perfume to his Twankey; but he, the pig-tailed heathen, does not recognize in a Britisher a man and a brother, and, in his limited sympathies, fails to acknowledge in any British maiden, of any fabulous age soever, a woman and a sister. The China teaman is a benighted barbarian; the British grocer is an effulgent Christian. The Chinaman's religion is the gust of revenge; the Briton's creed is the creed of common love.

It is possible, if the effort be made, to drop a tear over the ignorance of the Chinaman who dusts his faded tea-leaves with chromate of lead; but shall not one's eyes flash fire at the enlightened British tea-dealer who to the withered leaf imparts the mortal glow of plumbago? Nevertheless, there are grocers in the commercial form of men, who treat the stomachs of their customers as their customers treat their stoves —

namely, they bestow upon their internals the questionable polish of blacklead, innocently swallowed in cups of liquid worse and blacker than the Lacedemonian black broth. How many an innocent tea-loving spinster, proud of the jetty loveliness of her fireplace, would vent a spasm of horror did she know that the polish of her own stove and the bloom of her own black tea, fragrant and smoking at her lips, were of one and the same blacklead—of lead that, in due sufficiency, is akin to coffin lead! And the English grocer, intent upon deceit, outvies the chemists, the teamen of the Flowery Kingdom. There is not a toss-up between the two; and if there be, though China beats by a tail, England fails not to win by a head.

Of coffee (a word still found in some of the dictionaries) it is hardly necessary to speak; the acres of chicory, wherein the pious grocer as well as his customers may "walk forth to muse at eventide,' have a language and a lesson of their own. It may be added, however, that perhaps there is not a more touching, a more instructive, and withal a more pathetic picture than either man or woman complacently employed in drinking what the drinker, in more than primitive innocence, believes to be coffee—grocer's coffee, at one shilling per pound. — DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Show me a people whose trade is dishonest, and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham. — FROUDE.

When men cease to be faithful to their God, he who expects to find them so to each other will be much disappointed. The primitive sincerity will accompany the primitive piety in her flight from the earth, and then interest will succeed conscience in the regulation of human conduct, till one man cannot trust another further than he holds him by that tie: hence, by the way, it is, that although many are infidels themselves, yet few choose to have their families and dependents such; as judging, — and rightly judging, — that true Christians are the only persons to be depended on for the exact discharge of their social duties. — BISHOP HORNE.

Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and cozenage; and therefore the reputation of honesty must first be gotten, which cannot be but by living well: a good life is a main argument. — BEN JONSON.

Put it out of the power of truth to give you an ill character; and if anybody reports you not to be an honest man, let your practice give him the lie; and to make all sure, you should resolve to live no longer than you can live honestly; for it is better to be nothing than a knave. — ANTONIUS.

The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practices it, the greater service it does him,

"The river of beneficence to man."

by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life. — TILLOTSON.

Devotion;

OR,

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

DEVOTION is the secret of success,
And heaven's perennial fount of happiness.

Devotion marshals all the powers of mind,
With every longing of the heart combined;

And from the free united exercise
All blessed hopes and expectations rise.

The river of beneficence to man,
Devotion wafts the worker to the van;

And goes forever flowing through the earth,
To bring all grand, enduring things to birth.

Devotion cheers the toiler through the day,
And keeps the sense of weariness away.

Devotion makes the garden of the Lord,
The deed its own exceeding great reward.

Devotion bears the lover to his love:
Devotion lifts the saint to God above.

And so Devotion brings success, — the best
And dearest presence to the human breast.

It is the diligent hand and head alone that maketh rich in self-culture, growth in wisdom, and in business. Even when men are born to wealth and high social position, any solid reputation which they may individually achieve is only attained by energetic application; for, though an inheritance of acres may be bequeathed, an inheritance of knowledge and wisdom cannot. The wealthy man may pay others for doing his work for him, but it is impossible for him to get his thinking done for him by another, or to purchase any kind of self-culture. Indeed, the doctrine that excellence in any pursuit is to be achieved by laborious application only, holds as true in the case of the man of wealth as in that of Drew and Gifford, whose only school was a cobbler's stall, or Hugh Miller, whose only college was a Cromarty stone-quarry.

The knowledge and experience which produce wisdom can only become a man's individual possession and property by his own free action; and it is as futile to expect these without laborious, painstaking effort, as it is to hope to

gather a harvest where the seed has not been sown. It is related of Grosteste, an old Bishop of Lincoln, possessing great power in his day, that he was once asked by his stupid and idle brother to make a great man of him. "Brother," replied the Bishop, "if your plough is broken, I'll pay for the mending of it; or, if your ox should die, I'll buy you another; but I cannot make a great man of you; a ploughman I found you, and a ploughman I must leave you."

Riches and ease, it is perfectly clear, are not necessary for man's highest culture, else had not the world been so largely indebted in all times to those who have sprung from the humbler ranks. An easy and luxurious existence does not train men to effort or encounter with difficulty; nor does it awaken that consciousness of power which is so necessary for energetic and effective action in life. Indeed, so far from poverty being a misfortune, it may, by vigorous self-help, be converted even into a blessing; rousing a man to that struggle with the world in which, though some may purchase ease by degradation, the right-minded and true-hearted will find strength, confidence, and triumph. Bacon says, "Men seem to neither understand their riches nor their strength; of the former they believe greater things than they should; of the latter much less. Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labor truly to get

his living, and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust."—SMILES.

To our thinking it is a secret easily guessed—a secret which the life of every great and good man reveals; neither less nor more than "doing one's duty." But though the secret is so simple, it is by no means easily applied. We may know it thoroughly, and then not profit by it, like the magicians who professed to have discovered the secret of immortal life, and died in the flush of manhood! Is there anything harder than doing one's duty? What a demand it makes upon all our faculties! How we must be content to strive, and bear, and insist; to submit to the sternest self-discipline, to practise the most rigorous self-reliance! and after all, we shall fail—fail egregiously—unless we enter on the task in humble imitation of the example of Christ, and with a strong resolve to walk in His footsteps.

But what do we mean by "success?" The phrase, "success in life," has a very different signification for different minds. To one it represents a large account at his banker's; to another, a comfortable estate, enclosed in its own "ring fence;" to another, a high place in society; to yet another, a title or an office; and to a fifth, the trumpet-voice of fame. It will be modified also by the measure of our aspirations and our sense of our opportunities. So that success in life to some will be embodied in the poet's modest ambition—

"I often wish that I had clear
For life, three hundred pounds a year;"

to others, it will not fall short of a capital of a quarter of a million. We suppose that by nine men out of ten it is identified, in some way or other, and in a large or limited sense, with *money-getting*. Now, we do not profess the assumption of a tone of extravagant morality, and we shall not pour upon money-getting a flood of indiscriminate censure. On this point we have already hazarded our opinion. It is right enough and honorable enough for a man to covet an independent position, such as only money can secure. Money as an *end* is a serious evil; as a *means* to an end it is a splendid good. Of course Diogenes despised money; but then you and I, reader, despise Diogenes. We do not think it a good thing to live in a tub, or a great thing to wear a cloak with more holes in it than substance. God forbid that we should work for money alone, for money as the great aim and object of life; but God forbid that we should stoop to the pride of humility which rails at it as dross, and pretends that true happiness lies in the lap of poverty. It seems to us very commendable in a young man to resolve upon earning a competence, if he can make up his mind as to what *is* a competence, and to keep his desires under stringent control. But for a man who gives up his nights and days, his heart and soul, to the acquisition of a larger fortune than

his neighbors, we feel the most supreme contempt. The man whose aspirations point to money, and his thoughts to money, and his feelings to money, and his affections to money, may God forgive, for he will have need of forgiveness! — ADAMS.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—ADDISON.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame. — LONGFELLOW.

All things religiously taken in hand are prosperously ended; because whether men in the end have that which religion did allow to desire, or that which it teaches them contentedly to suffer, they are in neither event unfortunate. — HOOKER.

Part Seventh.

Key-Notes.

I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.—St. John xiv. 6.

However, I am sure that there is a common spirit that plays within us, and that is the Spirit of God. Whoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this Spirit, I dare not say he lives; for, truly, without this to me there is no heat under the tropic, nor any light, though I dwelt in the body of the sun.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Afflictions are the methods of a merciful Providence to force upon us the only means of setting matters right.—L'Estrange.

The sensible presence of God, and shining of His clear-discovered face.—Archbishop Leighton.

The doctrine in which all religions agree, is that new light is added to the mind in proportion as it uses that which it has.—Emerson.

Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not.

—Goethe.

Truth.

He that is of the Truth heareth My voice.—St. John xvii. 37.

O PERFECT Character,
The Truth, the Life, the Way,
Through Thee descends the Comforter
To turn our night to day.

Thou hast endured it all,
The cross of life below;
And from the wormwood and the gall
What peace and sweetness flow!

Inspire us day by day
With Thy heroic mind,
To leave along our homeward way
Our little selves behind;

And through the Comforter
Whom Thou dost send us here,
Approach Thee, Perfect Character,
Where Truth is always clear.

Truth lies in character. Christ did not simply *speak* truth: He *was* truth; truth through and

through; for truth is a thing, not of words, but of Life and Being. None but a Spirit can be true.

For example. The friends of Job spoke *words* of truth. Scarcely a maxim which they uttered could be impugned: cold, hard, theological verities; but verities out of place—in that place cruel and untrue. Job spoke many words not strictly accurate—hasty, impetuous, blundering, wrong; but the whirlwind came, and before the Voice of God the veracious falsehoods were swept into endless nothingness — the true *man*, wrong, perplexed, in verbal error, stood firm. He was true, though his sentences were not; turned to the truth as the sunflower to the sun, —as the darkened plant, imprisoned in the vault, turns towards the light,—struggling to solve the fearful enigma of his existence.

Job was a servant of the truth, being true in character. . . .

Christianity joins two things inseparably together—acting truly, and perceiving truly. Every day the eternal nature of that principle becomes more certain. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.

It is a perilous thing to separate feeling from action; to have learnt to feel rightly without acting rightly. It is a danger to which, in a refined and polished age, we are peculiarly exposed. The romance, the poem, and the sermon, teach us how to feel. Our feelings are

"What though the venerable oak be broken,
And ruthless floods sweep down the mountain-side?
Ruin is not, perforce, of wrath the token,
Nor doth stern vengeance on the torrent ride."

delicately correct. But the danger is this: feeling is given to lead to action; if feeling be suffered to awake without passing into duty, the character becomes untrue. When the emergency for real action comes, the feeling is, as usual, produced; but, accustomed as it is to rise in fictitious circumstances without action, neither will it lead on to action in the real ones. "We pity wretchedness, and shun the wretched" We utter sentiments, just, honorable, refined, lofty, but somehow, when a truth presents itself in the shape of duty, we are unable to perform it. And so such characters become by degrees like the artificial pleasure-grounds of bad taste, in which the waterfall does not fall, and the grotto offers only the refreshment of an imaginary shade, and the green hill does not strike the skies, and the tree does not grow. Their lives are a sugared crust of sweetness trembling over black depths of hollowness; more truly still, "whited sepulchres,"—fair without to look upon, "within full of all uncleaness." — F. W. ROBERTSON.

Truth indeed came into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on; but when He ascended, and His apostles after Him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely

form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do till her Master's second coming: He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. — MILTON.

Nowadays, men will investigate all things, inward and outward. Truth! canst thou escape from the furious hunt? They go forth with nets and poles to catch thee; but, with spirit-like tread, thou glidest away through their midst. — SCHILLER.

To love truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection, and the seed-plot of all other virtues. — LOCKE.

When the majestic form of Truth approaches it is easier for a disingenuous mind to start aside till she is past, and then reappearing, say, "It was not Truth," than to meet her, and bow, and obey. — JOHN FOSTER.

This same Truth is a naked and open daylight, that does not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl that showeth best by day,

but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? — LORD BACON.

Do not be over-fond of anything, or consider that for your interest which makes you break your word, quit your modesty, or inclines you to any practice which will not bear the light, or look the world in the face. — ANTONINUS.

Speak every man truth with his neighbor; for we are members of one another. — EPHESIANS iv. 25.

To speak the truth and perform good offices are two things that resemble God. . . . . Every man ought to speak and act with such perfect integrity that no one could have reason to doubt his simple affirmation. — PYTHAGORAS.

Only they who carry sincerity to the highest point, in whom there remains not a single hair's breadth of hypocrisy, can see the hidden springs of things.—CONFUCIUS.

The sacrifice of a thousand horses has been put in the balance with one true word, and the true word weighed down the thousand sacrifices. No virtue surpasses that of veracity. There are

two roads which conduct to perfect virtue: to be true, and to do no evil to any creature. — From the Hindu.

Falsehood and delusion are allowed in no case whatever, but, as in the exercise of all the virtues, there is an economy of truth. It is a sort of temperance, by which a man speaks truth with measure, that he may speak it the longer. — Burke.

Whosoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with the truth.—Bishop Watson.

Seek truth by thought, not by searching for it in mouldly books. Look up to the sky to see the moon, instead of seeking for it in the pond. —From the Persian.

Truth and reason constitute that intellectual gold that defies destruction.—Dr. Johnson.

Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside. They may be light and accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them.—Ruskin.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the

rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which constantly stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and, there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and, because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he who runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.—TILLOTSON.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as in mathematics.—MARIA EDGEWORTH.

It is in the determination to obey the truth, and to follow wherever she may lead, that the genuine love of truth consists.—WHATELY.

I love truth because I love to have an apple thought to be an apple, and a hand a hand; and the whole beauty and hopefulness of God's creaon a truth instead of a lie.—LEIGH HUNT.

The law of Christianity is eminently and transcendently called the word of truth. — SOUTH.

But One Physician.

O what if bitter things sometimes betide thee!
A loving, outstretched Hand is always near,
Which doth in judgment and compassion guide thee,
And point the way where all is bright and clear.

Lo! when from cloud to cloud the lightning flashes,
What time the storm is plunging through the air,
And in commingling peals the thunder crashes,
Needeth the heart be told that God is there?

What though the venerable oak be broken,
And ruthless floods sweep down the mountain side?
Ruin is not, perforce, of wrath the token,
Nor doth stern vengeance on the torrent ride.

Let crimson Battle tread on many a bosom,
Let Sorrow clasp the tendrils of the heart,
If Truth thereby put forth a fairer blossom,
And Life a fragrance more divine impart.

Revenge and punishment have here no places;
Severity and tenderness combine,
And lo! descending with celestial graces,
Proclaim that healing only is divine.

"Let crimson battle tread on many a bosom."

In heaven and earth there is but one Physician,
And though ofttimes He addeth unto pain,
Like discords in the strains of a great musician,
His acts are but the harbinger of gain.

———.

Some used to say, in old times, — and they may say so again, — This world, so full of pain and death, is a very ill-made world. We will not believe it was made by the good God. It must have been made by some evil being, or at least by some stupid and clumsy being, — the Demiurgus, they called him, or world-maker, — some inferior god whom the good God would conquer and depose, and so do away with pain, and misery, and death. A pardonable mistake; but, as we are bound to believe, a mistake, nevertheless. — CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Could we get a view of our world from a high enough point, might we not possibly discover that there is nothing absolutely evil? By aid of the microscope our physical vision finds beauty in mouldiest clods, wonders in dullest matter. Were our moral vision similarly armed, might not that look globular and symmetrical which now seems flat and deformed, that useful which now seems obstructive, that attractive which is now repulsive, that beneficent which now looks malignant? In the bounded view we commonly get we often find that what we thought a calamity proves a benefaction. What we call evil is *always* a consequence of a breach of law. To

tell your son that his toothache is caused by the breaking of a physiological law by him, or his parents, or his grand-parents, will not, to be sure, check the pain; nor do I think the tooth-ache a spiritual lever. But man can learn, — and it is the most fruitful of his lessons, — that law is absolute, and in its aim beneficent; that aim being, along with growth, stability, conservation, improvement. Whichever way we turn we are met by law, and we soon perceive that law is uniform and irresistible, and that we prosper in proportion as we conform ourselves to its behests. Could we always submit us to law, physically, morally, intellectually, spiritually, we should be completely prosperous. Law is an ever-active ideal, above us, around us, correcting us, guiding us, cultivating us, inviting us, exalting us. The nations and the individuals that have discovered and that obey the most and deepest laws are the most advanced and the wisest and best. . . .

The creative Mightiness and sufficiency manifest themselves in *Law*. Law is perfection. It is no sign of "deficiency of power" in the creative mind that we and all about us are created imperfect. Imperfection is demanded for what constitutes the life of life, progression, the joy of change, the delight of improvement, the exhilaration of ascent. Law, being perfect, is ever beckoning us toward perfection. Human life could not be lived without hope; and hope implies a

something brighter and better and happier in the future, and implies, therefore, a present imperfection and a growth out of it. Imperfection is the ground whence spring up stimulants to motion, to activity, to aspiration. Without imperfection there were no expectation, no curiosity, no color, no ecstacy, on earth, neither smiles nor tears, neither comedy nor tragedy. — CALVERT.

As surely as God is good, so surely there is no such thing as necessary evil. For by the religious mind, sickness, and pain, and death are not to be counted evils. Moral evils are of your own making; and undoubtedly the greater part of them may be prevented. — SOUTHEY.

Of divers things evil, all being not evitable (*avoidable*), we take one; which one, saving only in case of so great urgency, were not otherwise to be taken. — HOOKER.

War, for example, may be chosen rather than dishonorable peace; and, with all its misery, prove one of the means of a higher civilization, — one of innumerable illustrations of good out of evil.— ——

Take away honor and imagination and poetry from war, and it becomes carnage. Doubtless. And take away public spirit and invisible principles from resistance to a tax, and Hampden becomes a noisy demagogue. . . . Carnage is terrible. The conversion of producers into destroyers is a calamity. Death, and insults to woman, worse than death, and human features

obliterated beneath the hoof of the war-horse, and reeking hospitals, and ruined commerce, and violated homes, and broken hearts, — they are all awful. But there is something worse than death. Cowardice is worse. And the decay of enthusiasm and manliness is worse. And it is worse than death,—aye, worse than a hundred thousand deaths,—when a people has gravitated down into the creed that the "wealth of nations" consists not in generous hearts,—

"Fire in each breast, and freedom in each brow,"—

in national virtues, and primitive simplicity, and heroic endurance, and preference of duty to life; not in MEN, but in silk, and cotton, and something that they call "capital." Peace is blessed. Peace, arising out of charity. But peace, springing out of the calculations of selfishness, is not blessed. If the price to be paid for peace is this, that wealth accumulate and men decay, better far that every street in every town of our once noble country should run blood. — F. W. ROBERTSON

Riches.

POSSESSIONS of the heart and mind,
With or without an outward store,
And treasures never left behind,
Because they always go before.

——.

And He spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasures for himself, and is not rich toward God.—St. Luke xii. 16–21.

Now the Scripture ever considers the heart as that which constitutes a man truly rich or poor. He that has no love of God, no large spiritual affections, no share in the unsearchable riches of Christ, no sympathies with his brethren, is, in fact, "wretched and miserable, and poor and

blind, and naked," and shall one day find out that he is so, however now he may say, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing:" he is poor towards God, he has nothing with God; he has laid up in store, no good foundation against the time to come. On the other hand, he only is truly rich, who is rich toward God—who is rich in God, who has made the eternal and the unchangeable the object of his desires and his efforts. He in God possesses all things, though in this world he were a beggar, and for him to die will not be to quit, but to go to, his riches.—TRENCH.

True happiness consists in perfect health, a moderate fortune, and a life free from effeminacy and ignorance.—THALES.

A covetous man does not possess his wealth: his wealth possesses him.—BIAS.

What a rich man uses and gives, constitutes his real wealth. That which thou hoardest, whose is it? Other covetous men will sport with it.—FROM THE HINDU.

If a man make money at the expense of his virtue, he dishonors his soul. He sells honor for gold. All the gold on earth is of no value compared with virtue.—PLATO.

If the rich have diseases of the soul, they are worse off than the poor afflicted with bodily infirmities. Bodily infirmities are not of our own seeking, and death will deliver us from them; but diseases of the soul we bring upon ourselves, and when we die they go with us.—GREGORY.

Riches are to society what food is to the body. Should any one of the members of the body absorb the nutriment intended for the whole, the body would perish utterly; for it is held together only by the requisite distribution of nourishment to the divers parts. In the same manner, the general harmony of society is maintained only by the interchange of services between the rich and the poor.—St. Chrysostom.

In the sight of God no man is poor, but him who is wanting in goodness; and no man is rich but him who abounds in virtues.—Lactantius.

Large rivers, great trees, wholesome plants, and wealthy persons are not created for themselves, but to be of service to others.—From the Hindu.

A man has three friends in his life, — wealth, family, and his good actions. When the hour of death approaches, and he calls on friends to deliver him, wealth and family avail not; but his good actions respond, "Even before thou hast called upon us, we have preceded thee, and have smoothed the way for thee. — Jewish Talmud.

Glory not in wealth, if thou have it; but in God, who giveth all things, and who above all desireth to give thee Himself. — Thomas à Kempis.

Wealth bears heavier on talent than poverty does. Under gold mountains and thrones how many a spiritual giant may be crushed down and buried.—Richter.

Appreciation.

DELIGHT in excellence of other folk,
Is of Humanity the living yolk:
It proves the heart is not by self consumed,
Nor by that tyrant of the world entombed;
And bears us into that bright atmosphere
Where all things good and true and fair appear,
In fellowship with His elected host,
Who sends the Comforter the Holy Ghost.

I do not know anything more loveable and charming than the disposition which shows itself in a quick and full sympathy with whatever is good and noble in others, and a hearty, generous joy in recognizing and praising it. I have a particular delight in seeing this spirit among cotemporaneous men of letters — the greater because in the present age, when literature has come to be so much of a profession (not to say trade), the temptations to rivalries and jealousies, or to a depreciating disposition, are perhaps more numerous and strong. I therefore thank God with especial gladness for any example of this generous admiration.—C. S. HENRY.

Appreciation is the bond of peace among neighbors: the manifestation of love in families; and the shining mark of "the communion of the

saints." Washington Allston speaks of it, in a very beautiful way, as proof of devotion to our own chosen work. "If an artist," he says, "love his Art for its own sake, he will delight in excellence wherever he meets it, as well in the work of another as in his own. This is the test of a true love." And this is true of every calling. Appreciation shows that a man is doing his own work in the right spirit, and is in the free current of Humanity, not a useless wreck on the shore.— ——.

Evil-Eyed.

OH, is there any blessed use
That one should see but evil,
And every joyful sight refuse
To prove there is a devil?

Behold the shimmer of the stars,
Which ride the heavens in glory,
Enthroned upon their radiant cars,
And think of Satan's story;

Who from his post as Lucifer,
That wondrous heaven-adorner,

Became a vile interpreter,
A fallen earthly scorner:

And answer, Is there any use
That one should see but evil,
And every joyful sight refuse,
To prove there is a devil?

Greatness.

GREATNESS is divine;
An influence that comes from God alone:
Which in a house of clay begins to shine;
Beyond, as yet unknown.

In that narrow place,
It kindles more and more, and brighter grows;
And, though unrecognized, imparts a grace
Whose source no mortal knows.

Months and years go by:
The Giant dwells within those walls of dust,
And waits to gather for the victory
The fire of Truth and Trust:

Waits, — as giants can;
And when the hour for shining forth arrives,

He bursts into the firmament of man
To cheer ten thousand lives.

The power of awakening, enlightening, elevating our fellow-creatures may, with peculiar fitness, be called divine, for there is no agency of God so beneficent and sublime as that which He exerts on rational natures, and by which He assimilates them to Himself. This sway over other souls is the surest test of greatness. We admire, indeed, the energy which subdues the material creation, or develops the physical resources of a state. But it is a nobler might which calls forth the intellectual and moral resources of a people, which communicates new impulses to society, throws into circulation new and stirring thoughts, gives the mind a new consciousness of its faculties, and rouses and fortifies the will to an unconquerable purpose of well doing. This spiritual power is worth all other. To improve man's outward condition is a secondary agency, and is chiefly important as it gives the means of inward growth. The most glorious minister of God on earth is he who speaks with a life-giving energy to other minds, breathing into them the love of truth and virtue, strengthening them to suffer in a good cause, and lifting them above the senses and the world.

We know not a more exhilarating thought than that this power is given to men; that we can not only change the face of the outward

world, and by virtuous discipline improve ourselves, but that we may become springs of life and light to our fellow-beings. We are thus admitted to a fellowship with Jesus Christ, whose highest end was that He might act with a new and celestial energy on the human mind. We rejoice to think that He did not come to monopolize this divine sway, to enjoy a solitary grandeur, but to receive others, even all who should obey His religion, into the partnership of this honor and happiness. Every Christian, in proportion to his progress, acquires a measure of this divine agency. In the humblest conditions, a power goes forth from a devout and disinterested spirit, calling forth silently moral and religious sentiment, perhaps in a child, or some other friend, and teaching, without the aid of words, the loveliness and peace of sincere and single-hearted virtue. In the more enlightened classes, individuals now and then rise up, who, through a singular force and elevation of soul, obtain a sway over men's minds to which no limit can be prescribed. They speak with a voice which is heard by distant nations, and which goes down to future ages. Their names are repeated with veneration by millions; and millions read in their lives and writings a quickening testimony to the greatness of the mind, to its moral strength, to the reality of disinterested virtue. These are the true sovereigns of the earth. They share in the royalty of Jesus Christ. They have a greatness

which will be more and more felt. The time is coming, its signs are visible, when this long-mistaken attribute of greatness will be seen to belong eminently, if not exclusively, to those who, by their characters, deeds, sufferings, writings, leave imperishable and ennobling traces of themselves on the human mind. Among these legitimate sovereigns of the world will be ranked the philosopher, who penetrates the secrets of the universe and of the soul; who opens new fields to the intellect, who gives a new consciousness of its own powers, rights, and divine original; who spreads enlarged and liberal habits of thought; and who helps men to understand that an ever-growing knowledge is the patrimony destined for them by the "Father of their spirits." Among them will be ranked the statesman who, escaping a vulgar policy, rises to the discovery of the true interest of a state; who seeks without fear or favor the common good; who understands that a nation's mind is more valuable than its soil; who inspirits a people's enterprise, without making them the slaves of wealth; who is mainly anxious to originate or give stability to institutions by which society may be carried forward; who confides with a sublime constancy in justice and virtue, as the only foundation of a wise policy and of public prosperity; and, above all, who has so drunk into the spirit of Christ and of God as never to forget that his particular country is a member of the great human family, bound to all

nations by a common nature, by a common interest, and by indissoluable laws of equity and charity. Among these will be ranked, perhaps, on the highest throne, the moral and religious reformer, who truly merits that name; who rises above his times; who is moved by a holy impulse to assail vicious establishments, sustained by fierce passions and inveterate prejudices; who rescues great truths from the corruptions of ages; who, joining calm and deep thought to profound feeling, secures to religion at once enlightened and earnest conviction; who unfolds to men higher forms of virtue than they have yet attained or conceived; who gives brightness and more thrilling views of the perfection for which they were framed, and inspires a victorious faith in the perpetual progress of our nature.—CHANNING.

Originality.

ALL, whatsoever cometh from the heart,
Which born of life begetteth life,
While nothing which proceeds alone from art,
Is ever with its flavor rife;

The lightning flashes of a thoughtful mind,
Which place the subject in a light

Whose clearness, with simplicity combined,
Draws out at once responsive sight;

Wealth of the inner-man, passed through the mint,
Which makes it current with the race,
While that which only has its shining in't,
Goes tumbling to deserved disgrace;—

These, these are thine, Originality,
Thy worth to God's unnumbered host,
Who know the signet of Reality,
Sign-manual of the Holy Ghost.

———.

It has been justly observed that "flashes of mind" in a writer are struck out by the rapid pen, and that one flash of a man's own mind is more profitable to himself, and will procure him a more favorable reception from the public, than any amount of reprint of second-hand corruscations. Of course, the flash may be elicited by contact with another mind. Thorwarldsen's Mercury was sugested by the sight of a lad sitting in a graceful attitude of repose. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" might never have been written but for Milton's "Lycidas." Hazlitt records that when Edmund Kean was praised for his action as Richard III., in his final unavailing struggle with victorious Richmond, when, after his sword has been wrested from him, he stood with his hand stretched out, "as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantom of his despair had

a withering power," he acknowledged that he had conceived the idea by seeing the last effort of Painter in his fight with Oliver. This, however, is not imitation, not the impudent plagiarism of the servile copyist. In adopting and acting upon a suggestion, or in catching up an illustration, an original mind is often seen at its best. No doubt, as has been remarked, the most original writer, like the bee, will derive his capital stock of ideas, his funded store, from a variety of sources; but as the bee, though it plunders all the flowers of the field of their "nectared sweets," is careful that its honey shall not tell of any special blossom, so will the man of independent mind ensure that his work shall not speak too directly of any particular master. He will collect his material from every nook and corner of the wide domain of literature, but it will all be filtered through the alembic of his own brain, and its elements recombined before being presented to the public in enduring form. A writer who would seize and retain the ear of the public must have something of his own to say, while at times repeating and transmitting through a new medium the thoughts of others. He may adapt and borrow, but what he adapts and borrows he must invest with a certain degree of novelty. His style must be peculiar and proper to himself. To assume another man's style, to write Johnsonese, Carlylese, or Ruskinese, is as foolish and unprofitable as to strut

about in another man's clothes. Ideas become the property of everybody. The thoughts of Plato and Cicero are part of the heritage of well-cultivated minds; but *style* is, or should be, a man's self.

Let the writer, then, who pants for notoriety or covets true fame, follow Pat's advice to a bad orator,—come out from behind his nose and speak in his own natural voice. The heaven of popular approbation is to be taken only by storm. Emerson has startled the world by his Emersonisms, and not by echoes of Carlyle, as many imagine, for he is like Carlyle only in being original.

Edgar A. Poe, with all his personal faults, eternized his name on the scroll of American authors simply by being Edgar A. Poe; but who reads the legion parodies of 'The Raven?' Cooper has won a great name as a novelist, though his writings are stuck as full of faults as the firmament with stars, while thousands of romances of equal ability have gone to the 'tomb of the Capulets,' because they have tried to be unlike themselves. Who can forget how, when Sir Walter Scott first kindled the torch of his genius at the fires of feudal poesy, working out new scenes of interest from the warblings of scalds and troubadours and minnesingers, his thrilling cadences were imitated by a whole forest of mocking-birds, who made the heavens vocal with the glories of mosstrooper and marauder,

baron bold and gay ladye, hound in leash and hawk in hand, bastion huge and gray chapele, henchmen 'and servitors, slashed sleeves and Spanish boots, 'guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder?' No sooner had the Wizard of the North gracefully resigned his wand to a mightier Prospero, whose star of popularity had shot with a burst to the south, then, *presto!* down went Rhoderick Dhu and Wat of Baccleuch before Hassan and Selim; the pæans to Rosabelle were exchanged for the praises of Medora, the plaid and the bonnet for the white turban and the baggy trousers; and over the whole realm of song arose the Oriental dynasty under the prime viziership of Byron. Ten thousand puny rhymesters called the moon 'Phingair,' daggers 'attaghans,' drummers 'Tambourgis,' and women 'Houris;' became lovers of gin and haters of pork; discarded their neckcloths and put on sackcloth; strove perseveringly in turn-down collars to look Conrad-like and misanthropic; swore by the beard of the Prophet, and raved in Spenserian stanzas about their 'burning brows' or mourned over their 'dark imaginings;' dreamed by night of gazelle-eyed beauties, by day of Giaours, jereedmen and janizaries; and, whether baker's, butcher's, or barber's apprentices, became the oracles of impassioned wretchedness, and—when they could raise money enough—adventured on hacks hired by the hour imitations of Mazeppa at a hand-gallop along the highway. Where are

"The major notes and minor
Are waiting for their wings—
Pray thou the great Diviner
To touch the secret springs."

they all now? Alas! the whole swarm of romances in six cantos with historical notes, alike with the ten thousand echoes of Byron, have long since gone to the land of forgetfulness; or, they live in an accommodated sense of the term, owe it to the tender mercies of the pastry-cook and the trunk-maker.—ANONYMOUS.

Music.

THERE is a strain eternal
In every faithful heart,
A melody supernal,
Obedient to art.

There is the music glorious
In all the brave and strong,
Of those who march victorious,
Triumphant over wrong.

God's harmony is written
All through, in shining bars,
The soul His love has smitten,
As heaven is writ with stars.

The major notes and minor
Are waiting for their wings,—

Pray thou the great Diviner
To touch the secret springs;

And chant that music glorious,
That everlasting song,
Of those who march victorious,
Triumphant over wrong.

———.

The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!—CARLYLE.

Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can *calm* the agitations of the soul: it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us. — LUTHER.

There is music in heaven, because in music there is no self-will. Music goes on certain rules and laws. Man did not make these laws of music; he has only found them out; and if he be self-willed and break them, there is an end of his music instantly: all he brings out is discord and ugly sounds. The greatest musician in the world is as much bound by those laws as the learner in the school; and the greatest musician is one who, instead of fancying that, because he is clever, he may throw aside the laws of music, knows the laws of music best, and observes them most reverently. And there-

fore it was that the old Greeks, the wisest of all the heathens, made a point of teaching their children *music;* because, they said, it taught them not to be self-willed and fanciful, but to see the beauty, the usefulness of rule, the divineness of laws. And therefore music is fit for heaven; therefore music is a pattern and type of heaven, and of the everlasting life of God, which perfect spirits live in heaven; a life of melody and order in themselves; a life of harmony with each other and with God.

If thou fulfillest the law which God has given thee, the law of love and liberty, then thou makest music before God, and thy life is a hymn of praise to God.

If thou art in love and charity with thy neighbors, thou art making sweeter harmony in the ears of our Lord Jesus Christ than psaltry, dulcimer, and all kinds of music.

If thou art living a righteous and a useful life, doing thy duty orderly and cheerfully where God has put thee, then thou art making sweeter melody in the ears of the Lord Jesus Christ than if thou hast the throat of a nightingale; for then thou in thy humble place art humbly copying the everlasting harmony and melody which is in heaven; the everlasting harmony and melody by which God made the worlds and all that therein is, and behold it was very good, in the day when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy over

the new-created earth, which God made to be a pattern of His own perfection. — CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Confusion.

A FOOLISH star once went astray,
Through some self-calculation:
She vanished from the Milky Way,
That troubled constellation,
Through which long lines of mist you trace,—
You any night may view it,
And see the gleam of many a face
Come softly struggling through it.
But God in mercy led her back,
And suffered no exclusion;
Yet could not take away, alack!
Her tearful self-confusion:
It lingers in the Milky Way,
Shared by her kin forever,
Which oft they seek to smile away
In brave but vain endeavor.

Now it is difficult to tell men what being confounded means; difficult and almost needless; for there are those who know what it means

without being told; and those who do not know what it means without being told, are not likely to know by my telling, or any man's telling. No, not if an angel from heaven came and told them what being confounded meant would they understand him, at least till they were confounded themselves; and then they would know by bitter experience, — perhaps when it was too late.

And who are they? What sort of people are they?

First, silly persons, whom Solomon calls fools, — though they often think themselves refined and clever enough, — luxurious and "fashionable" people, who do not care to learn, who think nothing worth learning save how to enjoy themselves; who call it "bad form" to be earnest, and turn off all serious questions with a jest. These are they of whom Wisdom says, — "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."

Next, mean and truly vulgar persons; who are shameless; who do not care if they are caught out in a lie or in a trick. These are they of whom it is written that outside of God's kingdom, in the outer darkness wherein are weeping and gnashing of teeth, are dogs, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

And next, and worst of all, self-conceited people. These are they of whom Solomon says,

"Seest thou a man who is wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him." They are the people who will not see when they are going wrong; who will not hear reason, nor take advice, no, nor even take scorn and contempt; who will not see that they are making fools of themselves, but, while all the world is laughing at them, walk on serenely self-satisfied, certain that they, and they only, know what the world is made of, and how to manage the world. These are they of whom it is written—"He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Then they will learn, and with a vengeance, what being confounded means by being confounded themselves, and finding themselves utterly wrong, where they thought themselves utterly right. Yet no. I do not think that even that would cure some people. There are those, I verily believe, who would not confess that they were in the wrong even in the bottomless pit, but, like Satan and his fallen angels in Milton's poem, would have excellent arguments to prove that they were injured and ill-used, deceived and betrayed, and lay the blame of their misery on God, on man, on anything but their own infallible selves.

Who, then, are the people who know what being confused means; who are afraid, and terribly afraid, of being brought to shame and confusion of face?

I should say, all human beings in proportion

as they are truly human beings, are not brutal; in proportion, that is, in proportion as the Spirit of God is working in them, giving them the tender heart, the quick feelings, the earnestness, the modesty, the conscientiousness, the reverence for the good opinion of their fellow-men, which is the beginning of eternal life. Do you not see it in the young? Modesty, bashfulness, shame-facedness—as the good old English word was—that is the very beginning of all goodness in boys and girls. It is the very material out of which all other goodness is made; and those who laugh at, or torment, young people for being modest and bashful, are doing the devil's work, and putting themselves under the curse which God, by the mouth of Solomon, the wise, pronounced against the scorners who love scorning, and the fools who hate knowledge.

This is the rule with dumb animals likewise. The more intelligent, the more high-bred they are, the more they are capable of feeling shame; and the more they are liable to be confounded, to lose their heads, and become frantic with doubt and fear. Who that has watched dogs does not know that the cleverer they are, the more they are capable of being actually ashamed of themselves, as human beings are, or ought to be? Who that has trained horses does not know that the stupid horse is never vicious, never takes fright? The failing which high-bred horses have of becoming utterly unmanageable, not so

much from bodily fear as from being confounded, not knowing what people want them to do—that is the very sign, the very effect, of their superior organization: and more shame to those who ill-use such horses. If God, my friends, dealt with us as cruelly and as clumsily as too many men deal with their horses, He would not be long in driving us mad with terror, and shame, and confusion. But He remembers our frame; He knoweth whereof we are made, and remembereth that we are but dust: else the spirit would fail before Him, and the souls which He hath made. And to Him we can cry, even when we know that we have made fools of ourselves — Father who made me, Christ who died for me, Holy Spirit who teachest me, have patience with my stupidity and my ignorance. Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Conversion.

REMEMBER that happiest day
When I from myself turned away,
And sought my devotion to prove
In acts of adorable love?

Escaped from a bottomless hell,
How could I forget it, the spell
Which lifted me up from my fall,
And sang in my bosom the call

To enter the long whitened field
That harvests for heaven doth yield,
And bind up the bright golden sheaves
Which God to a coronet weaves?

O fairest of all to my heart,
My love for Thee will not depart,
Till yonder in bowing me down
I cast at Thy footstool my crown.

Who that compares his heart with the picture of the renewed heart, as the pencil of the Holy Spirit has traced its clear, firm outline in Scripture, will be inclined to cavil at conversion -- to dispute as to whether it is in most cases sudden or gradual, initiative or complete, when he feels that in all cases it is *needed?* The Holy Spirit works upon what it finds,—the history of conversion varies with that of each individual soul; thus, there are persons who need no repentance in the sense of a turning of the outward life, but in a deeper sense, even that of the renewing from on high, *all* need it. *Conversion is the consent of the soul to God.* It is the acceptance of Christ, and with Him, of pardon, deliverance, freedom; it is the withdrawal of the soul from its own objects to fix upon those which the doc-

trine of Christ presents it, and which the natural heart does not, cannot receive. Conversion belongs to the rationale of spiritual life; it is a fact, at which, even if it were not revealed, were not insisted upon, in Scripture, the heart of Man would arrive through its own unanswerable logic. —Miss Greenwell.

In what way, or by what manner of working, God changes a soul from evil to good, how He impregnates the barren rock,—the priceless gems and gold, — is to the human mind an impenetrable mystery in all cases alike. — Coleridge.

As to the value of conversions, God alone can judge. God alone can know how wide are the steps which the soul has to take before it can approach to a community with Him, to the dwelling of the perfect, or to the intercourse and friendship of higher natures. — Goethe.

One glance of God, a touch of His love, will free and enlarge the heart, so that it can deny all, and part with all, and make an entire renouncing of all to follow Him. . . .

It is in His power to do it for thee. He can stretch and expand thy straightened heart, can hoist and spread the sails within thee, and then carry thee on swiftly; filling them, not with the vain air of men's applause, but with the sweet breathings and soft gales of His own Spirit, which carry it straight to the desired haven. — Archbishop Leighton.

Imagination.

THE things unseen alone are everlasting,
Our wondrous lives before:
Imagination finds them, in forecasting,
God's angels evermore.

The promises of life are in their keeping,
All things divinely fair;
And what, since exaltation follows weeping,
If gloom is sometimes there?

The monsters of foreboding Terror
Abide their proper time;
And in the breaking of the chains of Error
How Truth becomes sublime!

O grasp the marvels of Imagination,
And build them into form:
They all will smile at last, — their fascination
Like sunshine after storm.

The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition or with our past at-

tainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some ideal excellence. Hence the ardor of the selfish to better their fortunes, and to add to their personal accomplishments; and hence the zeal of the patriot and philosopher to advance the virtue and the happiness of the human race. Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes.—DUGALD STEWART.

The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing in life, next to a clear judgment, and a good conscience. In the meantime, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to some dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, "to pull the old woman out of our hearts" (as Persius expresses it in the motto of my paper,) and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time when we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavor to establish to ourselves an interest in Him who holds the reins of the whole creation in His hands, and moderates them after such a manner that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another without His knowledge and permission.—ADDISON.

The imagination may be said in its widest

sense, to be synonymous with invention, denoting that faculty of the mind by which it either "bodies forth the form of things unknown," or produces original thoughts or new combinations of ideas from materials stored up in the memory. The fancy may be considered that peculiar habit of association which presents to our choice all the different materials that are subservient to the efforts of the imagination.—BRANDE.

It is the divine attribute of the imagination that it is irrepressible, unconfinable; that when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and with a necromantic power can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of a dungeon.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Generalization is necessary to the advancement of knowledge; but particularity is indispensable to the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyze human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense, like Shaftesbury; he may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius; or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed

on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lachrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood, will affect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human action, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the Fable of the Bees. But could Mandeville have created an Iago? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man, a real, living, individual man?—LORD MACAULAY.

Imagination, although a faculty of quite subordinate rank to intellect, is of infinite value for enlarging the field for the action of the intellect. It is a conducting and facilitating medium for the intellect to expand itself through, where it may feel itself in a genial, vital element, instead of a vacuum.—JOHN FOSTER.

Nor let it be supposed that terrors of imagination belong to childhood alone. The reprobate heart, which has discarded all love of God, cannot so easily rid itself of the fear of the devil; and even when it succeeds in that also, it will then create a hell for itself. We have heard of unbelievers who thought it probable that they

should be awake in their graves: and this was the opinion for which they had exchanged a Christian's hope of immortality.—SOUTHEY.

When the imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment it is perceived, grows—and continues to grow—upon the mind; the resemblance depending less upon the outline of form and feature than upon expression and effect,—less upon casual and outstanding, than upon inherent, internal properties; moreover, the images invariably modify each other. The law under which the processes of *fancy* is carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things, and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be oppositely produced, or fortunately combined. *Fancy* is given to quicken and beguile the temporal part of our nature; *imagination* to incite and to support the eternal. Yet it is not the less true that fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws, and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner *fancy* ambitiously aims at a rivalship with *imagination*, and *imagination* stoops to work with the materials of *fancy* might be illustrated from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse. . . .

The grand storehouse of enthusiastic and meditative imagination, of poetical as contra-distinguished from human and dramatic imagination,

are the prophetical and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton, to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser.—WORDSWORTH.

The Great Stone Face.

The same yesterday, to-day, and forever.—HEBREWS XIII. 8.

THERE is a path—the soul may go and come it—
By which to reach the Face* on Cannon's summit,
Full fifteen hundred feet by line and plummet;
Whose mystery has never yet been uttered,
Save when the storm with bursting heart has muttered,
Or hermit eagles round their eyrie fluttered.

I mean the wondrous Face of Ancient Silence,
Older than Egypt's Sphinx, or pyramidic Science,
Whose features spell both strength and self-reliance;
By Nature figured from her blocks of granite,
Where four times twenty feet forever span it,
And all the mighty winds of heaven fan it.

*A celebrated natural curiosity on Mount Cannon, Franconia, N H.

I mean the Man whose throne is on the mountain,
Whose mighty heart is one unfailing fountain,
All history too brief his thoughts to count in;
Who in his solitude an age of ages
Has witnessed every war which Nature wages.—
Oh wiser he than all our human sages!

I lingered yesterday, in silence viewed him,
Until my soul with very life endued him,
And like an over eager maiden wooed him.
To-day will other wondering souls endeavor
To guess the thought from which he ceases never,
To-morrow too, to-morrow and forever.

And some will think, as I did, of Another,
A far sublimer Face, our Elder Brother,
Eternity His Father, Time His Mother;
Of whom the Profile Rock is but a semblance
Flung out by Nature with celestial temp'rance,
To keep Him in perpetual remembrance.

FRANCONIA, N. H., Aug., 1878.

Hugh Miller, the inspired Apostle of Science, found the rudiments of Christ in the Rocks. . . . Jesus Christ in every lamina of the Earth's crust; and, as with faith in his heart and the iron in his hand, he toiled among the old red sandstone, he saw the fosil flora of his own Scotch hills tipped with tongues of flame, and the fauna rigid with the stress of prophecy. It was as if the blood of Calvary had stained and informed with meaning the insensate mass in which

he wrought; or as if he were, with a divine instinct, hewing away the rock from the door of the sepulchre where the ages had laid his Lord. With a vision that was too wonderful and too glorious for the protracted entertainment of his mighty brain, he saw the various forms of life climbing through the rugged centuries, and leaping from creation to creation, until they took resolution in the union of matter and spirit in man. But science with a pining heart behind it was not satisfied even then. Not until the complex creature man was united in a chain complete. Then, with the lost link fastened to the Throne, the grand riddle of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" swung clear in the sight of angels and men.—Dr. Holland.

Patience.

I WILL not vex His ears with my complaining,
For unto Him obedience is due;
And as a father He forecasts the training,
To make His children strong and brave and true.

I will not vex His ears with my repining;
But I will ask Him what for me is best,

Till of His will I see the blessed shining
What time my heart is lifted to its rest.

Patience! let Him work on, the great Refiner!
How vast the work no eyes but His descry.
Patience! of this strange heart, the one Diviner,
His burning look doth pierce and purify.

Patience! and when the day is at the darkest!
Patience! till foes aweary shall despair.
And thou, who to celestial voices harkest,
Shall see the watching skies grow clear and fair,

Until at length old things, forever passing,
Shall hold the panting heart no more in thrall,
And heaven and earth renewed, before thee massing
Their glorious things, shall hence be all in all.

Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the state, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we

have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman, and improves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age.—Bishop Horne.

But what a lovely sight is it to behold a person burdened with many sorrows, and perhaps his flesh upon him has pain and anguish, while his soul mourns within him: yet his passions are calm, he possesses his spirit in patience, he takes kindly all the relief that his friends attempt to afford him, nor does he give them any grief or uneasiness but what they feel through the force of mere sympathy and compassion! Thus, even in the midst of calamities, he knits the hearts of his friends faster to himself, and lays greater obligations upon their love by so lovely and divine a conduct under the weight of his heavy sorrows.—Dr. Watts.

The great remedy which Heaven has put in our hands is patience, by which, though we cannot lessen the torments of the body, we can in a great measure preserve the peace of the mind, and shall suffer only the natural and genuine force of an evil, without heightening its acrimony, or prolonging its effects.—Dr. Johnson.

If thou intendest to vanquish the greatest, the most abominable and wickedest enemy, who is able to do thee mischief both in body and soul, and against whom thou preparest all sorts of weapons, but cannot overcome, then know that

there is a sweet and loving physical herb to serve thee, named *Patientia*.—LUTHER.

Be patient in the age of pride, when men live by short intervals of reason under the dominion of humor and passion, when it is in the power of everyone to transform thee out of thyself, and run thee into the short madness. If you cannot imitate Job, yet come not short of Socrates, and those patient Pagans who tired the tongues of their enemies, while they perceived they spit their malice at brazen walls and statues. — SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Reward.

THE glory of the summer morn,
From Night's refreshing slumber born,
Is unto thankful birds reward,—
Their anthem to the Lord.

Gleams of the True, the Beautiful,
The Good, all things of Him so full,—
Are they not unto man reward
Which cometh from the Lord?

The sense of what is well begun,
Pursued with love, and rightly done,

Is not a poor and low reward,
Unworthy of the Lord.

Think not He bargains with His child,
To Duty here unreconciled,
And offers some far-off reward
To them that own Him Lord.

I hold the flower enjoys the sun,
Rewarded ere the day is done:
So our exceeding great reward
Is day by day the Lord;

And in the blessed time to come,
When angels bear us safely home,
Will our unspeakable reward
Forever be the Lord.

———.

I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.—GENESIS XV. 1.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clear, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb. Moreover by them is Thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.—PSALM XIX. 8–11.

Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward

shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil.—St. Luke vi. 35.

Justice ought to be pursued for itself, not for rewards springing from it. Justice is itself the best reward to the soul.—Plato.

The reward of doing one duty is the power to perform another.—Ben Azai.

If we practice goodness not for the sake of its own intrinsic excellence, but for the sake of gaining some advantage from it, we may be cunning, but we are not good.—Cicero.

The only reward of virtue is virtue. The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die, even on this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green. It flows and flows; it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; and one day it will start forth as a visible and perennial well.—Carlyle.

The penny is very different to the different receivers — though *objectively* the same, *subjectively* is very different; it is, in fact, to every one exactly what he will make it. What the Lord said to Abraham, He says unto all, "I am thy exceeding great reward," and He has no other reward to impart to any save only this: namely, Himself. To see Him as

He is, this is the reward which He has for all His people, the penny unto all; but they whom these murmuring laborers represent, had been laboring for something else besides the knowledge and enjoyment of God, with an eye to some other reward, to something on account of which they could glory in themselves and glory over others. It was not merely to have *much* which they desired, but to have *more* than others, — not to grow together with the whole body of Christ, but to get before and beyond their brethren — and the penny then, because it was common to all, did not seem enough,—while in fact it was to each what he would make it. For if the vision of God constitutes the blessedness of the future world, then they whose spiritual eye is most enlightened will drink in most of His glory; then, since only like can know like, all advances which are here made in humility, in holiness, in love, are a polishing of the mirror that it may reflect more distinctly the divine image, a purging of the eye that it may see more clearly the divine glory, an enlarging of the vessel that it may receive more amply of the divine fulness; and on the contrary, all pride, all self-righteousness, all sin of every kind, whether it stop short with impairing, or end by altogether destroying, the capacities for receiving from God, is in its degree a staining of the mirror, a darkening of the eye, a narrowing of the vessel.—TRENCH.

Part Eighth.

Key-Notes.

The Life was the Light of men.—St. John i. 4.

Wisdom is that which makes men judge what are the best ends, and what the best means of attaining them, and gives a man advantage of counsel and direction.—Sir William Temple.

Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom.—Carlyle.

Constantly choose rather to want less, than to have more.
—Thomas à Kempis.

To be happy is not the purpose of our being; but to deserve happiness.—Fichte.

Life was not given us to be used up in the pursuit of what we must leave behind us when we die.—Joseph May.

I have lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe—that no society can be upheld in honor and happiness without the sentiment of religion.—Laplace.

Learning.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

WISDOM is the end of Learning,
Wisdom which is life indeed:
Learn and use, that end discerning,
Thou dost live a hero's creed.

Books are tools, not for parading,
Nor to moulder on their shelves:
Modestly they bring their lading,
Modestly they give themselves:

Eyes and ears and thoughts are better,
In the shifting fight of life;
And the spirit, not the letter,
Makes thee bravest for the strife.

Wisdom is the end of Learning,
Wisdom which is life indeed:
Learn and use, that end discerning,
Thou dost live a hero's creed.

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one. If you

are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

A pretender to learning is one that would make all others more fools than himself; for, though he know nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceits nothing in learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with less labor cure his ignorance than hide it. He is, indeed, a kind of scholar mountebank, and his art our delusion. He is tricked out in all the accoutrements of learning, and at the first encounter none passes better. He is oftener in his study than at his book, and you cannot pleasure him better than to deprehend him: yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted. You find him in his slippers, and a pen in his ear, in which formality he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some classic folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath laid open at the same page this half-year. His candle is always a longer sitter-up than himself, and the boast of his window at midnight. He walks much alone in the posture of meditation, and has a book before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek Testament or Hebrew Bible, which he opens only in the church, and that when some stander-by looks over. He has sentences for company — some scatterings of Seneca and Taci-

tus — which are good upon all occasions. If he reads anything in the morning, it comes out all at dinner; and as long as that lasts the discourse is his. He is a great plagiary of tavern wit, and comes to sermons only that he may talk of Austin. His parcels are the mere scrapings from company, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wonderfully capricious in giving judgment, and listens with sour attention to what he understands not. He talks much of Scaliger, and Casaubon, and the Jesuits, and prefers some unheard-of Dutch name before them all. He has verses to bring in upon these and these hints, and it shall go hard, but he will wind in his opportunity. He is critical in a language he cannot construe, and speaks seldom under Arminius in divinity. His business or retirement with callers always is his study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the dedication. He never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same man pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says nothing. He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laughed at. — BISHOP EARLE.

Learning is, in truth, a very great and a very considerable quality; and such as despise it suf-

ficiently discover their own want of understanding: but yet I do not prize it at the excessive rate some others do; as Herillus, the philosopher, for one, who therein places the sovereign good, and maintained that it was only in her to render us wise and contented, which I do not believe: no more than I do what others have said, that learning is the mother of all virtue, and that all vice proceeds from ignorance, which, if it be true, is subject to a very long interpretation. — MONTAIGNE.

No man is wiser for his learning: it may administer matter to work in, or object to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man. —SELDEN.

The pride of learning and the abuse of learning are fatal evils, and without the possession of it, no doubt the man of devoted piety, with merely the vernacular Scriptures in his hand, may be even eminently useful; but there are higher and more extensive spheres of service which he is clearly not qualified to occupy. Learning, when employed not for ostentation, *but for use;* not to set up human wisdom in opposition to divine revelation, but humbly, patiently, and laboriously to trace out, to exhibit, to assert, and to defend the revealed truth of God, and to apply it to all the varied purposes for which it was made known, is of the highest value. And let every younger student remember that he knows not to what scene of service he is destined;

let it be his humble aim, depending upon, and seeking constantly, the divine blessing, to become as well qualified as possible for that station, be it what it may, to which it may please God to call him. And, in this view, let him duly consider the indefatigable labor, the diligent study, and the patient zeal of those great and good men (the Swiss Reformers), who, devoted to learning as they were, yet did not pursue it for its own sake (or for the earthly distinctions it might gain for them), or lose themselves in a contemplative life, but denied themselves, and studied, and *prayed without ceasing*, in order that they might *act* with wisdom and success to the glory of God and the higher good of their fellow-men. Therefore is their memory blessed. — Dr. Thomas Scott.

Learning maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving for an ornament to riches. —Cicero.

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time.—Locke.

Learning, like money, may be of so base a coin, as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness.—Shenstone.

Money.

THE best of servants thou canst have;
A tyrant, if thou be its slave.
Joy is not wedded to its use,
And life is death in its abuse.

Money is an exceeding good thing for its proper uses. I am much of the opinion of Renè, the Dutch barber at Cambridge, when I resided at that seat of learning. Renè was a *virtuoso* in his way, a collector of curious out-of-the-way things—stuffed birds, and other objects in natural history, old coins, medals, urns and vases, and other bits of antique pottery, savage arrows and arrow-heads, and the like. The walls of his two rooms were thickly garnished with these things, neatly put up in glazed cases. He was much pleased to be complimented on his collection; though he always made a mild disclaimer of any special merit in it—intimating that his taste was superior to anything he could show, and that his collection would be much larger and of a much higher order but for his want of means to make it so.

"Poverty," he would say, "poverty—it is no disgrace, sir, but a great inconvenience." I am quite of Renè's mind. I do not think any philoso-

pher could put the matter in a juster or better way.

If a man likes to travel, or has an enjoyment in building, planting and landscape creation; or in books and a large library; or is a lover of art and pleased to possess good pictures, sculptures, and the like, as well as commodious furniture in good taste and keeping;—the want of money to procure these things is a decided inconvenience. And if the man who has plenty of money and sacredly sets apart a generous portion of it for the relief and welfare of his fellowmen, chooses to spend the residue of it in indulgence of these liberal and cultivated tastes, he is not justly to be blamed for it, and certainly none but a mean-hearted man will envy him the conveniences and elegancies and refined enjoyments he is able to procure. Who so base as to object to a Peabody's eating off plate and giving hospitable dinners to his friends, so long as he spends more hundreds of thousands for the good of mankind than thousands on himself and friends.

But the shame and the mischief of the case among us is in the inordinate greed, the universal scramble for money, not for its proper uses, but for selfish or vulgar misuses of it. We are a nation of money seekers, — not from the miserly avarice which gathers and hoards it merely for its own sake as an end in itself (for this, I think, is far from being our vice as a people) but for the sake of the homage it secures, the power or

influence it gives, or the rivalry with others in ostentations display which the extravagant expenditure of it enables one to maintain. We are terribly a nation of money-seekers for these and the like selfish and comparatively ignoble ends, with scarcely a thought or desire of becoming able to do good and promote the welfare of society, actuating and sanctifying the eager, incessant struggle after riches.—This is the shame. And the mischief is not only in the lowering effect on the spirit of the people and on the tone of social life, (which is both cause and effect of extravagant expenditure and vulgar, ostentatious rivalry,) but in the reckless gambling disposition, the unscrupulousness, the shipwreck of integrity and honor, the defalcations and falseness to trusts, the dishonesties and frauds, that are engendered in this intense selfish struggle after great and quick-gained riches. We are going, morally, the road downwards with tremendous accelerating velocity, and where shall we come to? Pandemonium was built and paved with molten gold.—C. S. HENRY.

The man who enslaves himself to his money is proclaimed in our very language to be a miser, or a miserable man.—TRENCH.

Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding: it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible.

Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.—ADDISON.

Chilon would say, that gold was tried with the touchstone, and men with gold.—LORD BACON.

It is wonderful to consider how a command or call to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing who, at the very same instant, want nothing to spend. So that, instead of relieving the poor, such a command strangely increases their number, and transforms rich men into beggars presently.—SOUTH.

A wise man should have money in his head; but not in his heart.—SWIFT.

Contentment.

CONTENTMENT uses all the powers
Wherewith the Lord His creature dowers.

Contentment thrives and never knows
The trouble which from folly grows.

Contentment is discreet and wise,
And never vexed with lustful eyes.

Contentment trusts in Providence,
And finds that trust munificence.

Contentment is abiding wealth,
And measures spiritual health.

———.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase. —BALGUY.

This virtue (content) does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has, indeed, a kindly influence on the soul of man in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted to him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts. Among the many methods which might be made

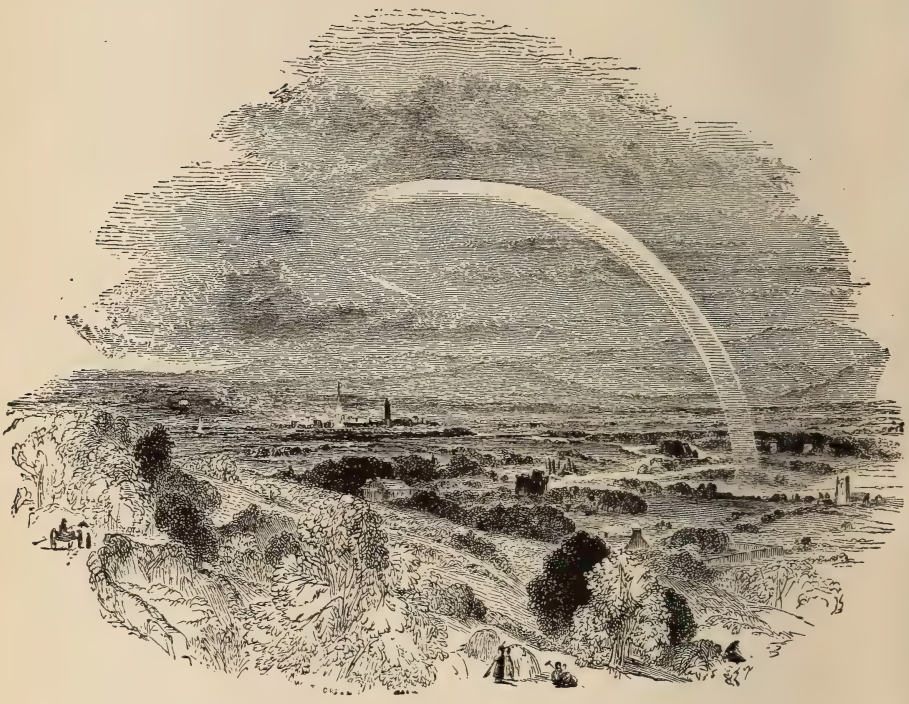
use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall mention the two following: First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and, secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.—ADDISON.

As for a little more money and a little more time, why it's ten to one if either one or the other would make you a whit happier. If you had more time, it would be sure to hang heavily. It is the workingman who is the happy man. Man was made to be active, and he is never so happy as when he is so. It is the idle man is the miserable man. What comes of holidays, and far too often of sight-seeing, but evil? Half the harm that happens is on those days. And as for money — Don't you remember the old saying, "Enough is as good as a feast?" Money never made man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has the more he wants. Instead of its filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that want another way. That was a true proverb of the wise man, rely upon it: "Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure, and trouble therewith."—DR. FRANKLIN.

There are thousands so extravagant in their ideas of contentment as to imagine that it must consist in having everything in this world turn out the way they wish—that they are to sit down in happiness, and feel themselves so at ease on

all points as to desire nothing better and nothing more. I own there are instances of some who seem to pass through the world as if their paths had been strewed with rosebuds of delight but a little experience will convince us 'tis a fatal expectation to go upon. We are "born to trouble;" and we may depend upon it whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions;—that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life, — the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one nor overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves towards everything which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. This is the true temperate climate fitted for us by nature, and in which every wise man would wish to live. —STERNE.

That happy state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which we can say, "I have enough," is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness consists, not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. He who wants little always has enough.—ZIMMERMAN.



"He is the Rainbow of the heart,
Which was and is and is to be,
And, when the Rainbow must depart,
The Light that shines eternally."

Transformations.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.
—St. Matthew xxviii. 20.

HE is the Rainbow of the heart,
Which was, and is, and is to be,
And, when the Rainbow must depart,
The Light that shines eternally.

His everlasting loveliness
A little while is Peace and Rest:
Nothing of earth can long express
The Lord Almighty at His best.

To-day He is the Energy
That never falters in the race:
To-morrow laureled Victory
Proclaims Him with another Face.

And I have seen Him in Defeat
As beautiful as anywhere,
Lifting the fallen to their feet,
And bringing courage from despair.

His countenance is that of Freedom
When men are pulling tyrants down:
He comes, like One who came from Edom,
The toil of His redeemed to crown.

Devotion is the form He wears
Within the cloister's narrow aisle;

And Conscience in her heart declares
He is the Life that knows no guile.

He changes into Charity
When self is passing out of sight,
In pain becomes Humanity
Through suffering divinely bright.

The very Bird of Paradise,
He lights and shows Himself in part,
Then flies away to other skies
In other regions of the heart.

Ah me! all moulds distort, or scrimp,
Or keep some proper feature back:
Comparisons forever limp,
One foot at least forever lack.

The marks of Christ forever change
Through some supreme Eternal law:
The Universe His mighty range
For signs of comfort and of awe.

O His perennial Life on earth
Which He bestows upon His own,
Grows from the feebleness of birth,
And in ten thousand forms is known.

To judge Him who is all in all,
As only what He seems below,
Were into grievous sin to fall
And bind His grace to what we know.

The blessed tokens of His love
Are endless as Eternal Life,
And showered forever from above,
With many a form and aspect rife.

Dear Lord! help me to keep my heart
From sin and its pollution free;
So shall I see Thee where Thou art,
And take Thy blessing ere Thou flee:

Assured that in the change forever
Thou art the One who changest not,
The Infinite in man's endeavor,
Transformed, indeed, but in his thought.

Let no man or woman think, who is still young, on whom the necessary calm of age has not fallen, that they will have a quiet life, if they are in earnest, for many years to come, either in the world without or in the world within them. Development must have its rude shocks, evolution its transient earthquakes, progress its backslidings. Accept the necessity, count the cost, make ready to take your part in the things which are coming on the earth. Be true to the vast Christian principles of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; steadily go to war with every opinion and system which tends to limit them and enslave men. But in fighting against systems and opinions, do not be betrayed yourselves into intolerance of men, into inability

to see the good in the evil, into any statement or action which may practically deny that the men whose views you oppose are children of God and your brethren in Christ. Constantly keep your temper in the battle; guard jealously your power of looking on all sides of questions; watch over yourself that you may be above all things just to men and their opinions. Clear your minds from narrowness—the narrowness of religion, the narrowness of skepticism, the norrowness of intellectual vanity; keep yourself apart from particular sets of men and opinion. They tend to fix you down, to limit your life, to fetter your thought, to make you wise in your own conceits. See that you mix with men your brothers, with those who differ from yourselves, who oppose and contradict you. Do not ride at anchor in a safe and land-locked bay, in cultured comfort of thought, having put aside all troublesome questions of the unknown. You cannot quench the spirit within you, without making the intellect one-sided and the conscience intolerant or dull. Rather tempt the ocean paths and sail on to a boundless horizon, gaining strength from trial of your skill, wisdom from the storms of life, tenderness from its sorrows, love from assisting others, and faith in the final issue from the clear inward consciousness that you are growing up into all that is best in human nature, into all that is of Christ. Progress is the law of the world, it is the law that ought to rule our lives. See that

you are an active part of the great evolution of the race. What matters after all—the catastrophe, the convulsions of heart and intellect you must suffer, the shattered sail, the midnight watch in the hurricane, the loneliness of the mid-ocean? It is life at least, it is more, it is moving with the movement of the world, and the world is moving in Christ.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Fate.

FATE is irrevocable Law
Which holds the Universe in awe,
And measures unto every man
His place in God's good plan;

In which no contradictions are,
Or here or in remotest star;
Where truth is truth, and lies are lies,
Above, beneath all skies.

And yet—to make more beautiful
A world, of truth and freedom full—
Fate turned to Law is changed to Grace
Before Immanuel's face.

And every crying child of Fate,
An orphan and without estate,
Finds, when escaped from self and thrall,
That he possesses all.

I know not whether there be, as is alleged, in the upper region of our atmosphere, a permanent westerly current, which carries with it all atoms that rise to that height, but I see that when souls reach a certain clearness of perception, they accept a knowledge and motive above selfishness. A breath of will blows eternally through the universe of souls in the direction of the Right and Necessary. It is the air which all intellects inhale and exhale, and it is the wind which blows the worlds into order and orbit. . . .

Fate is unpenetrated causes. The water drowns ship and sailor, like a grain of dust. But learn to swim, trim your bark, and the wave which drowned it, will be cloven by it, and carry it, like its own foam, a plume and a power. The cold is inconsiderate of persons, tingles your blood, freezes a man like a dew-drop. But learn to skate, and the ice will give you a graceful, sweet and poetic motion. The cold will brace your limbs and brain to genius, and make you foremost men of time. Cold and sea will train an imperial Saxon race, which nature cannot bear to lose, and after cooping it for a thousand years in yonder England, gives a hundred Englands, a hundred Mexicos. . . .

The annual slaughter from typhus far exceeds that of war; but right drainage destroys typhus. The plague in the sea-service from scurvy is healed by lemon juice and other diets portable or procurable: the depopulation by cholera and small-pox is ended by drainage and vaccination; and every other pest is not less in the chain of cause and effect, and may be fought off. — EMERSON.

As soon as the relation of cause and effect appears, the aspect of Fate is changed, Yet it does not cease to trouble us. It only dashes away, like an Arab of the desert, to beset us again in some new position. But wherever the next onset may be, we have only to tear off the mask, if that be possible, to find the face of Law. And so on to the end.— ——.

No man may fold his arms and say, "Things must be so; and in erring, I yield but to nature." There is no fate in this world, like the fate that a man makes for himself. That is fate, indeed— the inevitable necessity, that every man must freely work out his own weal or woe—the fact on which hinges the whole moral philosophy of human life and history. It is a fact, unalterable, fixed as adamant. Whether we build upon that rock, or break upon that rock—one thing is certain—it cannot be removed. But we may build upon it: and therefore to point it out, and, amidst the waves, the strifes and perils of human existence, to lift it up clearly to view, is to send out

a challenge to all the spiritual heroism in the world, aye, and an alarm-call to all the sluggard indolence in the world; and to summon every man that lives to do all that he can for himself, and to do all that he can for others. To arm the soul to look that dread fact of inalienable moral responsibility fairly in the face, and to arouse the soul to discharge itself of that stupendous trust with humility and resolution — these are the highest ends of all right study and of all true wisdom.

I say in fine, and I say plainly, that for sickly complainers, for poor voluptuaries, for weak worldlings—for ignoble creatures that had rather be innocent sheep and be happy, than wrestling angel-natures, taking blows and wounds in the lists of virtue — I have no doctrine to deliver. I say deliberately and firmly, that I had rather have commenced my existence as I have, than in some imaginary elysium of negative, stationary, choiceless, unprogressive innocence and enjoyment.

Give me freedom, give me knowledge, give me breadth of experience; I would have it all. No memory is so hallowed, no memory so dear, as that of temptation nobly withstood, or of suffering nobly endured. What is it that we gather and garner up from the solemn story of the world, like its struggles, its sorrows, its martyrdoms? Come to the great battle, thou wrestling, glorious, marred nature; strong nature! weak na-

ture! — come to the great battle, and, in this mortal strife, strike for immortal victory! The highest Son of God—the best beloved of Heaven that ever stood upon earth—was "made perfect through sufferings." And sweeter shall be the cup of immortal joy, for that it was once dashed with bitter drops of pain and sorrow; and brighter shall roll the everlasting ages, for the dark shadows that clouded this birthtime of our being.—DEWEY.

Freedom.

The Truth shall make you free.—ST. JOHN VIII. 32.

ALL possibilities are his
Whose life proclaims what Freedom is:
Joy, joy which is the spirit's token
The fetters of the man are broken;
The bow that spans the firmament
At the Accuser's banishment;
The mountain air of happiness
Above the breath of selfishness:
Faith which transfigures and inspires
And lights in man undying fires;
Bright Hope, which sets the world aglow
And watches angels come and go;

Sweet sunshine from the face of Love,
Which maketh Earth like Heaven above;
The vision of a living soul
That sees in every part the Whole;
The will and energy sublime
To grasp Eternity in Time;
Yea, all things born of God are his
Whose life proclaims what Freedom is!

I call that mind free which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

I call that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, whilst consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle

within itself, and uses instructions from abroad not to supersede but to quicken and exalt its own energies.

I call that mind free which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of His children, which delights in virtue and sympathizes with suffering wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger, and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

I call that mind free which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong-doing, which no menace or peril can enthrall, which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself though all else be lost.

I call that mind free which resists the bondage of habit, which does not mechanically repeat itself and copy the past, which does not live on its old virtues, which does not enslave itself to precise rules, but which forgets what is behind, listens for new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

I call that mind free which is jealous of its own freedom, which guards itself from being merged in others, which guards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

In fine, I call that mind free which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in His promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers, which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance forever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.—CHANNING.

Action.

Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?—ACTS I. 11.

IN gazing up to heaven
In idle ecstacy,

What progress make we to the haven
Where we at length would be?

In heaven-appointed work
The sure advancement lies,
Wherein the dearest comforts lurk
There are beneath the skies.

How David wrought of old,
Like One to him unknown,
To bring again the Age of Gold
Which from the world had flown!

His conquest of the bear
And lion in his youth
Was prophecy which everywhere
Proclaimed the way of Truth.

In action day by day
His mighty manhood grew,
A character to live for aye,
It was so strong and true.

He grappled with all rude
And unpropitious things:
A garden from the solitude
Smiled to the King of kings.

His enemies became
As stubble to the fire,
Till songs of praise, like leaping flame,
Burst from his sacred lyre.

He wrought his people good:
  He left a name behind,
The strength of honest brotherhood,
  And richer made mankind.

And so it ever is:
  In usefulness and zeal
The Lord announces who are His
  And gives eternal weal.

———.

Action is the highest perfection and drawing forth of the utmost power, vigor, and activity of man's nature. God is pleased to vouchsafe the best that he can give only to the best that we can do. The properest and most raised conception that we have of God is, that He is a pure act, a perpetual, incessant motion.—SOUTH.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.—LAVATER.

There is no action of man in this life, which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end. — THOMAS OF MALMESBURY.

That every man should regulate his actions by his own conscience, without any regard to the opinions of the rest of the world, is one of the first precepts of moral prudence; justified not only by the suffrage of reason, which declares that none of the gifts of Heaven are to lie useless, but by the voice likewise of experience,

which will soon inform us that, if we make the praise or blame of others the rule of our conduct, we shall be distracted by a boundless variety of irreconcilable judgments, be held in perpetual suspense between contrary impulses, and consult forever without determination. — DR. JOHNSON.

The actions of men are oftener determined by their character than their interest: their conduct takes its color more from their acquired tastes, inclinations, and habits, than from a deliberate regard to their greatest good. It is only on great occasions the mind awakes to take an extended survey of her whole course, and that she suffers the dictates of reason to impress a new bias upon her movements. The actions of each day are, for the most part, links which follow each other in the chain of custom. Hence the great effort of practical wisdom is to imbue the mind with right tastes, affections and habits; the elements of character and masters of action. — ROBERT HALL.

The only things in which we can be said to have any property are *our actions*. Our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison; they may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken from us by misfortune, our reputation by malice, our spirits by calamity, our health by disease, our friends by death. But our *actions* must follow us beyond the grave: with respect to them *alone* we cannot say that we shall carry

nothing with us when we die, neither that we shall go naked out of the world. Our actions must clothe us with an immortality, loathsome or glorious: these are the only *title-deeds* of which we cannot be disinherited; they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity, when everything else is as nothing; and their value will be confirmed and established by those two sure and sateless destroyers of all other earthly things,—Time and Death.—COLTON.

Under no conceivable set of circumstances are we justified in sitting

> ——"By the poisoned springs of life,
> Waiting for the morrow which shall free us from the strife."

Under no circumstances, whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be done, as well as something to be suffered. And thus it is that the spirit of Christianity draws over our life, not a leaden cloud of Remorse and Despondency, but a sky,—not, perhaps, of radiant but yet of most serene and chastened and manly hope. There is a Past which is gone forever. But there is a Future which is still our own.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

The Soldier of Christ.

O CHILD of great affliction,
O child of greater joy!
God, God will grant His benediction,
And find for thee employ.

Go forth—the world is waiting—
Go forth in all thy youth;
Naught of thy heavenly strength abating,
Fight thou the fight of truth.

Thy sword is from the Spirit,
Whose thrusts are brave and quick:
Thou hast above thyself a merit—
What though the foes be thick?

And One who came from Edom
In greatness of His might,
Abides with thee to strike for freedom
And citadel the right.

There is no grander mission
Than God assigneth thee:
There is no mightier commission
Than that of Liberty.

Rejoice with joy exceeding,
O thou forever true;

For others fighting, toiling, pleading,
Thy heavenly strength renew.

The Truce of God will hasten
With many a psalm of peace,
Or constant warfare prove and chasten
Until the great release.

Thou canst not miss thy wages!—
What though thine eye be dim?
The Master's eye is on the ages,
All times belong to Him.

And when in separation
Of good and evil here,
The long, long wished-for consummation,
New heavens and earth appear,

O thine will be the wonder
All free from wild alarms;
For thou—thou art forever under
The Everlasting Arms.

———.

For that terrible saying of Anne of Austria to Richelieu holds true for mercy as well as for judgment: "My Lord Cardinal, God does not pay at the end of every week, but at the last *He pays.*" God may put His faithful ones upon a long and painful apprenticeship, during which they learn much and receive little,—food only, and "that in a measure,"—often the bread and water of affliction. Yet at the last *He pays;* pays

them into their hearts, pays them into their hands also. We may remember long seasons of faint yet honest endeavor; the prayers of a soul yet without strength; the sacrifice of an imperfectly subdued will, bound even with cords to the altar; we may remember such times, or we may forget them, but their result is with us. Some of the good seed sown in tears is now shedding a heavenly fragrance within our lives, and some of it will blossom, perhaps bear fruit, over our graves. —Miss Greenwell.

Rest.

REST! Rest! Rest!
The sweetness of His word,
Who speaks to them that are distressed,
With all their trouble stirred:
The fellowship with One
Who knows the cares which life infest,
And how release is won.

Rest! Rest! Rest!
The calm within the heart,
Which, humbled, has at last confessed,
And felt its sin depart;

As undefined in form
And all as hard to be expressed
As sunshine after storm.

Rest! Rest! Rest!
The sense of something done,
A little nearer what is best
Before the setting sun:
A fairer, purer light,
That does not fear the inner test,
Self further out of sight.

Rest! Rest! Rest!
The beauty of the soul
In her ethereal glory dressed,
Her eye upon the goal:
Which often-times we feel
Along our journey to the West,
And silently reveal.

Rest! Rest! Rest!
Love growing beautiful,
Our purposes of Heaven blest,
Until our days are full:
The end of Fast and Feast,
The folded hands upon the breast,
The looking to the East.

Rest! Rest! Rest!
To wake all satisfied,
With immortality possessed,

Like Him who for us died:
And in the land above
To seek some higher mountain-crest,
Increasing still in love.

It is not the lake locked in ice that suggests repose, but the river moving on calmly and rapidly in silent majesty and strength. It is not the cattle lying in the sun, but the eagle cleaving the air with fixed pinions, that gives you the idea of repose combined with strength and motion. In creation, the Rest of God is exhibited as a sense of Power which nothing wearies. When chaos burst into harmony, so to speak, God had Rest.

There are two deep principles in Nature in apparent contradiction,—one the aspiration after perfection; the other, the longing after repose. In the harmony of these lies the rest of the soul of man. There have been times when we have experienced this. Then the winds have been hushed, and the throb and the tumult of the passions have been blotted out of our bosoms. That was a moment when we were in harmony with all around, reconciled to ourselves and to our God; when we sympathized with all that was pure, all that was beautiful, all that was lovely.

This was not stagnation, it was fulness of life,—life in its most expanded form, such as Nature witnessed in her first hour. This is life in that form of benevolence which expands into the mind of Christ. And when this is working

in the soul, it is marvellous how its distils into a man's words and countenance. Strange and magical is the power of that collect wherein we pray to God, "Who alone can order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, to grant unto His people that they may love the thing which He commands, and desire that which He promises; that so among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found." There is a wondrous melody in that rhythm; the words are the echoes of the thought. The mind of the man who wrote them was in repose,—all is ringing of rest. We do not wonder when Moses came down from the mount on which he had been bowing in adoration before the harmony of God, that his face was shining with a brightness too dazzling to look upon.

Brother man, there is Rest in Christ, because He is Love; because His are the everlasting Verities of Humanity. God does not cease to be the God of Love because men are low, sad, and desponding. In the performance of duty, in meekness, in trust in God, is our rest, — our only rest. It is not in understanding a set of doctrines; not in an outward comprehension of the "scheme of salvation," that rest and peace are to be found, but in taking up in all lowliness and meekness the yoke of the Lord Jesus Christ.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Thanks.

In every thing give thanks.—I. Thessalonians v. 18.

LORD, Thou hast all my sins forgiven,
Let not my thanks grow old,
Thy love assureth me of Heaven,
Let not my thanks grow old.

Through Thee alone my soul prevaileth,
Let not my thanks grow old,
Thy dear compassion never faileth,
Let not thy thanks grow old.

Thou hast been with me in affliction,
Let not my thanks grow old,
And turned it into benediction,
Let not my thanks grow old.

Thou hast not left me in my blindness,
Let not my thanks grow old,
But lighted me with loving-kindness,
Let not my thanks grow old.

Thy Providence has not abated,
Let not my thanks grow old;
I know I am to Thee related,
Let not my thanks grow old.

I know Thou art my Father, Saviour,
Let not my thanks grow old,

Who hast bestowed on me such favor,
Let not my thanks grow old.

New are Thy mercies every morning,
Let not my thanks grow old,
At evening fresh as at the dawning,
Let not my thanks grow old.

Through all my days, my good forecasting,
Thy love has not grown old,
So true and strong and everlasting,
And can my thanks grow old?

———.

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude: for oblivion is a kind of annihilation; and for things to be as though they had not been, is like unto never being. Make not thy head a grave, but a repository of God's mercies. Though thou hadst the memory of Seneca, or Simonides, and conscience, the punctual memorist within us, yet trust not to thy remembrance in things which need phylacteries. Register not only strange, but merciful occurences. Let ephemerides, not olympiads, give thee account of His mercies; let thy diaries stand thick with dutiful mementos and asterisks of acknowledgment. And to be complete and forget nothing, date not His mercy from thy nativity; look beyond the world, and before the æra of Adam.—Sir Thomas Browne.

I saw on the seashore a holy man, who had

been torn by a tiger; and could get no salve to heal his wound. For a length of time he suffered much pain, and was all along offering thanks to the Most High. They asked him, saying, "Why are you so grateful?" He answered, "God be praised that I am overtaken with misfortune and not with sin."—FROM THE PERSIAN.

I am thankful for small mercies. I compared notes with one of my friends who expects everything of the universe, and is disappointed when anything is less than the best; and I found that I begin at the other extreme, expecting nothing, and am always full of thanks for moderate goods. —EMERSON.

Father, we thank Thee that while heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thine all-trancendent being, yet Thou livest and movest and workest in all things that are; causing, guiding, and blessing all and each.

We thank Thee for the material world, with which Thou hast environed us, beneath, and about, and overhead. We thank Thee for the night, where Thy moon walks in brightness, with a star or two beside her; and we bless Thee for the sun, who curiously prepares the chambers of the East with his beauty, and then pours out the golden day upon the waiting and expectant earth. We thank Thee for the new life that comes tingling in the boughs of every great or little tree; which is green in the new-ascended grass, and transfigures itself in the flowers to greater bright-

ness than Solomon ever put on. We thank Thee for the seed which the farmer cradles in the ground, which thence lifts up its face of multitudinous prophecy, telling of harvests that are to come. We thank Thee also for the garments of prophecy with which Thou girdest the forests, and adornest every tree. We bless Thee for the fresh life which teems in the waters about us, and in the little brooks which run among the hills, which warbles in the branches of the trees, and hums with new-born insects throughout the peopled land. O Lord, we thank Thee for this day so fair and sweet, when the trees lift up their hands in a psalm of gratitude to Thee, and every little flower that opens its cup, and every wandering bird seems filled with Thy Spirit, and to be grateful unto Thee. We thank Thee for all Thy hand-writings of revelation on the walls of the world; on the heavens above us, and the ground beneath; and for all the testimonies recorded there of Thy presence, Thy power, Thy justice, and Thy love.

We thank Thee for that perpetual springtime with which Thou visitest the human soul. We bless Thee for the Sun of righteousness which never sets, never allows any night there, but with healing in His beams, showers down perennial day on eyes that open, and on hearts that longingly lift themselves up to Thee. We thank Thee for the great truths that shine to us; for the lesser lights, like the moon in the

darkness of the night; and for those great lights, which pour out a continuous and never-ending day wheresoever we turn our weary mortal feet. We thank Thee for the generous emotions which spring up anew in every generation of mankind; for the justice that faints not, nor is weary; for the philanthropy which goes out and brings the wanderer home, which lifts up the fallen and heals the sick, which is eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. We thank Thee for the piety which has inspired Thy sons in many a distant age, and in every peopled land; and we bless Thee that it springs anew in our own hearts, drawing us unto Thee, shedding peace along our pathway here, and giving us multitudinous prophecies of glories yet to come.

O Thou who art Infinite Perfection, we thank Thee for Thyself. We know that out of Thy wisdom, power and love have proceeded this world of matter, this world of man, and that kingdom of heaven into which we all hope to enter at last. We thank Thee for the loving-kindness and tender mercies over all Thy works; and where we can only see through a glass darkly, we will trust in Thee with infinite longing which casteth out every fear.—THEODORE PARKER.

God! God!
I thank Thee for a life of use:
God! God!
I do not pine for any truce.

Peace, Peace,
Has always come from duty done:
Peace, Peace,
Will so, until the end, be won.

Thanks! Thanks!
A thankful heart is my reward:
Thanks! Thanks!
Befit the children of the Lord.

Wind! Wind!
The peaceful reel must still go round:
Wind! Wind!
The thread of life will soon be wound.

Prayers.

Vials full of odors.—REVELATION v. 8.

O THOU who art the flame
To keep the world alive,
Burn, burn away my sin and shame,
My dying life revive.

The fire of heart and lip
May not in me be lit,

Except, O Breath of Fellowship,
  Thou somehow kindle it.

Breathe in my cold, cold heart,
  And in this icy soul,
Till warmth shall wondrously impart
  Its likeness to the whole.

And bid me go in search
  Of what true life desires,
And through Thine all-embracing church
  Help light undying fires.

Or if that may not be,
  Let me abide Thy will,
And drink the cup Thou givest me,
  And in Thy love be still.

———.

We go to God by prayers, not by steps. —Bishop Andrews.

Good prayers never come creeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask or what I should ask.—Bishop Hall.

It was the saying of a learned man, saith Dr. Lightfoot, that he got more knowledge by his prayers than by all his studies.—Bishop Wilson.

To distort one's eyes in prayer does not seem to me necessary; I hold it better to be natural. But one must not blame a man on that account, provided he is not a hypocrite. But that a man should make himself great and broad in prayer,

that, it seems to me, deserves reproach, and is not to be endured. One may have courage and confidence, but he must not be conceited and wise in his own conceit; for if one knows how to counsel and help himself, the shortest way is to do it. Folding the hands is a fine external decorum, and looks as if one surrendered himself without capitulation, and laid down his arms. But the inward, secret yearning, billow-heaving, and wishing of the heart, that, in my opinion, is the chief thing in prayer; and therefore I cannot understand what people mean who will not have us pray. It is just as if they said one should not wish, or one should have no beard and no ears. That must be a blockhead of a boy who should have nothing to ask of his father, and who should deliberate the whole day whether he will let it come to that extremity. When the wish within concerns you nearly, and is of a warm complexion, it will not question long; it will overpower you like a strong and armed man. It will just hurry on a few rags of words, and knock at the door of heaven.

Whether the prayer of a moved soul can accomplish or effect anything, or whether the *Nexus Rerum* (connection of things) does not allow of that, as some learned gentlemen think,—on that point I shall enter into no controversy. I have great respect for the *Nexus Rerum*, but I cannot help thinking of Samson, who left the *Nexus* of the gate-leaves unimpared and carried the whole

gate, as every one knows, to the top of the hill. And, in short, I believe that the rain comes when it is dry, and that the heart does not cry in vain after fresh water, if we pray *aright* and are *rightly disposed.*

"Our Father" is once for all the best prayer, for you know who made it But no man on God's earth can pray it after Him, precisely as He meant it. We cripple it with a distant imitation; and each more miserably than the other. But that matters not, if we only mean well; the dear God must do the best part at any rate, and He knows how it ought to be. Because you desire it, I will tell you sincerely how I manage with "Our Father." But it seems to me a very poor way, and I would gladly be taught a better.

Do you see, when I am going to pray, I think first of my late father, how he was so good and loved so well to give to me. And then I picture to myself the whole world as my Father's house, and all the people in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America are then in my thoughts, my brothers and sisters; and God is sitting in heaven on a golden chair, and has his right hand stretched out over the sea to the end of the world, and His left full of blessings and goods; and all around the mountain-tops smoke; and then I begin:—

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name.—Here I am already at fault. The Jews are said to have known special mysteries respect-

ing the name of God. But I let all that be, and only wish the thought of God, and every trace by which we can recognize Him, may be great and holy above all things, to me and all men.

Thy Kingdom come.— Here I think of myself, how it drives hither and thither within me, and how this governs, and now that; and that all is sorrow of heart, and I can light on no green branch. And then I think how good it would be for me, if God put an end to all discord, and govern me himself.

Thy will be done as in Heaven so on Earth.— Here I picture to myself heaven and the holy angels who do His will with joy, and no sorrow touches them; . . . and then I think if it were only so here on earth!

Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. —It hurts when one receives an affront; and revenge is sweet to man. It seems so to me, too, and my inclination leads that way. But then the wicked servant in the Gospel passes before my eyes, and my heart fails, and I resolve, that I will forgive my fellow-servant and not say a word to him about the *hundred pence.*

And lead us not into temptation.—Here I think of various instances where people in such and such circumstances have strayed from the good, and have fallen; and that it would be no better with me.

But deliver us from evil.—Here I still think of temptations, and that man is so easily seduced

and may stray from the straight path. But at the same time I think of all the troubles of life, of consumption and of old age, of the pains of childbirth, of gangrene and insanity, and the thousandfold misery and heart-sorrow that is in the world, and that plagues and tortures poor mortals, and there is none to help. And you will find, if tears have not come before, they will be sure to come here; and one can feel such a hearty yearning to be away, and can be so sad and cast down in one's self, as if there were no help at all. But then one must pluck up courage again, lay the hand upon the mouth and continue, as it were in triumph.

For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.—MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

For Earnestness.—O God, let us not linger at the threshold of Christianity; conduct us into the inmost depths of life. Help us to break through the obstacles, the doubts, the desponding lethargy, weakness, which hinder us. Open in us an unquenchable aspiration for truth and virtue. Give us a spirit of rational filial, strong, unreserved, triumphant, glad obedience. Give us perfect confidence in Thee, whose laws are the dictates of fatherly wisdom and love, and who dost delight in the purity and glory of Thy children.

Dispose us to see Thy goodness everywhere, not only when descending upon us, but when diffused abroad, so that we may discern the love which pervades the universe and quickens all spirits.

Make us sensible of inward wants, indigence, destitution, weakness. Lay open to us our corrupt motives. Expose to us our hidden vices in all their depravity. Teach us to look steadily into ourselves till we see, with something of Thine own abhorence, every evil affection. Lead us away from false resources to a sure dependence on Thy perfect will, and may this reign supreme within us.

Help us to look through the disguises of self-love, to judge ourselves truly, to anticipate the revelations of the last day; and let not this knowledge of our deficiencies and deformities fill us with dejection, but rather endear us to Thy mercy, and lead us to Thy grace, while rousing as to vigilance and to firm and faithful conflict with every irregular desire.—CHANNING.

Morning Prayer.—Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the return of this morning, and for the renewal of our daily blessings. We love to feel that we are always surrounded by Thee, and that the blessings of each day are the gifts of Thy providence. We love to feel that Thou art coming to us in the joy and freshness of the morning, in the serenity and peace of the evening, in the love of our loved ones, in the happiness of our home, in the discipline of daily experience, and in all things which make us glad and strong, and heavenly-minded. And now, before entering upon the labors and trials of this day, we meet together that we may think how

real and earnest life should be; how innocently and actively we should enter into it, and how much we need Thy guidance, even when we cannot think of Thee. O Lord, how often have we felt that we would be more obedient to all Thy commands! How often have we said within ourselves, "This day, we will not sin; we will be kind, and just, and patient, and affectionate all day, and lie down at night without a regretful memory!" But alas! as the excitements of duty or pleasure come upon us, we grow anxious and restless, or forgetful and frivolous, and find at the close of the day that we are careful and troubled about many things, and that we have not yet found that "good part" which cannot thus be taken away from us. Our Heavenly Father, we now come to Thee in no confidence in our own strength, and pray that Thou wilt help us. Let Thy grace be sufficient for us. Come to us many times this day, in holy strength and reverent feeling, and thus keep us near Thee, even in our forgetfulness. May all that is beautiful remind us of Thee, the Infinite Beauty. May all that is lovely remind us of Thee, the One altogether lovely. May all that is true lead us to Thee, the source of all truth. O send us not from Thy presence unblessed; but breathe Thy loving Spirit upon us all before we take up the burden of our daily duty, that we may go on our way rejoicing, and the words of our mouths, and the meditations of our hearts, may be acceptable in Thy sight, O,

Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer. — ALTAR AT HOME.

Evening Prayer.—O God, Fountain of life, we thank Thee, for Thy good gift of the waters of life, through another day. We bless Thee that we live and move and have our being in Thee. The world presses hard upon us, and we might faint and die if we were alone; but we are not alone, for the Father is with us. Not one moment in all our life is passed without Thee; Thou wilt never leave us; no place is without Thee; Thou wilt never forsake us. Thou hast made us for life, Thou hast kept us in life. When our last night in this world shall close about us, Thy love will fold us to sleep, and when we awake in the life to come, we shall still be with Thee, for in Thy love shall we live forever. Our sun shall be turned into darkness, this earth shall pass away from our sight, the body shall return to the dust as it was, but the Sun that lights the sun shall shine forever. The Hand in which the earth is but a speck of dust abides; Thou art the same; Thy years shall not fail; and we are the sons of God. Not our will, but Thy will made us; not our will, but Thine has kept us this day. O God, our Father, help us to a deeper trust in the life everlasting, from the lesson of this one day. May we *feel* that this love which is now, ever shall be; this robe of flesh is Thy gift to Thy child, and when it is worn out Thou wilt clothe him again; this work of life is the work Thou

"Wind! Wind!
The peaceful reel must still go round;
Wind! Wind
The thread of life will soon be wound."

hast given us to do, and when it is done, Thou wilt give us more; this love, that makes all our life so glad, flows out of the deep fountain of God, for God is love, and we shall love forever. O, set these lessons deep in our hearts; help us to feel how day after day we see some dim shadow of the eternal day that will break upon us at the last. May the Gospel of Thy Son, the whisper of Thy Spirit, unite to make our faith in the life to come more solid and clear; then shall we be glad when Thou shalt call us, and enter into Thy glory in Jesus Christ.—ALTAR AT HOME.

Prayer before work.—O Eternal God, who hast made all things for man and man for Thy glory, sanctify my body and soul, my thoughts and my intentions, my words and actions, that whatsoever I shall think, or speak, or do, may be by me designed to the glorification of Thy name; and by Thy blessing it may be effective and successful in the work of God, according as it can be capable.

Lord, turn my necessities into virtue; the works of nature into works of grace, by making them orderly, regular, temperate, subordinate, and profitable to ends beyond their proper efficacy; and let no pride or self-seeking, no covetousness or revenge, no impure mixture or unhandsome purposes, no little ends and low imaginations, pollute my spirit and unhallow any of my words and actions; but let my body be a servant to my spirit, and both body and spirit servants of Jesus; that

doing all things for Thy glory here, I may be partaker of Thy glory hereafter; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

For Strength.—Gracious Father, keep me now through Thy Holy Spirit; keep my heart soft and tender now in health and amidst the bustle of the world; keep the thought of Thyself present to me as my Father in Jesus Christ; keep alive in me a spirit of love and meekness to all men, that I may be at once gentle, active and firm.

O strengthen me to bear sickness, or pain, or danger, or whatever Thou shalt be pleased to lay upon me, as Christ's soldier and servant; and let my faith overcome the world daily. Strengthen my faith that I may realize to my mind the things eternal,—death, and things after death, and Thyself.

How much of God have I received at God's hand, and shall I not also receive evil? Only, O Lord, strengthen me to bear it, whether it visit me in body, in mind, or in estate. Strengthen me with the grace which Thou didst vouchsafe to Thy martyrs, and let me not fall from Thee in any trial.

O Lord, let me cherish a sober mind, to be ready to bear evenly, and not sullenly. Reveal to me Thyself in Jesus Christ, which knowledge will make all sufferings and all trials easy.—ARNOLD OF RUGBY.

A Teacher's Prayer.—Guide, and strengthen, and enkindle me, O Lord, inspire me with zeal, and guide me with wisdom, that Thy name may be known to those committed to my care, and that they may be made and kept always Thine.

O Lord, save me from idle words, and grant that my heart may be truly cleansed and filled with Thy Holy Spirit, and that I may arise to serve Thee, and lie down in entire confidence in Thee, and submission to Thy will, ready for life or for death. Let me live for the day, not overcharged with worldly cares, but feeling that my treasure is not here.

What is it to live for God? May God open my eyes to see Him by faith, in and through His Son Jesus Christ; may He draw me to Him, and keep me with Him, making His will my will, His love my love, His strength my strength: and may He make me feel that pretended strength, not derived from Him, is no strength, but the worst weakness. May His strength be perfected in my weakness.—ARNOLD OF RUGBY.

In School.—Give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to this our daily work, that we may do it in faith and heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men. All our powers of body and mind are Thine, and we would fain devote them to Thy service. Sanctify them and the work in which they are engaged; let us not be slothful, but fervent in spirit, and do Thou, O Lord, so bless our efforts that they may bring forth in us the fruits of true

wisdom. Strengthen the faculties of our minds, and dispose us to exert them, but let us always remember to exert them for Thy glory, and for the furtherance of Thy Kingdom; and save us from all pride, and vanity, and reliance upon our own power or wisdom.

Give us this day Thy Holy Spirit, that we may be Thine in body and spirit, in our work and in all our refreshment, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.—ARNOLD OF RUGBY.

For Submission.—Be present with me, Lord Jesus! in all places, and at all times. May I find consolation in being willing to bear the want of all human comfort. And if Thy consolation also be withdrawn, let Thy will and righteous probation of me, be to me as the chiefest comfort; for "Thou wilt not always chide, neither wilt Thou keep Thine anger forever!"—THOMAS Á KEMPIS.

A Prayer for Communion with God.—Merciful and Eternal God! Love Inexhaustible! Father of the Universe! My Father! If I have but Thee, all things else, that life may bring, are but shadowy phantoms. If I have but Thee, I shall find my way through light and darkness. I shall find my way and not falter, though want and death may threaten me. If I have but Thee, I am rich enough, though all that others call riches may fail me; I am sufficiently exalted, though all the world look down upon me; I am strong enough, though many conspire against me; I am

safe, though disasters may befall me, and all my worldly possessions may be lost. If I have but Thee, death itself cannot rob me of joy, even if it should tear from my bleeding heart all the objects of my love. Ah, death is Thy angel messenger; he carries them to Thee; and in the bosom of Thy love I shall find them again. If I have but Thee, I possess all things.—ZSCHOKKE.

O God, show compassion on the wicked. The virtuous have already been blessed by Thee, in being virtuous.—FROM THE PERSIAN.

A Prayer when one knows not what to ask for.—O Lord, I know not what to ask of Thee. Thou alone knowest what I need. If I am Thy friend, thou lovest me better than I can love myself. O Lord, give to thy child what is proper, whatsoever it may be. I dare not ask for crosses or comforts. I merely present myself before Thee, and open my heart to thee. Look upon my wants, of which I am myself ignorant, and deal with me according to Thy mercy. Smite me, or heal me: depress me, or raise me up,—as seemeth good unto Thee. I adore all thy purposes, without knowing them. I give myself up to Thee. My only desire is to accomplish Thy will. O Lord, teach me how to pray! Dwell Thou in me by Thy Holy Spirit.—FÉNELON.

A Prayer for Resignation when in trouble.—O my God! if Thou art pleased to render me a spectacle to men and angels, Thy will be done! All I ask is, that Thou wilt be with and save

those who love Thee; — so that neither life nor death, neither principalities nor powers, may ever separate them from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ. As for me, what matters it what men think of me, or what they make me suffer, since they cannot separate me from that Saviour whose name is engraven in the very bottom of my heart. If I can only be accepted of Him, I am w lling that all men should despise and hate me. Their strokes will polish what may be defective in me, so that I may be presented in peace to Him for whom I die daily. O Saviour! I present myself before Thee an offering, a sacrifice. Purify me in Thy blood, that I may be accepted of Thee.—MADAME GUYON. (In the Bastile.)

Self-Examination. — Go up, my soul, into the tribunal of thy conscience: there set thy guilty self before thyself: hide not thyself behind thyself, lest God bring thee forth before thyself.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

For Entire Devotion.—Bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. Take what I cannot give: my heart, body, thought, time, abilities, money, health, strength, nights, days, youth, age, and spend them in Thy service, O my crucified Master, Redeemer, God. O, let not these be mere words! Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. My heart is athirst for God, for the living God. When shall I come and appear before God?—ROBERTSON.

Trust, in view of death.—O Jesus, in Thy revelation will I live, and in it will I die. Blessed is the power of Thy word; to it the power of death must yield. I live in Thee, and I shall not die. There is no death, there is no grave; it is but change and glorification. God is no God of death; He is our life. He created life, and my spirit is His work. My spirit is life, while it animates my body; and remains life when the dust which for a time clothed it as a garment, and which was to it as an instrument, returns again to dust.

Heavenly and Eternal Father, Source of all being, Thou from whom I spring, unto whom I shall return—Thine I shall ever be! Sweet is life, in truth, but death has nevertheless no terrors; no fear of it shall overwhelm me, shall turn me away from Thee, and from the path of virtue. I hold as naught the days that I do not adorn with good deeds, I hold as naught a life which I cannot glorify by virtue.

And me also, me also, O God, Thou wilt call unto Thyself when my hour comes, when my earthly goal is reached. Blessed shall I then be if I can say unto myself, *I have fought a good fight*; as far as my powers allowed, I have completed a life of well-doing; *the crown of Eternal life awaits me also.*—ZSCHOKKE.

Praises.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Hebrews iv. 9.

THERE is a song—the saints in heaven sing it—
Which in this round of toils that never cease,
Enters the heart, whatever pain may bring it,
Laden with patience and with blessed peace.

What soul has heard it not, knows not its losses;
Nor can it know the secret of the gain
Which only comes to men from bearing crosses
With all their weight of agony and pain.

The mighty ones and true of all the ages,
For whose brave lives the world has better grown,
Prophets and priests and holy men and sages,
The lofty music of that song have known.

It fills the soul with never-ending praises,
Which is a more exalted life than prayer;
For every throb of such existence raises
The servant of the Lord to purer air.

And who may tell the strength and consolation,
Which from a sense of God's unfailing care,
Flow through the wilderness of our vocation,
Making it bud and blossom everywhere?

O comrade, loving God, dost thou need wonder
How in the blessed hush of all complaints,
In looking back, they lift their voices yonder,
Thy ways are just and true, Thou King of saints?

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come: heaven and earth angels and men, the air and the sea, give glory, and honor, and thanks to Him that sitteth on the throne, who liveth forever and ever. All the blessed spirits and souls of the righteous cast their crowns before the throne, worship Him that liveth forever and ever.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power, for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created. Great and marvellous are Thy works, O Lord God Almighty: just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints. Thy wisdom is infinite, Thy mercies are glorious, and I am not worthy, O Lord, to appear in Thy presence, before whom the angels hide their faces.

O holy and eternal Jesus, Lamb of God, who wert slain from the beginning of the world, Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign with Thee forever.

Blessing, honor, glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

O Lord God, Fountain of comfort and help, of life and peace, of plenty and pardon, who fillest heaven with Thy glory, and earth with Thy goodness; we give Thee most humble and earnest returns of a glad and thankful heart, for the blessings of nature and the blessings of grace, for the support of every minute, and the gifts of every day. What are we, O Lord, and what is our fathers house, that the great God of men and angels should multiply upon us the proofs of His loving kindness? Praised be the Lord daily, even the Lord that helpeth us and poureth His blessings upon us. Blessed be the name of His majesty forever, and let all the earth be filled with His glory.—MARTINEAU.

Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, praise His holy name. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who forgiveth all thy sin, and healeth all thine infirmities; who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness.—PSALM CIII, 1–4.

Proverbs.

THE fruit of old experience,
The store of golden age—
The heart of youth may gain from thence
The wealth of many a sage.

And it may often fare, a word,
A homely word and true,
In thoughtful mood or read or heard,
Will hint the thing to do.

Then ponder well the golden store
Plucked from the veins of Time;
Thy life, more grandly than before,
Will daily grow sublime.

And what thou ownest give thy neighbor
At fitting time and place,
To prosper him in every labor
And add to thine own grace.

Knowledge is folly, except grace guide it.
Punishment is lame, but it comes.
Better good far off than evil at hand.
A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.
The wise head does not all that the foolish mouth speaks.

Man proposeth, God disposeth.
He begins to die, that quits his desires.
A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning.
He that studies his content, wants it.
Humble hearts have humble desires.
He that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace.
The house shows the owner.
He that gets out of debt, grows rich.
All is well with him who is beloved of his neighbors.
The scalded dog fears cold water.
Pleasing ware is half sold.
Light burdens, long borne, grow heavy.
A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.
Not a long day, but a good heart, rids work.
He pulls with a long rope that waits for another's death.
The Devil is not always at one door.
When a friend asks, there is no to-morrow.
He loseth nothing, that loseth not God.
At dinner my man appears.
Who gives to all, denies all.
Benefits please like flowers while they are fresh.
He that will take a bird, must not scare it.
A merchant that gains not, loseth.
Love, and a cough, cannot be hid.
A dwarf on a giant's shoulder sees further of the two.
He that sends a fool means to follow him.
Better the feet slip than the tongue.

Nothing is to be presumed on, or despaired of.
In a good house all is quickly ready.
God oft hath a great share in a little house.
Ill ware is never cheap.
A cheerful look makes a dish a feast.
Virtue never grows old.
Were there no fools, bad ware would not pass.
Never had ill workman good tools.
Were there no hearers, there would be no back-biters.
Everything is of use to a housekeeper.
When a dog is drowning, every one offers him drink.
Who is so deaf as he that will not hear?
He that is warm thinks all so.
He that goes barefoot must not plant thorns.
He that lives well, is learned enough.
All truths are not to be told.
Sleep without supping, and wake without owing.
Mend your clothes, and you may hold on this year.
Deceive not thy physician, confessor, nor lawyer.
Virtue and a trade are the best portion for children.
He that lives ill, fear follows him.
To a grateful man give money when he asks.
Keep good men company, and you shall be of the number.
A snow year a rich year.
Better to be blind than to see ill.
Who hath no more bread than need must not keep a dog.

A garden must be looked unto and dressed as the body.

The fox when he cannot reach the grapes, says they are not ripe.

Though old and wise, yet still advise.

Slander is a shipwreck by a dry tempest.

Happy is he that chastens himself.

Love your neighbor, yet pull not down your hedge.

A drunkard's purse is a bottle.

Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you in the market.

The mill cannot grind with the water that's past.

Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastiseings.

Good words are worth much, and cost little.

None is a fool always, every one sometimes.

God heals, and the physician hath the thanks.

He that lies long a bed, his estate feels it.

A diligent scholar, and the master's paid.

Giving much to the poor doth enrich a man's store.

Whose house is of glass must not throw stones at another.

He that looks not before finds himself behind.

He that riseth first is first drest.

A child's service is little, yet he is no little fool that despiseth it.

The river past, and God forgotten.

The honey is sweet, but the bee stings.

In good years corn is hay, in ill years straw is corn.

Send a wise man on an errand, and say nothing unto him.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

The heart's letter is read in the eyes.
Sometimes the best gain is to lose.
Truth and oil are ever above.
The more women look in their glass, the less they look to their house.
It costs more to do ill than to do well.
Good words quench more than a bucket of water.
By suppers more have been killed than Galen ever cured.
Gossips are frogs, they drink and talk.
Prayers and provender hinder no journey.
The fox knows much, but more he that catcheth him.
Many friends in general, one in special.
He is a fool that thinks not that another thinks.
Go not for every grief to the physician, nor for every quarrel to the lawyer, nor for every thirst to the pot.
The best mirror is an old friend.
A man's discontent is his worst evil.
That is not good language which all understand not.
He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much.
Although it rain, throw not away thy watering-pot.
When God will, no wind but brings rain.
He that sows, trusts in God.
Who spits against heaven, it falls in his face.
He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise.

He that doth what he will, doth not what he ought
He that hath lost his credit is dead to the world.
All things have their place knew we how to place them.
Little pitchers have wide ears.
Dry feet, warm head, bring safe to bed.
He is rich enough that wants nothing.
One father is enough to govern one hundred sons, but not a hundred sons one father.
He that seeks trouble never misses.
He that makes a thing too fine breaks it.
Fly the pleasure that bites to-morrow.
Where your will is ready your feet are light.
Building is a sweet impoverishing.
The first degree of folly is to hold one's self wise the second to profess it, the third to despise' counsel.
Poverty is the mother of health.
A poor beauty finds more lovers than husbands.
Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears.
In choosing a wife, and buying a sword, we ought not to trust another.
The filth under the white snow the sun discovers.
Patience, time, and money accommodate all things.
For want of a nail the shoe is lost, for want of a shoe the horse is lost, for want of a horse the rider is lost.
Gluttony kills more than the sword.
When children stand quiet they have done some ill.
A penny spared is twice got.

Bear with evil and expect good.
He that tells a secret is another's servant.
All things in their being are good for something.
A fair death honors the whole life.
Living well is the best revenge.
A fool may throw a stone into a well, which a hundred wise men cannot pull out.
To a good spender God is the treasurer.
Music helps not the toothache.
Help thyself, and God will help thee.
Love makes all hard hearts gentle.
The shortest answer is doing.
He that would have what he hath not should do what he doth not.
He that hath no good trade it is to his loss.
He that lives not well one year sorrows seven after.
He that is angry at a feast is rude.
He that mocks a cripple ought to be whole.
When the tree is fallen all go with their hatchet.
He that burns most, shines most.
It is better to be the head of a lizard than the tail of a lion.
Valor that parleys is near yielding.
There is great force hidden in a sweet command.
Little dogs start the hare, the great get her.
A wise man needs not blush for changing his purpose.
Skill and confidence are an unconquered army.
To be beloved is above all bargains.
Love makes one fit for any work.

Show me a liar, and I will show thee a thief.
In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.
A wise man cares not for what he cannot have.
A holy habit cleanseth not a foul soul.
Every one is weary, the poor in seeking, the rich in keeping, the good in learning.
Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad.
More have repented speech than silence.
Beauty draws more than oxen.
One eye of the master's sees more than ten of the servant's.
When it thunders the thief becomes honest.
The tree that God plants no wind hurts it.
He is only bright that shines by himself.
A valiant man's look is more than a coward's sword.
Three can hold their peace if two be away.
Be what thou wouldst seem to be.
He that will not have peace God gives him war.
Where there is peace God is.
That's the best gown that goes up and down the house.
The chief disease that reigns this year is folly.
Better suffer ill than do ill.
Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thy actions serve the turn.
Lawsuits consume time, and money, and rest, and friends.
He that hath a wife and children wants not business.

Courtesy on one side only, lasts not long.
The best of the sport is to do the deed, and say nothing.
You must lose a fly to catch a trout.
That is gold which is worth gold.
He that knows nothing doubts nothing.
He that marries late marries ill.
It is more pain to do nothing than something.
The wife is the key of the house.
Life is half spent before we know what it is.
Years know more than books.
The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.
Sins are not known till they be acted.
All are presumed good till they are found in a fault.
Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.
The best bred have the best portion.
Better be a fool than a knave.
To live peaceably with all breeds good blood.
Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose.
Should God take the sun out of the heaven, yet we must have patience.
When God is made master of a family He orders the disorderly.
He that praiseth himself spattereth himself.
He that is surprised with the first frost feels it all the winter after.
He a beast doth die that hath done no good to his country.
If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles.

Whatsoever was the father of a disease, an ill diet was the mother.

The war is not done so long as my enemy lives.

Some evils are cured by contempt.

Infants' manners are moulded more by the example of parents than by stars at their nativities.

Modesty sets off one newly come to honor.

Unsound minds, like unsound bodies, if you feed, you poison.

He that steels an egg will steel an ox.

A city that parleys is half gotten.

They that hold the greatest farms pay the least rent: (applied to rich men that are unthankful to God).

He that hath time and looks for better time, time comes that he repents himself of time.

Of a pig's tail you can never make a good shaft.

The devil divides the world between atheism and superstition.

We do it soon enough, if that we do be well.

God gives His wrath by weight, and without weight His mercy.

We must recoil a little, to the end we may leap the better.

No day so clear but hath dark clouds.

No hare so small but hath his shadow.

The healthful man can give counsel to the sick.

Virtue flies from the heart of a mercenary man.

Say to pleasure, Gentle *Eve*, I will none of your apple.

There is a remedy for everything, could men find it.

Great fortune brings with it great misfortune.

A fair day in winter is the mother of a storm.

Tithe, and be rich.

Stay awhile that we may make an end the sooner.

Great deservers grow intolerable presumers.

The love of money and the love of learning rarely meet.

Trust no friend with that you need, fear him as if he were your enemy.

The devil never assails a man except he find him either void of knowledge, or of the fear of God.

Much money makes a country poor, for it sets a dearer price on everything.

The virtue of a coward is suspicion.

Every man's censure is first moulded in his own nature.

What ever is made by the hand of man, by the hand of man may be over-turned.

Sweet discourse makes short days and nights.

In a long journey straw weighs.

He that serves well need not ask his wages.

If a good man thrive, all thrive with him.

Pardon all but thyself.

The thread breaks where it is weakest.

If a staff be crooked, the shadow cannot be straight.

The goat must browse where she is tied.

Talking pays no toll.

Where your will is ready your feet are light.

He that respects not is not respected.

He that measures not himself is measured.
He that speaks sows, and he that holds his peace gathers.
The tongue talks at the head's cost.
A mountain and a river are good neighbors.
Think of ease, but work on.
One stroke fells not an oak.
Ill comes in by ells, and goes out by inches.
Hearken to reason, or she will be heard.
Praise day and night, and life at the end.
Learn weeping, and thou shalt laugh gaining.
Better spare to have of thine own than ask of other men.
He that looks not before finds himself behind.
Good service is a great enchantment.
Love is the true price of love.—GEORGE HERBERT.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

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